THE PHILOSOPHY OF ELBERT HUBBARD

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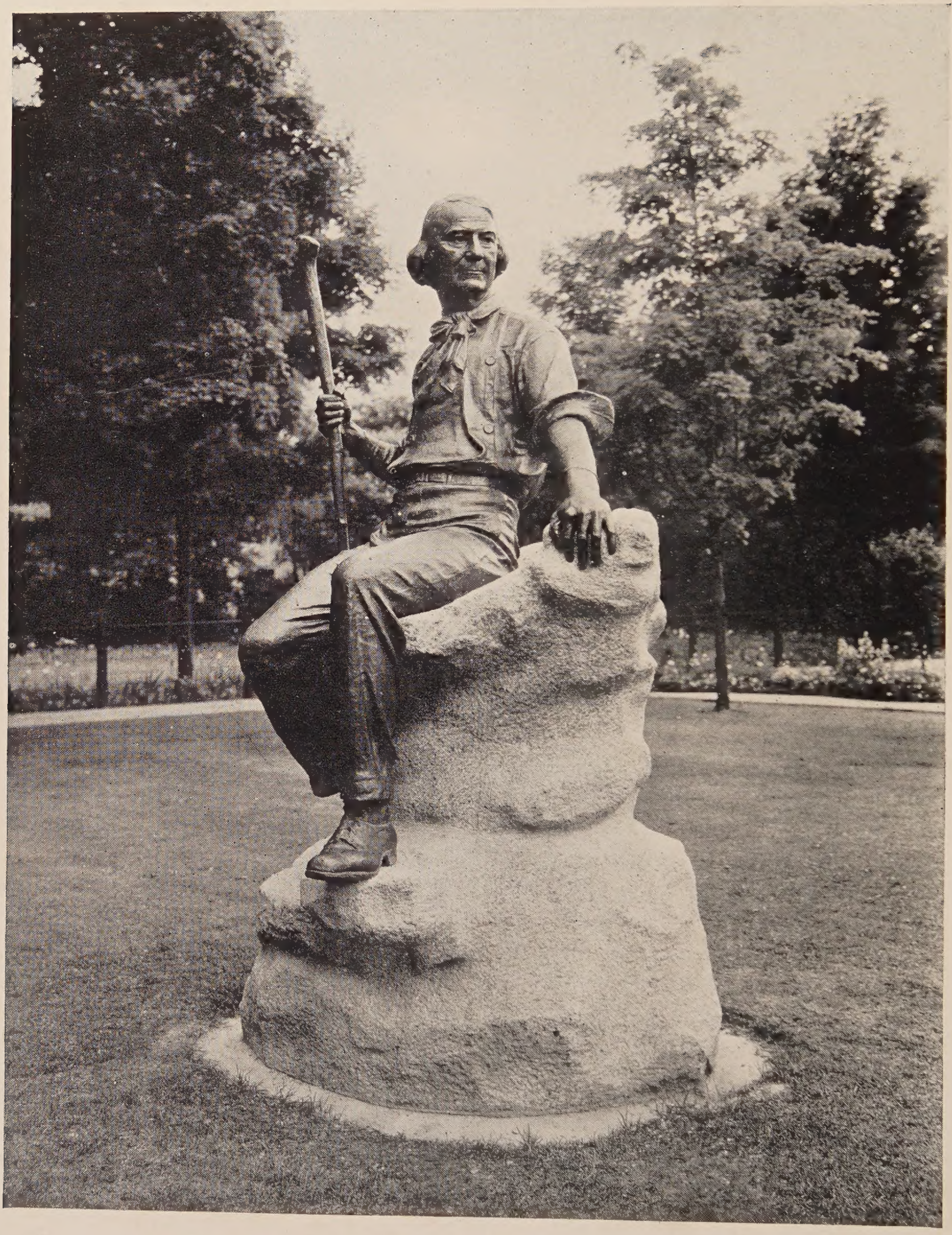

ELBERT HUBBARD, The Playboy of East Aurora

This fine heroic-size bronze statue, was sculptured by "St. Jerome" Connor, one of Elbert Hubbard's Roycroft boys. The figure was unveiled on the Roycroft Campus in the presence of a large crowd of distinguished friends of the Fra on his Birthday, June 19, 1930

The Philosophy *of* Elbert Hubbard

HERE gathered together by his son Elbert Hubbard II, are the potent sayings, the muscular commonsense, and the energetic idealism which made up Elbert Hubbard's philosophy—the teachings by means of which he helped thousands of men and women to achievement

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THIS WAY TO HAPPINESS

THIS is a Book for Thinkers who are also Doers. ❡ It is a book of action and will be relished by active minds. Hubbard said, "Thinkers prepare the Way for Thinkers"—and this Book is the Preparation and the Way! Not since Poor Richard's Almanac has any work of Philosophy so captured the popular imagination as this Book of Hubbard's Thoughts. And that is because it is heart-felt—expressed in words which glow with sincerity and truth.

Hubbard discusses all subjects; he had a Universal Mind. If you want to sample the philosophies of all seasons and all ages, read this Book—read Hubbard.

When writing about an Artist, it is the Artist's philosophy he expresses; when writing about a Business Man he uses the sharp, sane, sensible vernacular of the Business Man.

He is all things to all men and yet—and yet—he is essentially and always himself with an original and interesting slant on every problem. The amazing variety of this man is his charm—his infinite variety. The very vocabulary changes to suit a different mood—critics say he employs more different words in expressing and expounding his thoughts than any writer living or dead since Shakespeare.

Hubbard's Philosophy will supply you with an arsenal of arguments for any discussion—with reasons and with sweet reasonableness enough to win any battle royal—and on almost any subject.

Moreover, with one of his epigrams he is likely to furnish you the "Final Word"—the word that will leave your Opponent wordless! The subjects he covers in this Book are as multitudinous as the paragraphs of which it is made up. No two are alike in tone or contents. Love and Life, Religion and the Church, Literature and Business, Death and Life Eternal, Art, History, Science, Music, God and Immortality—all are covered by this wonderful man.

From Childhood to Youth to Maturity to Old Age, he embraces the Span of Life and philosophizes for each period of it—always with consolation and hopefulness.

Oftentimes he writes with a smile on his face, and sometimes with his tongue in his cheek, but that is his way of enjoying himself—and there is never a word of pessimism—never a cruel or an unkind word!

Joy and Cheerfulness and Faith in the Future, these are the perennial watchwords of Hubbard's Philosophy, which at the last is the Road he followed and the Path he cleared for you—to Happiness!

WE shall slide out of this Life into another, and the day of our Death like the day of our Birth shall be shrouded in forgetfulness, and if we do remember any of our Trials and Troubles it will only be to Smile that they have cost us a Pang.

—*Elbert Hubbard*

The Philosophy of Elbert Hubbard

THE word philosophy means the love of truth: "philo," love; "soph," truth; or, if you prefer, the love of that which is reasonable and right. Philosophy refers directly to the life of man—how shall we live so as to get the most out of this little Earth-Journey! ❧ ❧

Life is our heritage—we all have so much vitality at our disposal—what shall we do with it?

Truth can be proved in just one way, and no other—that is by living it. You know what is good, only by trying. Truth, for us, is that which brings good results—happiness or reasonable content, health, peace and prosperity.

These things are all relative—none are final, and they are good only as they are mixed in right proportion with other things. Oxygen, we say, is life, but it is also death, for it attacks every living thing with pitiless persistency. Hydrogen is good, but it makes the very hottest fire known and may explode if you try to confine it.

Prosperity is excellent, but too much is very dangerous to most folks; and to seek happiness as a final aim is like loving love as a business—the end is desolation, death. Good health is best secured and retained by those who are not anxious about health. Absolute good can never be known, for always creeps in the suspicion that if we had acted differently a better result might have followed.

And that which is good for one is not necessarily good for another. But there are certain general rules of conduct which apply to all men, and to sum these up and express them in words is the business of the philosopher. As all men live truth, in degree, and all men express some truth in language, so to that extent all men are philosophers; but by common assent, we give the title only to the men who make other men think for themselves ❧ ❧

Whistler refers to Velasquez as "a painter's painter." John Wesley said, "No man is worthy to be called a teacher, unless he be a teacher of teachers." The great writer is the one who inspires writers. And in this book I will not refer to a man as a philosopher unless he has inspired philosophers. Preachers and priests in the employ of a denomination are attorneys for the defense. God is not found in a theological seminary, for very seldom is the seminary seminal—it galvanizes the dead rather than vitalizes the germs of thought in the living. No man understands theology—it is not intended to be understood; it is merely believed.

Words are fluid and change their meaning with the years and according to the mind and mood of the hearer. A word means all you read into it, and nothing more. The word "soph" once had a high and honorable distinction, but now it is used to point a moral, and the synonym of sophomore is soft.

ORIGINALLY the sophist was a lover of truth: then he became a lover of words that concealed truth, and the chief end of his existence was to balance a feather on his nose and keep three balls in the air for the astonishment and admiration of the bystanders. Education is something else.

Education is growth, development, life in abundance, creation. We grow only through exercise. The faculties we use become strong and those we fail to use are taken away from us.

This exercise of our powers through which growth is attained affords the finest gratification mortals know. To think, reason, weigh, sift, decide and act—this is life. It means health, sanity and length of days. Those live longest who live most.

The end of college education to the majority of students and parents is to secure a degree, and a degree is valuable only to the man who needs it. Visiting the office of the "Outlook," a weekly religious newspaper, I noticed that the titles, Rev., Prof. and Dr., and the degrees, M. D., D. D., LL. D., Ph. D., were carefully used by the clerks in addressing envelopes and wrappers. And I said to the manager, " Why this misuse of time and effort? The ink thus wasted should be sold and the proceeds given to the poor!" And the man replied, " To omit these titles and degrees would cost us half our subscription-list." And so I assume that man is a calculating animal, not a thinking one.

And the point of this sermonette is that truth is not monopolized by universities and colleges; nor must we expect much from those who parade degrees and make professions. It is one thing to love truth and it is another thing to lust after honors ❧ ❧

The larger life—the life of love, health, self-sufficiency, usefulness and expanding power—this life in abundance is often taught best out of the mouths of babes and sucklings. It is not esoteric, nor hidden in secret formulas, nor locked in languages old and strange ❧ ❧

No one can compute how much the bulwarked learned ones have blocked the path of wisdom. Socrates, the barefoot philosopher, did more good than all the Sophists with their schools. Diogenes, who lived in a tub, searched in vain for an honest man, owned nothing but a blanket and a bowl, and threw the bowl away when he saw a boy drinking out of his hand, even yet makes men think, and so blesses and benefits the race. Jesus of Nazareth, with no place to lay his tired head, associating with publicans and sinners, and choosing his closest companions from among ignorant fishermen, still lives in the affections of millions of people, a molding force for good untold. Friedrich Froebel, who first preached the propensity to play as a pedagogic dynamo, as the tides of the sea could be used to turn the countless wheels of trade, is yet only partially accepted, but has influenced every teacher in Christendom and stamped his personality upon the walls of schoolrooms unnumbered. Then comes Richard Wagner, the political outcast, writing from exile the music that serves as a mine for much of our modern composing, marching down the centuries to the solemn chant of his " Pilgrims' Chorus; " William Morris, Oxford graduate and uncouth workingman in blouse and overalls, arrested in the streets of London for haranguing crowds on Socialism, let go with a warning, on suspended sentence—canceled only by death—making his mark upon the walls of every well-furnished house in England or America; Jean Francois Millet, starved out in art-loving Paris, his pictures refused at the Salon, living next door to abject want in Barbizon, dubbed the " wild man of the woods," dead and turned to dust, his pictures commanding such sums as Paris never before paid; Walt Whitman, issuing his book at his own expense, publishers having refused it, this book excluded from the mails, as Wanamaker immortalized himself by serving a like sentence on Tolstoy; Walt Whitman, riding on top of a Broadway 'bus all day, happy in the great solitude of bustling city streets, sending his barbaric yawp down the ages, singing pæans to those who fail, chants to Death—strong deliverer—and giving courage to a fear-stricken world; Thoreau, declining to pay the fee of five dollars for his Harvard diploma " because it was n't worth the price," later refusing to pay poll-tax and sent to jail, thus missing, possibly, the chance of finding that specimen of Victoria regia on Concord River—Thoreau, most virile of all the thinkers of his day, inspiring Emerson, the one man America could illest spare; Spinoza, the intellectual hermit, asking nothing, and giving everything—all these worked their philosophy up into life and are the type of men who jostle the world out of its ruts—creators all, one with Deity, sons of God, saviors of the race.

❧ ❧

TO know one philosophy is to know none. They are all comparative, and each serves as a small arc of the circle. A man living in a certain environment, with a certain outlook, describes the things he sees; and out of these, plus what he imagines, is shaped his philosophy of life. If he is repressed, suppressed, frightened, he will not see very much, and what he does see will be out of focus.

❧ ❧

IN philosophy there is an apostolic succession. We build on the past, and all the centuries of turmoil and travail which have gone before have made this moment possible. There has never been any such thing as " the fall of man;" for the march of the race has been a continual climb—a movement onward and upward.

❧ ❧

That wild animals instinctively flee in frenzied alarm at man's approach is comment enough on our treatment of them.

❧ ❧

A bird in the bush is worth two on a woman's bonnet.

THE essence of Positive Philosophy is that man passes through three mental periods—the Theological or fictitious; the Metaphysical or abstract; the Positive or scientific. Hence, there are three general philosophies or systems of conceptions concerning life and destiny. The Theological, or first system, is the necessary starting-point of the human intellect. The Positive, or third period, is the ultimate goal of every progressive, thinking man; the second period is merely a state of transition that bridges the gulf between the first and the third. Metaphysics holds the child by the hand until he can trust his feet—it is a passageway between the fictitious and the actual. Once across the chasm, it is no longer needed. Theology represents the child; Metaphysics the youth; Science the man.

The evolution of the race is mirrored in the evolution of the individual. Look back on your own career—your first dawn of thought began in an inquiry, " Who made all this—how did it all happen? " And Theology comes in with a glib explanation: the fairies, dryads, gnomes and gods made everything, and they can do with it all as they please. Later, we concentrate all of these personalities in one god, with a devil in competition, and this for a time satisfies.

Later, the thought of an arbitrary being dealing out rewards and punishments grows dim, for we see the regular workings of Cause and Effect. We begin to talk of Energy, the Divine Essence, and the Reign of Law. We speak, as Matthew Arnold did, of " a Power, not ourselves, that makes for righteousness." But Emerson believed in a power that was in himself that made for righteousness.

Metaphysics reaches its highest stage when it affirms " All is One," or " All is Mind," just as Theology reaches its highest conception when it becomes Monotheistic—having one God and curtailing the personality of the devil to a mere abstraction.

But this does not long satisfy, for we begin to ask, " What is this One? " or " What is Mind? "

Then Positivity comes in and says that the highest wisdom lies in knowing that we do not know anything, and never can, concerning a First Cause. All we find is phenomena and behind phenomena, phenomena. The laws of Nature do not account for the origin of the laws of Nature. Spencer's famous chapter on the Unknowable was derived largely from Comte, who attempted to define the limits of human knowledge. And it is worth noting that the one thing which gave most offense in both Comte's and Spencer's works was their doctrine of the Unknowable. This, indeed, forms but a small part of the work of these men, and if it were all demolished there would still remain their doctrine of the known. The bitterness of Theology toward Science arises from the fact that as we find things out we dispense with the arbitrary god, and his business agent, the priest, who insists that no transaction is legal unless he ratifies it.

* * *

MEN begin by explaining everything, and the explanations given are always first for other people. Parents answer the child, not telling him the actual truth, but giving him that which will satisfy—that which he can mentally digest. To say, " The fairies brought it," may be all right until the child begins to ask who the fairies are, and wants to be shown one, and then we have to make the somewhat humiliating confession that there are no fairies.

But now we perceive that this mild fabrication in reference to Santa Claus, and the fairies, is right and proper mental food for the child. His mind can not grasp the truth that some things are unknowable; and he is not sufficiently skilled in the things of the world to become interested in them—he must have a resting-place for his thought, so the fairy-tale comes in as an aid to the growing imagination. Only this: we place no penalty on disbelief in fairies, nor do we make special offers of reward to all who believe that fairies actually exist. Neither do we tell the child that people who believe in fairies are good, and that those who do not are wicked and perverse.

Comte admits that the theological and metaphysical stages are necessary, but the sooner man can be graduated out of them the better. He brought vast research to bear in order to show the growth and death of theological conceptions. Hate, fear, revenge and doubt are all theological attributes, detrimental to man's best efforts. That moral ideas were an afterthought, and really form no part of theology, Comte emphasized at great length, and shows from much data where these ideas were grafted on to the original tree.

And the sum of the argument is, that all progress of mind, body and material things has come to man through the study of Cause and Effect. And just in degree as he has abandoned the study of Theology as futile and absurd, and centered on helping himself here and now, has he prospered.

* * *

POSITIVISM is really a religion. The object of its worship is Humanity.

It does not believe in a devil or any influence that works for harm, or in opposition to man. Man's only enemy is himself, and this is on account of his ignorance of this world, and his superstitious belief in another. Our troubles, like diseases, all come from ignorance and weakness, and through our ignorance are we weak and unable to adjust ourselves to conditions. The more we know of this world the better we think of it, and the better are we able to use it for our advancement. So far as we can judge, the Unknown Cause that rules the world by unchanging laws is a movement forward toward happiness, growth, justice, peace and right. Therefore, the Scientist, who perceives that all is good when rightly received and rightly understood, is really the priest or holy man—the mediator and explainer of the mysteries. As fast as we understand things they cease to be supernatural, for the supernatural is the natural not yet understood. The theological priest who believes in a god and a devil is the real modern infidel. Such a belief is fallacious, contrary to reason, and contrary to all the man of courage sees and knows.

◆ ◆

THE real man of faith is the one who discards all thought of "how it first happened," and fixes his mind on the fact that he is here. The more he studies the conditions that surround him, the greater his faith in the truth that all is well ◆ ◆

If men had turned their attention to Humanity, discarding Theology, using as much talent, time, money and effort to wring from the skies the secrets of the Unknowable, this world would now be a veritable paradise. It is Theology that has barred the entrance to Eden, by diverting the attention of men from this world to another. Heaven is Here.

◆ ◆

ALL religious denominations now dimly perceive the trend of the times, and are gradually omitting theology from their teachings and taking on ethics and sociology instead. A preacher is now simply Society's walking delegate. We are evolving theology out and sociology in. Theology has ever been the foe of progress and the enemy of knowledge. It has professed to know all and has placed a penalty on advancement. The Age of Enlightenment will not be here until every church has evolved into a schoolhouse, and every priest is a pupil as well as a teacher.

◆ ◆

THE business of the old philosophers was to philosophize. To philosophize as a business is to miss the highest philosophy. To do a certain amount of useful work every day, and not trouble about either the past or the future, is the highest wisdom. The man who drags the past behind him, and dives into the future, spreads the present out thin. Therein lies the bane of most religions. A man goes out into the woods to study the birds: he walks and walks and walks and sees no birds. But just let him sit down on a log and wait, and lo! the branches are full of song. ¶ Those who pursue Culture never catch up with her. Culture takes alarm at pursuit and avoids the stealthy pounce. Culture is a woman, and a certain amount of indifference wins her. Ardent wooing will not secure either wisdom or a woman—except in the case where a woman marries a man to get rid of him, and then he really does not get the woman—he only secures her husk. And the husks of culture are pedantry and sciolism. The highest philosophy of the future will consist in doing each day that which is most useful. Talking about it will be quite incidental and secondary.

◆ ◆

You can not make others feel unless you yourself feel; you can not make others see unless you yourself see.

His Thoughts About Philosophy

THE root of existence, the inmost kernel of all being, the original vitalizing power, the fundamental reality of the universe, is, according to Schopenhauer, “ WILL.” What is Will? Will, in the usual sense, is the faculty of our mind by which we decide to do or not to do. Will is the power to choose. In Schopenhauer’s philosophy, Will is something less as we know will, and something more than force. Will, connected with consciousness, as peculiar to man, is, in a less developed form, the real essence of all matter, of all things, organic or inorganic. Will is the blind, irresistible striving for existence; the unconscious organizing power, the omnipotent creative force of Nature, pervading the whole limitless universe; the endeavor to be, to evolve, to expand.

The whole world of phenomena is the objectivation or apparition of Will.

Will, the same force which slumbers in the stone as inert gravity, forms the crystals with such wonderful regularity.

Will impels a piece of iron to move with ardent desire toward the magnet. Will causes the magnet to point with unfailing constancy to the north. Will causes the embryo to cling as a parasite and feed on the body of the mother. Will causes the mother’s breast to fill that her babe may be fed. Will fills the mother-heart with love that the young may be cared for.

The same force urges the tender germ of the plant to break through the hard crust of the earth and, stretching toward the light, to enfold itself in the proud crown of the palm-tree. Will sharpens the beak of the eagle and the tooth of the tiger and, finally, reaches its highest grade of objectivation in the human brain. Want, the struggle for existence, the necessity of procuring and selecting sufficient food for the preservation of the individual and the species, has at last developed a suitable tool, the brain, and its function, the intellect. With the intellect appear consciousness and a realm of rational life full of yearning and desires, pleasures and pain, hatred and love. Brothers slay their brothers, conquerors trample down the races of the earth, and tyrants are forging chains for the nations.

There is violence and fear, vexation and trouble. Unrest is the mark of existence, and onward we are swept in the hurrying whirlpool of change. This manifold restless motion is produced and kept up by the agency of two single impulses—hunger and the sexual instinct. These are the chief agents of the Lord of the Universe—the Will—and set in motion so strange and varied a scene.

The Will-to-Live is at the bottom of all love-affairs. Every kind of love springs entirely from the instinct of sex.

Love is under bonds to secure the existence of the human race in future times. The real aim of the whole of love’s romance, although the persons concerned are unconscious of the fact, is that a particular being may come into the world.

* * *

IT is the Will-to-Live, presenting itself in the whole species, which so forcibly and exclusively attracts two individuals of different sex towards each other.

This yearning and this pain do not arise from the needs of an ephemeral individual, but are, on the contrary, the sigh of the Spirit of the Species.

Since life is essentially suffering, the propagation of the species is an evil—the feeling of shame proves it.

In his " Metaphysics of Love," Schopenhauer says: " We see a pair of lovers exchanging longing glances—yet why so secretly, timidly and stealthily? Because these lovers are traitors secretly striving to perpetuate all the misery and turmoil that otherwise would come to a timely end."

Will, as the source of life, is the origin of all evil.

Having awakened to life from the night of unconsciousness, the individual finds itself in an endless and boundless world, striving, suffering, erring; and, as though passing through an ominous dream, it hurries back to the old unconsciousness. Until then, however, its desires are boundless, and every satisfied wish begets a new one. So-called pleasures are only a mode of temporary relief. Pain soon returns in the form of satiety. Life is a more or less violent oscillation between pain and ennui. The latter, like a bird of prey, hovers over us, ready to swoop down wherever it sees a life secure from need ❧ The enjoyment of art, as the disinterested cognition devoid of Will, can afford an interval of rest from the drudgery of Will service. But esthetic beatitude can be obtained only by a few; it is not for the hoi polloi. And then, art can give only a transient consolation.

Everything in life indicates that earthly happiness is destined to be frustrated or to be recognized as an illusion. Life proves a continuous deception, in great as well as in small matters. If it makes a promise, it does not keep it, unless to show that the coveted object was little desirable.

Life is a business that does not pay expenses. Misery and pain form the essential feature of existence. Life is hell, and happy is that man who is able to procure for himself an asbestos overcoat and a fireproof room.

* * *

LOOKING at the turmoil of life, we find all occupied with its want and misery, exerting all their strength in order to satisfy its endless needs and avert manifold suffering, without daring to expect anything else in return than merely the preservation of this tormented individual existence, full of want and misery, toil and moil, strife and struggle, sorrow and trouble, anguish and fear—from the cradle to the grave.

Existence, when summed up, has an enormous surplus of pain over pleasure ❧ ❧

You complain that this philosophy is comfortless! But Schopenhauer sees life through Schopenhauer's eyes, and tells the truth about it as he sees it. He does not care for your likes and dislikes. If you want to hear soft platitudes, he advises you to go to a non-conformist church—read the newspapers, go somewhere else, but not to the philosopher who cares only for Truth.

❧ ❧

ALTHOUGH Schopenhauer's picture of the world is gloomy and somber, there is nothing weak or cowardly in his writings, and the extent to which he is read, proves he is not depressing. Since a happy life is impossible, he says the highest that a man can attain to is the fate of a hero.

A man must take misfortune quietly, because he knows that very many dreadful things may happen in the course of life. He must look upon the trouble of the moment as only a very small part of that which will probably come.

We must not expect very much from life, but learn to accommodate ourselves to a world where all is relative and no perfect state exists ❧ ❧

Let us look misfortune in the face and meet it with courage and calmness! ❧ ❧

Fate is cruel and men are miserable. Life is synonymous with suffering; positive happiness *a fata morgana*, an illusion.

Only negative happiness, the cessation of suffering, is possible, and can be obtained by the annihilation of the Will-to-Live.

But it is not suicide that can deliver us from the pains of existence. Suicide, according to Schopenhauer, frustrates the attainment of the highest moral aim by the fact that, for a real release from this world of misery, it substitutes one that is merely apparent. For death merely destroys the phenomenon, that is, the body, and never my inmost being, or the universal Will ❧ ❧

Suicide can deliver me merely from my phenomenal existence, and not from my real self, which can not die ❧ ❧

How, then, can man be released from this life of misery and pain? Where is the road that leads to Salvation?

❧ ❧

SLOW and weary is the way of redemption.

The deliverance from life and its sufferings is the freedom of the intellect from its creator and despot, the Will.

The intellect, freed from the bondage of the Will, sees through the veil of selfhood into the unity of all being, and finds that he who has done wrong to another has done wrong to his own self. For selfhood—the asserting of the Ego—is the root of all evil.

Covetousness and sensuality are the causes of misery.

Sympathy is the basis of all true morality, and only through renunciation, through self-sacrifice, and universal benevolence, can salvation be obtained.

❧ ❧

"Dignity is the mask behind which we hide our ignorance." When half a world calls a man by a nickname, it is a patent to nobility—small men are never so honored.

THERE'S a thought, Dearie, that I give to you because I have n't a very firm grasp upon it myself. In order to clarify my mind I explain to you. And thus, probably, do I give you something which is already yours. Grateful? Of course you are—there! ❧ ❧

The thought is this—but before I explain it let me tell of what a man saw in a certain cottage in Denmark. And it was such a little whitewashed cottage, too, with a single, solitary rosebush clambering over the door! An Artist, his Wife and their Little Girl lived there ❧ ❧

There were four rooms, only, in this cottage: kitchen, a bedroom, a workroom and the Other Room. The kitchen was for cooking, the bedroom for sleeping, the workroom for work, and the Other Room was where the occupants of the cottage received their few visitors.

When the visitors remained for tea or lunch, the table was spread in the Other Room, but usually the Artist, his Wife and their Little Girl ate their meals in the kitchen, or in Summer on the porch at the back of the house.

Now the Artist painted pictures, and his Wife carved beautiful shapes in wood; but they did n't make much money—in fact, no one seemed to know them at all. They did n't have funds to accumulate a library, and perhaps would not if they had. But still they owned all the books written by Georg Brandes. These books were kept in a curious little case, which the Artist and his Wife, themselves, had made. And before the case of books was an ancient Roman lamp, suspended from the ceiling by a chain. And the lamp was kept always lighted, night and day. Each morning before they tasted food, the man and his Wife read from Georg Brandes, and then they silently refilled, trimmed and made the lamp all clean and tidy. Oho! why, your eyes are filling with tears—how absurd!—and you want to hear more about the Artist and his Wife and the Little Girl! But, bless me! that is all I know about them.

However, I do know that Georg Brandes is one of the Apostles of the Better Day. His message is a plea for beauty—that is to say, harmony. He would have us live lives of simplicity, truth, honesty and gentleness. He would have us work for harmony and love, instead of for place and power ❧ Georg Brandes is an individualist and a symbolist. He thinks all of our belongings should mean much to us, and that great care should be exercised in selection. We need only a few things, but each of these things should suggest utility, strength, harmony and truth. All of our actions must be suggestive of peace and right. Not only must we speak truth, but we must live it. Our lives should be consecrated to Truth and Beauty. Consecrated Lives! And so this Artist and his Wife I told you of were priests of Beauty, and their Little Girl was a neophyte; and the room where the

Roman lamp burned was filled with the holiness of beauty, and no unkind thought or wrong intent could exist there. Consecrated Lives! that is the subject. There is a brotherhood of such, and you can reach out and touch fingertips with the members the round world over.

❧ ❧

BEAUTY is an Unseen Reality—an attempt to reveal a spiritual condition. Members of this Brotherhood of Consecrated Lives do not take much interest in Political Policies; and all the blatant blowing of brass horns that are used on 'Change, in pulpits, or by Fourth of July speakers are to them trivial and childish. They distinguish at once the note of affectation, hypocrisy and pretense in it all. They know its shallowness, its selfishness and its extremely transient quality.

Yet your man of the Consecrated Life may mix with the world, and do the world's business, but for him it is not the true world, for hidden away in his heart he keeps burning a lamp before a shrine dedicated to Love and Beauty. The Adept only converses at his best with an Adept, and he does this through self-protection. To hear the world's coarse laugh in his Holy of Holies—no! and so around him is a sacred circle, and within it only the Elect are allowed to enter. To join this brotherhood of Consecrated Lives requires no particular rites of initiation—no ceremonial—no recommendations. You belong when you are worthy. But do not for a moment imagine you have solved the difficulty when you have once entered. To pride yourself on your entrance is to run the danger of finding yourself outside the pale with password hopelessly forgotten. Within the esoteric lines are circles and inner circles, and no man yet has entered the inmost circle where the Ark of the Covenant is secreted. All is relative.

But you know you belong to the Brotherhood when you feel the absolute nothingness of this world of society, churches, fashion, politics and business; and realize strongly the consciousness of the Unseen World of Truth, Love and Beauty. The first emotion on coming into the Brotherhood is one of loneliness and isolation. You pray for comradeship, and empty arms reach out into the darkness. But gradually you awaken to the thought that you are one of many who hope and pray alike; and that slowly this oneness of thought and feeling is making its impress felt.

❧ ❧

THEN occasionally you meet one of your own. This one may be socially high or low, rich or poor, young or old, man or woman—but you recognize each other on sight and hold sweet converse ❧ Then you part, never to meet again, but you are each better, stronger, nobler for the meeting. Consecrated Lives! You meet and you part, but you each feel a firmer impulse to keep the light burning—the altar light to Truth, Simplicity and Beauty. No other bond is required than of devotion to Truth, the passion of listening in the Silence, the prayer for Wholeness and Harmony, the earnest desire to have your life reflect the Good ❧ All man-made organization would be fatal to the sweet, subtle and spiritual qualities of the Brotherhood. For organization means officers, judicial robes, livery, arbitrary differentiation, and all the vile and foolish claptrap of place and power. It means the wish to dictate, select and exclude, and this means jealousy, prejudice and bitterness—fifteen candidates for a vacant bishopric with heartaches to match! No organization ever contained within its ranks the best. Organization is arbitrary and artificial; it is born of selfishness; and at the best is a mere matter of expediency. The Brotherhood of Consecrated Lives admits all who are worthy, and all who are excluded, exclude themselves ❧ ❧

If your Life is to be a genuine consecration, you must be free. Only the free man is truthful; only the heart that is free is pure. How many compose this Brotherhood—who shall say? There are no braggart statisticians, no paid proselytes with their noisy boastings. Two constitute a congregation, and where they commune is a temple. Many belong who do not know it; others there be who think they belong, and are so sure of it that they do not.

But the Brotherhood is extending its lines; and what think you the earth will be like when the majority of men and women in it learn that to be simple and honest and true is the part of wisdom, and that to work for Love and Beauty is the highest good?

* * *

TO hold on to things is to lose them. To clutch is to act the part of the late Mullah Bah, the Turkish wrestler, who came to America and secured through his prowess a pot of gold. Going back to his native country, the steamer upon which he had taken passage collided in mid-ocean with a sunken derelict. Mullah Bah, hearing the alarm, jumped from his berth and strapped to his person a belt containing five thousand dollars in gold. He rushed to the side of the sinking ship, leaped over the rail, and went to Davy Jones' Locker like a plummet, while all about frail women and weak men in life-preservers bobbed on the surface and were soon picked up by the boats. The fate of Mullah Bah is only another proof that athletes die young, and that it is harder to withstand prosperity than its opposite.

* * *

TO a great degree the race is yet barbaric, and as a people we fail utterly to touch the hem of the garment of Divinity. We have been mired in the superstition that sex is unclean, and therefore honesty and free expression in love matters have been tabued.

But the day will yet dawn when we will see that it takes two to generate thought; that there is the male and the female man, and only where these two walk together hand in hand is there a perfect sanity and a perfect physical, moral and spiritual health.

His Thoughts About Life and Death

A GREAT sorrow at one stroke purchases a redemption from all petty troubles; it sinks all trivial annoyances into nothingness, and grants the man lifelong freedom from all petty, corroding cares. His feelings have been sounded to their depths—the plummet has touched bottom. Fate has done her worst: she has brought him face to face with the Supreme Calamity, and thereafter there is nothing that can inspire terror ❧ ❧

❧ ❧

A wise man of the East was once eating his dinner of dried figs, and at the same time explaining to an admiring group the beauty and healthfulness of a purely vegetable diet.

" Look at your figs through this," said a scientist present, handing the man a microscope. The pundit looked and saw his precious figs were covered with crawling microbes.

He handed the microscope back and said, " Friend, keep your glass—the bugs no longer exist."

❧ ❧

We are brothers not only to all who live, but to all who have gone before ❧ ❧

And so we collect the trifles that once were valuables for other men, and by the possession of these trifles are we bounden to them. These things stimulate imagination, stir the sympathies, and help us forget the cramping bounds of time and space that so often hedge us close around.

❧ ❧

My little girl has a small box of bright bits of silk thread that she hoards very closely; then she possesses certain pieces of calico, nails, curtain-rings, buttons, spools and fragments of china—all of which are very dear to her heart. And why should they not be? For with them she creates a fairy world, wherein are only joy, and peace, and harmony, and light—quite an improvement on this! Yes, dearie, quite.

❧ ❧

Of course we shall all die (I will admit that), and further, we may be a long time dead (I will admit that), and moreover, we may be going through the world for the last time—as to that I do not know; but while we are here it seems the part of reason to devote our energies to collecting that which brings as much quiet joy to ourselves, and as little annoyance to others, as possible.

❧ ❧

Every good thing begins as something else. Evolution is at work on the creeds as well as in matter. A monkey-man will have a monkey belief. He evolves the thing he needs, and the belief that fits one man will not fit another. Religious opinions are never thrown away: they evolve into something else, and we use the old symbols and imagery to express new thoughts ❧ ❧

DEATH is not a calamity "per se," nor is physical weakness necessarily a curse, for out of these seeming unkind conditions Nature often distils her finest products. The dying injunction of a father may impress itself upon a son as no example of right living ever can, and the physical disability of a mother may be the means that work for excellence and strength ❧ ❧

We often hear of persons who became aged in a single night, their hair turning from dark to white; but I have seen death thrust responsibility upon a lad and make of him a man between the rising of the sun and its setting. When we talk of "right environment" and the "proper conditions" that should surround growing youth, we fan the air with words—there is no such thing as a universal right environment.

An appreciative chapter might here be inserted concerning those beings who move about only in rolling chairs, who never see the winter landscape but through windows, and who exert their gentle sway from an invalid's couch, to which the entire household or neighborhood come to confession or to counsel. And yet I have small sympathy for the people who professionally enjoy poor health, and no man more than I reverences the Greek passion for physical perfection.

❧ ❧

Things are never so bad as they seem; and all difficulties sneak away when you look them squarely in the eye.

MOST of the frightful cruelties inflicted on mankind during the past have arisen out of a difference of opinion arising through a difference in temperament. The question is as live today as it was two thousand years ago—what expression is best? That is, what shall we do to be saved? And concrete absurdity consists in saying we must all do the same thing. ¶ The life of every man is a seamless garment: its woof his thoughts, its warp his deeds. When for him the roaring loom of time stops and the thread is broken, foolish people sometimes point to certain spots in the robe and say, "Oh, why did he not leave that out!" not knowing that every action of man is a sequence from off Fate's spindle.

❧ ❧

THE child that has n't a flower-bed or a garden of its own is being cheated out of its birthright. The evolution of the child mirrors the evolution of the race. And as the race has passed through the savage, pastoral and agricultural stages, so should the child ❧

❧ ❧

As a people we are now in the commercial or competitive stage, but we are slowly emerging out of this into the age of co-operation or enlightened self-interest.

❧ ❧

A tramp is one who has fallen a victim of arrested development and never emerged from the nomadic stage; an artistic dilettante is one who has jumped the round where boys dig in the dirt and has evolved into a missnancy.

His Thoughts About Life and Death

EACH animal has evolved the parts it needed and desired. The horse is fleet because it wishes to be; the bird flies because it desires to; the duck has a web-foot because it wants to swim. All things come through desire, and every sincere prayer is answered. Many people know this, but they do not believe it thoroughly enough so that it shapes their lives.

* * *

A little more patience, a little more charity for all, a little more devotion, a little more love; with less bowing down to the past, a brave looking forward to the future, with more confidence in ourselves, and more faith in our fellows, and the race will be ripe for a great burst of light and life.

* * *

God can not do an unnatural or a supernatural thing. He can not kill Himself. He can not make the greater less than the less. He can not make twice ten anything else than twenty.

He can not make a stick that has but one end. He can not make the past, future. He can not make one who has lived never to have lived. He can not make the mortal, immortal; nor the immortal, mortal. He can change the form of things, but He can not abolish a thing.

* * *

OH! this game of life is a great play! The blissful uncertainty of it all! The ambitions, plans, strivings, heartaches, mad desires and vain reaching out of empty arms! The tears, the bitter disappointments, the sleepless nights, the echoes of prayers unheard, and the hollow hopelessness of love turned to hate!

* * *

We grow through radiation, not by absorption or annexation. To him that hath shall be given. We keep things by giving them to others. The dead carry in their clenched hands only that which they have given away; and the living carry only the love in their hearts which they have bestowed on others.

* * *

IN the past we have had one set of men do all the work, and another set had all the culture: one hoes and another thirsts. There are whole areas of brain-cells which are evolved only through the efforts of hand and eye, for it is the mind at last that directs all our energies. The development of brain and body go together—manual work is brain-work. Too much brain-work is just as bad as too much toil; the misuse of the pen carries just as severe a penalty as the misuse of the hoe. And it is a great satisfaction to realize that the thinking world has reached a point where these propositions do not have to be proven.

* * *

When men deserve the Ideal they will get it. So long as they prefer beer, tobacco, brawls and slums, these things will be supplied. When they get enough of these, something better will be evolved.

* * *

All the universe you have is the universe you have within.

LIFE is often dark, but then there are rifts in the clouds when we behold the glorious deep blue of the sky. Not a day passes but that the birds sing in the branches, and the tree-tops poise backward and forward in restful, rhythmic harmony, and never an hour goes by but that hope bears us up on her wings as the eagle does her young. And ever just before the year dies and the frost comes, the leaves take on a gorgeous hue and the color of the flowers then puts to shame for brilliancy all the plainer petals of Springtime.

❧ ❧

BEAUTY and strength of the highest type are never complete—their lure lies in a certain reserve, and behind all is a suggestion of unfoldment. Maturity is not the acme of beauty, because in maturity there is nothing more to hope for—only the uncompleted fills the heart, for from it we construct the Ideal.

❧ ❧

Men are only grown-up children. They are cheerful after breakfast, cross at night ❧ Houses, lands, barns, railroads, churches, books, racetracks are the playthings with which they amuse themselves until they grow tired, and Death, the kind old nurse, puts them to sleep.

❧ ❧

The world is getting better. We are gradually growing honest, and men everywhere, even in the pulpit, are acknowledging they do not know all about things. There was little hope for the race so long as an individual was disgraced if he did not pretend to believe a thing at which his reason revolted. We are simplifying life—simplifying truth ❧

❧ ❧

On sober second thought I am not sure that I know what is a tribulation and what a blessing. I'm not positive that I would know a blessing should I see it coming up the street. For as I write it comes to me that the Great Big Black Things that have loomed against the horizon of my life threatening to devour me, simply loomed and nothing more. They harmed me not. The things that have really made me miss my train have always been sweet, soft, pretty pleasant things of which I was not in the least afraid.

❧ ❧

IT is a great privilege to live, to work, to feel, to endure, to know: to realize that one is the instrument of Deity—being used by the Maker to work out His inscrutable purposes; to see vast changes occur in the social fabric and to know that men stop, pause and consider: to comprehend that this world is a different place because you have lived. Yes, it is a great privilege to live!

❧ ❧

The dead are at rest: they have no vexatious problems.

❧ ❧

All things move in an orbit, even theories and religions.

❧ ❧

The best is yet to be.

❧ ❧

Men do not live any longer than they wish to.

His Thoughts About Life and Death

AND just as the dewdrop on the petal is a divine manifestation, every blade of grass is a miracle, and the three speckled eggs in an English sparrow's nest constitute an immaculate conception, so every human life, with its hopes, aspirations, dream, defeats and successes, is a drama, joyous with comedy, rich in melodrama and also dark and somber as can be woven from the warp and woof of mystery and death.

◆ ◆

The evolution of the individual mirrors the evolution of the race, and long before races began to write or reason they made pictures. Art education had better begin young, for then it is a sort of play; and good artistic work, Robert Louis Stevenson once said, is only useful play.

◆ ◆

ALEXANDER was only nineteen when he sighed for more worlds to conquer. He did n't have to wait long before he found that this one had conquered him. Youth considers itself immortal, and its powers without limit, but as a man approaches thirty he grows economical of his resources and parsimonious of his emotions. Men of thirty, or so, are apt to be coy.

◆ ◆

Things all men can do and explain are natural; things we can not explain are "supernatural." Progress consists in taking things out of the supernatural pigeonhole and placing them in the natural. As soon as we comprehend the supernatural, we are a bit surprised to find it is perfectly natural.

We have not traveled far; we are only just learning to walk, and so we sometimes stumble and fall. But mankind is moving toward the light, and such is our faith now in the Divine Intelligence that we do not believe that in our hearts were planted aspirations and desires that are to work our undoing.

◆ ◆

O GOD! how wonderful are Thy works! Thou makest the rotting log to nourish banks of violets, and from the stagnant pool at Thy word springs forth the lotus that covers all with fragrance and beauty!

◆ ◆

Life is a gradual death. There are animals and insects that die on the instant of the culmination of the act for which they were created. Success is death, and death, if you have bargained wisely with Fate, is victory.

◆ ◆

To stand still is to retreat, and there is evidence that long before the year Fourteen Hundred Ninety-two, there was a North American Indian that was a better Indian than the Indians who watched the approach of Columbus and exclaimed, "Alas! we are discovered!"

◆ ◆

Life, like heat, is a mode of motion, and progress consists in discarding a good thing as soon as you have found a better.

◆ ◆

Every life is a struggle; and the fact that the battles are usually bloodless, and the romance a dream, makes it no less real.

THE people about us seem so indifferent, and our friends so luke warm; and really no one understands us, and our environment queers our budding spirituality, and the frost of jealousy nips our aspirations: "O Paradise, O Paradise, the world is growing old; who would not be at rest and free where love is never cold." So sing the fearsome dyspeptics of the stylus. O anemic he, you bloodless she, nipping at crackers, sipping at tea, why not consider that, although evolutionists tell us where we came from, and theologians inform us where we are going to, yet the only thing we are really sure of is that we are here!

The present is the perpetually moving spot where history ends and prophecy begins. It is our only possession: the past we reach through lapsing memory, halting recollection, hearsay and belief; we pierce the future by wistful faith or anxious hope; but the present is beneath our feet.

❧ ❧

AS a single drop of water mirrors the globe, so does a single man mirror the race. And the evolution, biological and sociological, of the man mirrors the evolution of the species.

❧ ❧

Manual labor in right proportion means mental development. Too much hoe may slant the brow, but hoe in proper proportion develops the cerebellum.

❧ ❧

When you recognize a thing, good or bad, in the outside world, it is because it was yours already.

IT is well to refrain from mentioning what we intend to do, or intend not to do, since we are all sailing under sealed orders and nothing is so apt to occur as the unexpected.

❧ ❧

I am today what I am because I was what I was last year; and next year I will be what I will be, because I am now what I am.

❧ ❧

The earth is a vast graveyard where untold millions of men lie buried, but out of the myriads who pass into forgetfulness every decade, the race holds a few names embalmed in undying amber.

❧ ❧

SAVAGE tribes make pictures long before they acquire an alphabet; so do all children make pictures before they learn to read. The evolution of the child mirrors the evolution of the race.

❧ ❧

That is, there never was a "Fall of Man." Man has always fallen upward, and when he has kicked the ball it has always been toward the goal.

❧ ❧

The evolution of the cell mirrors the evolution of the species: the evolution of the individual mirrors the evolution of the race.

❧ ❧

Life is a sequence: this happened today because you did that yesterday. Tomorrow will be the result of today.

❧ ❧

We can not resign from life gracefully. Work has to be performed, even when calamity comes.

His Thoughts About Business

SO this, then, is an essay on the American Philosophy. The American Philosophy is founded on the Science of Economics ❧ ❧

Just here, in order that we may speak a common language, a few definitions are in order. Economics is the Science of the production, distribution and use of wealth. Science is accurate, organized knowledge founded on fact—or, as Herbert Spencer expressed it, " Science is the classified knowledge of the common people." All that which is simply assumed, believed, conjectured, taken on dogmatic statement, or mayhap read out of printed books, is unscientific, no matter how plausible. All practical businessmen are scientists ❧ ❧

Business is a vocation. Philosophy is—or should be—an avocation. To make a business of philosophy is to institutionalize and dilute it, just as to institutionalize love and religion is to degrade and lose them. Religion is philosophy touched with emotion. Philosophy is your highest conception of life, its duties and its destiny. A religious organization is a different thing from religion. A religious organization is built on a feeling made static, or fear frozen stiff. It then becomes a superstition, and is employed as a police system, and is taxed all the traffic will bear.

Science is definite, accurate, organized knowledge concerning the things that make up our environment. Modern philosophy is the distilled essence of wisdom that eventually flows from science. Or, if you please, philosophy is the explanation of science—a projection from science. Transportation, manufacturing, distribution, advertising and salesmanship are all variants of business. Each and all are scientific, that is, capable of analyzation and demonstration. Weight, size, color, number, qualities and time are all elements of science ❧ ❧

Theology is antique and obsolete philosophy. It never is nor ever was scientific, not being derived from knowledge. Faith is the first item in its formula. Theology comes to us from dogmatic statements gotten from books or the hearsay words of men long dead. Theology is voodooism; in matters of importance it is in the same class as alchemy, astrology, palmistry, mantology and augury. Science is understood, while theology is believed. Psychology is the science of human minds and their relationship one to another. Superstition is scrambled science, or a religious omelet flavored with fear ❧ ❧

Organized religion being founded on superstition is, perforce, not scientific. And all that is not scientific—that is, truthful—must be bolstered by force, fear and falsehood. Thus we always find slavery and organized religion going hand in hand.

Business, to be successful, must be based on science, for demand and supply are matters of mathematics, not guesswork. Civilization turns on organization. And organization, in order to be of any value, must be scientific.

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ECONOMICS is a new science. History does not show a single instance of its existence in the days of Greece and Rome. They had simple mathematics, but not complex. Fractions, percentages, statistics, averages, were beyond them ❧ The blueprint, even for humorists, was unguessed. Philosophy was speculation; business was barter. Since then, up to within a few years ago, the problem of how man could save his soul has been uppermost. This world has been neglected in the endeavor to gain another. When the Science of Economics is finally formulated it will be expressed first in America. In America all nations meet and blend. Here the factors, elements and categories of Economics are to be found. Here we have one language, and no more, and this is necessary for the expression of a new science. The first endeavor to found Economics as a science was the work of Adam Smith.

And when Thomas Henry Buckle said that Adam Smith's *Wealth of Nations* had influenced the world for good more than any other book ever written, save none, he stated truth ❧ ❧

Economics changes man's activities. As you change a man's activities you change his way of living, and as you change his environment you change his state of mind. Precept and injunction do not perceptibly affect men; but food, water, air, clothing, shelter, pictures, books, music, will and do. Adam Smith, John Stuart Mill and Karl Marx all wrote on Economics, but none was an Economist ❧ Each based his logic largely on presumption, assumption and hypothesis. If this happens, then that will occur. They were Political Economists—they pursued Economics as a policy, not as truth. They loved love, not the lady. They were students of Economics, and their work was not grounded in Science. Since the days of Smith, Mill and Marx we have had many students of Economics. But the world has not yet produced an Economist. To be an Economist, a man must be a Scientist. He must be both a man of action, and one who knows why he acts. He must work and he must contemplate his work. He must act and he must think.

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A SCIENTIST is the man who has done the thing—who has seen and knows. Then from his positive knowledge springs his Philosophy. And the Philosophy of a businessman, analyzed, explained and formulated, would constitute a Science of Economics.

The American Philosophy will be formulated by Scientists—by Businessmen who have succeeded ❧ Thackeray's lawyer in the Debtors' Prison, who was working out a new financial policy for the Nation, was not a Scientist. His knowledge was academic and his scheme conjectural. Science was outside of his orbit. He lacked experience. He had feelings, but not facts. He did not have enough cosmic mortar to construct an arch. Emotionalism, charity, altruism, optimism, are not science, and they may be hysteria.

When I speak of success I do not mean it in the sordid sense. A successful man is one who has tried not cried; who has worked, not dodged; who has shouldered responsibility, not evaded it; who has gotten under the burden, not merely stood off, looking on, giving advice and philosophizing on the situation. In fact, the result of a man's work is not the measure of success. To go down with the ship in storm and tempest is better than to paddle away to Paradise in an Orthodox canoe. To have worked is to have succeeded—we leave the results to time. Life is too short to gather the Harvest—we can only sow. Up to the year Eighteen Hundred Seventy-six the business world was tainted by trickery in trade.

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THE methods of booth and bazaar were everywhere practised. Business was barter, and he who could cheat and not get caught was accounted clever. On the customs of the time there was no copyright. They were a take-over from monarchical days. But a new ethic has arrived. Within ten years' time the thought has gone through the entire business fabric that to cheat and not get caught is really a worse calamity than to get caught. To be caught means that some one has applied the brake and you are given pause. Not to get caught means that you are headed for the precipice on the high clutch and down grade. To cheat another is to cheat yourself. Theology did not teach us this, for precept and preaching never touch our lives. We shed them. We are moved in only one way, and that is by self-interest. Cut off our food supply and we are no longer apathetic. And self-interest is a form of selfishness; it is the desire for life. It is the instinct of self-preservation in action. It was all a matter of mental growth, evolution.

❧ ❧

THE discovery of truth as our most valuable business asset is the one great achievement of the age in which we live. For truth there is no substitute, and this discovery was made by businessmen. Honesty as a working policy was first put forth by Benjamin Franklin; and his remark was regarded as a mere pleasantry until yesterday. The clergy have not yet adopted it; the doctors are considering it, and the lawyers haven't heard of it. However, all these will finally adopt it, as a last resort, as a means of self-preservation ❧ Economics based on falsehood leads to dissolution. Falsehood is a polite form of conquest. The lie is exploitation. The preacher has diverted us while the lawyer picked our pocket; the doctor gives you ether and accomplishes the same result. Egypt, Rome and Greece lived on their slaves and outlying colonies. Slave labor is the most expensive kind. In time the land is exhausted, and the slaves die. But before this happened to the capitals that were, the aristocrats who wasted, destroyed and consumed had gotten nervous debility and were impotent, also impudent ❧ Then they died and the barbarian overran the land. A wise Economist—and America has many—could have figured out exactly how long Babylon and Ninevah would have lasted. None of these ancient civilizations produced economists.

They had soothsayers, priests, lawyers, poets, artists, clowns, dramatists, orators, rhetoricians, singers, philosophers. And most of all they had guzzlers and gormands. But they had no scientists, and their philosophy, being based on augury, dreams, theology and fear, was futile and fallacious. A philosophy that is not founded on science is false in theory and base in practise.

* *

MODERN business betters human environment.

It means gardens, flowers, fruits, vegetables; it means quick, safe and cheap transportation of people, commodities and messages; it means books, maps, furniture, pictures, playgrounds, pure water, perfect sewerage, fresh air, sunshine, health, happiness, hope, light and love—because business gives opportunities for all to work, earn, grow and become. Business consists in the production, transportation and distribution of the things that are necessary to human life. Through this exercise of our faculties we educe the best that is in us; in other words, we get an education * *

Inasmuch as business supplies the necessities of life, it is impossible to have a highly evolved and noble race except where there is a science of business. Business is human service. Therefore, business is essentially a divine calling.

* *

ONCE men believed religion to be the chief concern of mortals here below. Other men have thought that killing is the chief concern of mortals here below. Gladstone once said, " Only two avenues of honor are open to young men in England—the army and the church." This has been the prevailing opinion of the world for nearly two thousand years, and is the one reason why the Dark Ages were dark. During those years of night the fighting man was supreme. It was a long panic, and human evolution was blocked through fear. The race crawled, crept, hid, dodged, secreted, lied and nearly died. We now say that the Science of Economics, or Business, is the chief concern of humanity. Business is intelligent, useful activity. The word " busy-ness " was coined during the time of Chaucer by certain soldier-aristocrats, men of the leisure class, who prided themselves upon the fact that they did no useful thing. Men of power proved their prowess by holding slaves, and these slaves did all the work. To be idle showed that one was not a slave. But this word " business," first flung in contempt, like Puritan, Methodist and Quaker, has now become a thing of which to be proud. Idleness is the disgrace, not busy-ness. The world can be redeemed only through business; for business means betterment, and no business can now succeed that does not add to human happiness.

His Thoughts About Business

WE believe that only the busy person is happy, and that systematic, daily, useful work is man's greatest blessing. We are a nation of workers, builders, inventors, creators, producers. We are the richest country, per capita, in the world; and our wealth has come from the farm, the forest, the factory, the mine, the sea. We have dug, plowed, pumped, smelted, refined, transported and manufactured ❧ We did not inherit our wealth, neither have we laid tribute on other countries, as did those earlier civilizations. Any individual who uses the word " commercial " as an epithet, who regards business enterprise as synonymous with graft and greed, who speaks of certain men as " self-made " and others as " educated," who gives more attention to war than to peace, who seeks to destroy rather than to create and build up, is essentially un-American. The word "education" sometimes stands for idleness, but the American Philosophy symbols work, effort, industry. It means intelligent, thoughtful, reasonable and wise busyness—helping yourself by helping others.

The world's greatest prizes in the future will go to the businessman. The businessman is our only scientist, and to him we must look for a Science of Economics that will eradicate poverty, disease, superstition—all that dissipates and destroys. The day is dawning!

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For strong people are not so much advertised by their loving friends as by their rabid enemies.

WHEN an ambitious young man from the "provinces" signified his intention to Colonel Ingersoll of coming to Peoria and earning an honest livelihood, he was encouraged by the Bishop of Agnosticism with the assurance that he would find no competition. ¶ Personally, speaking for myself, I should say that no man is in so dangerous a position as he who has no competition in well-doing. Competition is not only the life of trade, but of everything else. There have been times when I have thought that I had no competition in truth-telling, and then to prevent complacency I entered into competition with myself and endeavored to outdo my record.

❧ ❧

THE best results are obtained where competition is the most free and most severe—read history. The orator speaks and the man who rises to reply had better have something to say. If your studio is next door to that of a great painter, you had better get you to your easel, and quickly, too.

❧ ❧

They had heard the voice—they had had a " call." The talent is the call, and if a man fails to do his work in a masterly way, make sure he has mistaken a lazy wish for a divine passion. There is a difference between loving the muse and lusting after her.

❧ ❧

If you would escape moral and physical assassination, do nothing, say nothing, be nothing—court obscurity, for only in oblivion does safety lie.

LIFE in this world is a collecting, and all the men and women in it are collectors. The question is, What will you collect? Most men are intent on collecting dollars. Their waking hours are taken up with inventing plans, methods, schemes, whereby they may secure dollars from other men. To gather as many dollars as possible, and to give out as few, is the desideratum. But when you collect one thing you always incidentally collect others. The fisherman who casts his net for shad usually secures a few other fish, and once in a while a turtle, which enlarges the mesh to suit, and gives sweet liberty to the shad. To focus exclusively on dollars is to secure jealousy, fear, vanity, and a vaulting ambition that may claw its way through the mesh and let your dollars slip into the yeasty deep.

* *

A GOODLY dash of indifference is a requisite in the formula for doing a great work.

Nobody knows what the goal is—we are sailing under sealed orders. Do your work today, doing it the best you can, and live one day at a time. The man that does this is conserving his God-given energy, and not spinning it out into tenuous spider-threads that Fate will probably brush away.

To do your work well today is the surest preparation for something better tomorrow—the past is gone, the future we can not reach, the present only is ours. Each day's work is a preparation for the next. Live in the present—the Day is here, the time is Now

* *

Ninety-nine workers out of a hundred want their wages, and nothing else. Promotion, advancement and education are things that never occur to them.

* *

INASMUCH as we live in the age of the specialist, one man often collects books on only one subject. Dante for instance; another, nothing but volumes printed at Venice; another, works concerning the stage; and still another devotes all his spare time to securing tobacco-pipes. And I am well aware that the man who for a quarter of a century industriously collects snuffboxes has a supreme contempt for the man who collects both snuffboxes and clocks. And in this does the specialist reveal that his normal propensity to collect has degenerated. That is to say, it has refined itself into an abnormality, and from the innocent desire to collect, has shifted off into a selfish wish to outrival * *

The man who collects many things with easy, natural leanings toward, say, spoons, is pure in heart and free from guile; but when his soul centers on spoons exclusively, he has fallen from his high estate and is simply possessed of a lust for ownership—he wants to own more peculiar spoons than any other man on earth. Such a one stirs up wrath and rivalry, and is the butt and byword of all others who collect spoons.

His Thoughts About Business

PUBLICITY eliminates pretense. The faker can not work in a club.

Falsehood makes for friction; while truth and love are lubricants.

Where many people are involved, nothing goes but truth ❧ ❧

The sunlight of publicity destroys the ptomains of fraud.

The faker withers before the fact.

As the planets are held in space through opposition of forces, so are men held in the straight and narrow way of truth through public opinion ❧ ❧

The Ad-Clubs of America are great and important factors in the process of making men unionists and monists. The Ad-Crafters stand for ethics in the highest sense, and also they stand for effectiveness and efficiency.

The Ad-Clubs form, in themselves, a university.

The public meeting once a week for a midday lunch of an Ad-Club will, in the course of a year, evolve every member from a villager into a cosmopolite.

No man can get into an Ad-Club and wrap his ignorance about him, and tuck in his prejudices, feeling safe and secure. Smugosity dies a-borning. Foolishness is given the smile audible. Selfishness flies out through the window.

An advertising club is a pooling proposition. Everybody puts in all he knows, and takes out all he can carry away.

And what he takes away is in reality what he puts in.

We keep things by giving them away. Thus we get a practical monism, or a scientific pragmatism.

And pragmatism is simply the science of a sensible selfishness—or, if you prefer, call it enlightened self-interest.

Pragmatism is the law of self-preservation illumined by love of kind.

Righteousness is a form of commonsense.

Business is the science of human service.

Commerce is eminently a divine calling; and the word commercial should never be used as an epithet, save by the man with a guinea-hen mind ❧

❧ ❧ ❧

Young people usually make lists of things they want to do, but must not. This stage compares with the stage of realism in art. You must be realistic before you become impressionistic. They want God's favor, they wish Him to smile upon them, and so they are feverishly intent on doing only the things of which He approves. Likewise they are fearful of doing the things of which He disapproves.

Moses made a list of seven things the children of Israel must not do, and three things they must do; and these we call the Ten Commandments ❧ ❧

KEEP your mind on the great and splendid thing you would like to do; and then, as the days go gliding by, you will find yourself unconsciously seizing upon the opportunities that are required for the fulfilment of your desire, just as the coral-insect takes from the running tide the elements that it needs. Picture in your mind the able, earnest, useful person you desire to be, and the thought you hold is hourly transforming you into that particular individual. Thought is supreme, and to think is often better than to do.

Preserve a right mental attitude—the attitude of courage, frankness and good-cheer.

To think rightly is to create.

❧ ❧

Business is a game, and we are all in it. It requires a terrific unending energy to succeed. But the men who do big things are those who occasionally get away from the mass and find rest and recreation where the winds blow and the soothing waters flow; where the odor of the pines is perpetual, and where nature supplies everything in the way of health and healing that tired bodies demand.

❧ ❧

FOLLY and freedom are better far than smugness and persecution. It 's a very foolish thing to smile at a man who rides a hobby. Once there was a man who rode a hobby all his life, to the great amusement of his enemies and the mortification of his wife; and when the man was dead they found it was a real live horse and had carried the man many long miles.

A FACTORY in a town changes every person in the town, mentally and physically. This being true, does not the management of this factory call for men of heart and soul—broad-minded, generous, firm in the right? Then every factory is influenced by the laws of the land, and each country is influenced by the laws of other countries, since most countries that are engaged in manufacturing find a market abroad.

❧ ❧

Mr. Wollstonecraft wrote a book entitled, "How to Command Success," and by its sale hoped to retrieve the fortune he had lost—but alas! he ran in debt to the printer and finally sold the copyright to that worthy for five shillings, and on the proceeds got plain drunk ❧

❧ ❧

THERE are windmills in Holland (I trust the fact need not longer be concealed) and these windmills are used for every possible mechanical purpose. Now the wind blows only a part of the time—except in Chicago—and there may be whole days when not a windmill turns in all Holland. The men go out in the morning and take due note of the wind, and if there is an absolute calm many of them go back to bed. I have known the wind to die down during the day and the whole force of a windmill troop off to a picnic, as a matter of course. So the elements in Holland set man the example—he will not rush himself to death when not even the wind blows.

His Thoughts About Business

THE clergy are our spiritual advisers, preparing us for a pleasant and easy place in another world. The lawyers advise us on legal themes—showing us how to obey the law, or else evade it, and they protect us from lawyers. The doctors look after us when disease attacks our bodies—or when we think it does.

We used to talk about " The Three Learned Professions; " if we use the phrase now, it is only in a Pickwickian sense, for we realize that there are at present fifty-seven varieties of learned men.

The greatest and most important of all the professions is that of Commerce, or Business. Medicine and law have their specialties—a dozen each—but business has ten thousand specialties, or divisions. So important do we now recognize business, or this ministering to the material wants of humanity, that theology has shifted its ground, and within a few years has declared that to eat rightly, dress rightly, and work rightly are the fittest preparation for a life to come ❧ ❧

The best lawyers now are business-men, and their work is to keep the commercial craft in a safe channel, where it will not split on the rocks of litigation nor founder in the shallows of misunderstanding. Every lawyer will tell you this, " To make money you must satisfy your customers."

The greatest change in business came with the one-price system. The old idea was for the seller to get as much as he possibly could for everything he sold ❧ Short weight, short count, and inferiority in quality were considered quite proper and right, and when you bought a dressed turkey from a farmer, if you did not discover the stone inside the turkey when you weighed it and paid for it, there was no redress. The laugh was on you. And moreover a legal maxim —caveat emptor, " Let the buyer beware "—made cheating legally safe ❧ ❧

Dealers in clothing guaranteed neither fit nor quality, and anything you paid for, once wrapped up and in your hands, was yours beyond recall—" Business is business," was a maxim that covered many sins. A few hundred years ago business was transacted mostly through fairs and ships, and by pedlers ❧ Your merchant of that time was a peripatetic rogue who reduced prevarication to a system. The booth gradually evolved into a store, with the methods and customs of the irresponsible keeper intact: the men cheated their neighbors and chuckled in glee until their neighbors cheated them, which, of course, they did. Then they cursed each other, began again, and did it all over.

The amount of misery, grief, disappointment, shame, distress, woe, suspicion and hate caused by a system which wrapped up one thing when the buyer expected another, and took advantage of his innocence and ignorance as to quality and value, can not be computed in figures. Suffice it to say that duplicity in trade has had to go. The self-preservation of the race demanded honesty, square dealing, one price to all.

❧ ❧

WE have gotten thus far: that the man who cheats in trade is tabu. Honesty as a business asset is fully recognized. If you would succeed in business you can not afford to sell a man something he does not want; neither can you afford to disappoint him in quality, any more than in count. Other things being equal, the merchant who has the most friends will make the most money. Our enemies will not deal with us. To make a sale and acquire an enemy is poor policy. To a pedler or a man who ran a booth at a bazaar or fair, it was "get your money now or never." Buyer and seller were at war. One transaction and they never met again. The air was full of hate and suspicion, and the savage propensity of physical destruction was refined to a point where hypocrisy and untruth took the place of violence—the buyer was as bad as the seller: if he could buy below cost he boasted of it. To catch a merchant who had to have money was glorious—we smote him hip and thigh! Later, we discovered that being strangers he took us in.

Commerce changes the environment and gives us a better society. To supply good water, better sanitary appliances, better heating apparatus, better food, served in a more dainty way—these are all tasks worthy of the highest intelligence and devotion that can be brought to bear upon them, and every Christian preacher in the world today so recognizes, believes and preaches. We have ceased to separate the secular from the sacred. That is sacred which serves. Once, a businessman was a person who not only thrived by taking advantage of the necessities of people, but who also banked on their ignorance of values. But all wise men now know that the way to help yourself is to help humanity. We benefit ourselves only as we benefit others. And the recognition of these truths is what has today placed the businessman at the head of the learned professions—he ministers to the necessities of humanity.

❧ ❧

IN Amsterdam I have seen a man sit still for an hour, and this with a glass of beer before him, gazing off into space, not once winking, not even thinking. You can not do that in America, where trolley-cars whiz and blizzards blow—there is no precedent for it in things animate or inanimate. In the United States everything is on the jump, art included.

❧ ❧

It is a fine thing to have ability, but the ability to discover ability in others is the true test.

❧ ❧

High positions must be fought for inch by inch, and held by a vigilance that never sleeps.

❧ ❧

Nothing is difficult when you put your heart into it.

❧ ❧

We aim for one target and hit the bull's-eye on another.

CREDIT is the sympathetic nerve of commerce. There are men who do not keep faith with those from whom they buy, and such last only a little while. Others do not keep faith with those to whom they sell, and such do not last long. To build on the rock one must keep his credit absolutely unsullied, and he must make a friend of each and all to whom he sells.

The Judaic mental processes have been sharpened by migration. To carry a pack and peddle is better than to work for a Ph. D., save for the social usufruct and the eclat of the unthinking. We learn by indirection and not when we say: “ Go to! Now watch us take a college course and enlarge our phrenological organs.” Our knobs come from knocks, and not from the gentle massage of hired tutors. Selling subscription-books, maps, sewing-machines or Mason and Hamlin organs, has given thousands of strong men their initial impulse toward success. When you go from house to house to sell things you catch the household in their old clothes and the dog loose. To get your foot in the front door and thus avoid the slam, sweetening acerbity by asking the impatient housewife this question, “ Is your mother at home? ” and then making a sale, is an achievement.” The greatest study of mankind is man,” said Pope, and for once he was right, although he might have said woman ❧ ❧

To think of the Goal is to travel the distance over and over in your mind and dwell on how awfully far off it is. We have so little mind—doing business on such a small capital of intellect—that to wear it threadbare looking for a far-off thing is to get hopelessly stranded.

❧ ❧

Mothers have ambitions, even if boys have not—they wish to see their children do things that other women's children can not do. Among wild animals the mother kills, when she can, all offspring but her own.

❧ ❧

So if a man can not be useful and strong, all is not lost: he can still serve humanity as a horrible example—like the honest hobo who volunteered to pay the farmer for his dinner by acting as a scarecrow.

❧ ❧

ONE'S thirtieth birthday and one's seventieth are days that press their message home with iron hand. With his seventieth milestone past, a man feels that his work is done, and dim voices call to him from across the Unseen. His work is done, and so illy, compared with what he had wished and expected! But the impressions made upon his heart by the day are no deeper than those his thirtieth birthday inspires. At thirty, youth, with all it palliates and excuses, is gone forever. The time for mere fooling is past; the young avoid you, or else look up to you as a Nestor and tempt you to grow reminiscent. You are a man and must give an account of yourself ❧ ❧

THERE are men whom Fate can never keep down—they march jauntily forward, and take by divine right the best of everything that earth affords. They do not lie in wait, nor scheme, nor fawn, nor seek to adapt their sails to catch the breeze of popular favor. Still, they are ever alert and alive to any good that may come their way, and when it comes they simply appropriate it, and tarrying not, move steadily forward.

* * *

Social distinction has its pull in all professions and all arts, and the man who can afford to affront society and hope to succeed is as one in a million.

* * *

Social disgrace is never sought, and obloquy is not a thing to covet—these things may come, and usually they mean a smother-blanket to all worldly success.

* * *

The youth of twenty-one who has health, hope, ambition and animation is not to be pitied. Poverty is only for the people who think poverty.

* * *

Fame is delightful, but as collateral it does not rank high.

* * *

No man can attain the highest success until he has reached a point where he does not care for it.

* * *

Prepared people do not have to hunt for a position—the position hunts for them.

Small men are apologetic and give excuses for being on earth, and reasons for staying here so long, and run and peek about to find themselves dishonorable graves. Not so the Great Souls—the fact that they are here is proof that God sent them. Their actions are regal, their language oracular, their manner affirmative.

* * *

Brawn is usually purchased at the expense of brain.

* * *

We have an overplus of clever individuals; but for the faithful men who are loyal to a trust there is a crying demand.

* * *

Eternal vigilance is not only the price of liberty, but of everything else, and success in business most of all.

* * *

Good looks, courtesy and social accomplishments are factors in our artistic career that should not be lightly waived.

* * *

When you can not successfully fight a thing, all is not lost, you can still embrace it.

* * *

Men weighted with responsibilities fight for the established order.

* * *

To the many it is so much easier to ask some one else than to find out for themselves; and it also shifts the responsibility, and gives one a chance, if necessary, to prove an alibi—goodness gracious!

* * *

It is a great joy to share disgrace with the right person.

His Thoughts About Business

THE Law of Wage is as sure and exact in its working as the Law of the Standard of Life. You can go to the very top and take Edison, for instance, who sets a vast army at work—and wins not only deathless fame, but a fortune, great beyond the dreams of avarice. And going down the scale, you can find men who will not work of themselves and no one can make them work, and so their lives are worth nothing, and they are a tax and a burden to the community. Do your work so well that it will require no supervision, and by doing your own thinking you will save the expense of hiring some one else to do your thinking for you.

* * *

The world has reached a point when to be human is no longer a cause for apology; we recognize that the human, in degree, comprehends the divine.

* * *

Knowledge comes through desire, but where desire comes from no man can say. It surely is not a matter of will.

* * *

Do your work with a whole heart and you will succeed—there is so little competition.

* * *

You are what you think, and not what you think you are.

* * *

How beautiful that most of our troubles never happen!

* * *

The boy entered into the project, and the mother's ambition that he should retrieve his father's fortune fired his heart. Thus does the failure in life of a parent often give incentive to the genius of a son.

* * *

We are advertised no less by our rabid enemies than by our loving friends.

* * *

Mediocre men can endure failure; for, as Robert Louis the beloved has pointed out, failure is natural, but worldly success is an abnormal condition. In order to stand success you must be of very stern fiber, with all the gods on your side.

* * *

Surely there is an upward law of gravitation as well as a gravitation that pulls things down.

* * *

The rushing winds purify the air; only running water is pure; and the holy man, if there be such, is the one who loses himself in persistent, useful effort. By working for all, we secure the best results for self, and when we truly work for self, we work for all.

LOVE is life and hate is death, so how can spite benefit? ❧ The answer is that, in certain forms of germination, frost is as necessary as sunshine: so some men have qualities that lie dormant until the coldness of hate bursts the coarse husk of indifference.

❧ ❧

Children of drunkards make temperance fanatics; and those who have a shiftless father stand a better chance of developing into financiers than if they had a parent who would set them up in business, stand between them and danger, and meet the deficit.

❧ ❧

Then he laughed, and it came to him that opposition was a part of the great game of life. To do a thing was to jostle others, and to jostle and be jostled was the fate of every man of power.

❧ ❧

We must become better optimists. There is too much fear in our hearts—fear of the unknown. When business slows up, too many of us stand around and tell how bad it is instead of devoting effort to bring about betterment. We stop planning for the future; we stop radiating good cheer, and look for new ways to cut down expenses. When we begin to paint gloom-pictures we admit that the gods have us guessing—that we are duly qualified candidates for the toboggan.

❧ ❧

In the end there is no defeat for any man or anything.

The same God who created paradise devised the snake, and if the snake had something to do with driving the man and woman out of the Garden into a world of work, it was well. Difficulty, trial, hardship, obstacle, are all necessary factors in the evolution of souls.

❧ ❧

Work is a solace 'gainst self—a sanctuary and a refuge from the Devil, for Satan still finds mischief for idle hands to do. The Devil lies in wait for the idler; and the Devil is the idler, and every idler is a devil. Saintship consists in getting busy at some useful work.

❧ ❧

CAN you afford to do slipshod, evasive, hypocritical work? Can you afford to shirk, or make-believe or practice pretense in any act of life? No, no; for all the time you are molding yourself into a deformity and drifting away from the Divine. What the world does and says about you is really no matter, but what you think and what you do are questions vital as Fate. No one can harm you but yourself. Work is for the worker.

❧ ❧

The Eternal Paradox of Things is revealed in the fact that the men who have toiled most for peace, beauty and harmony have usually lived out their days in discord, and in several instances died a malefactor's death. Just how much discord is required in God's formula for a successful life, no one knows, but it must have a use, for it is always there.

❧ ❧

Pin your faith to the busy person.

His Thoughts About Business

THE first requisite in life is that we shall be able to earn a living. For our own good we must be able to produce as much or more than we consume, and to make two grins grow where there was only a grouch before. And we can help ourselves only by helping others. A transaction where only one side makes money is immoral.

Reciprocity, Co-operation, Mutuality, are the three big words. To be of genuine advantage, all human effort must be reciprocal ❧ The worker who works merely with his own benefit in mind does n't get much benefit. Personal good comes incidentally, and to go after a gain direct is to have it elude you. The very effort you put forth to secure the thing sets in motion an opposition that makes it slip away beyond your reach. The man who seizes culture by the cosmic scruff will never secure her tender confidences ❧ ❧

If you want to study the birds you do not go in wild search for them; you simply seat yourself on a log in the woods and, lo! soon the branches are vibrant with song. To clutch for love and demand it makes you both unlovely and unlovable. If you would have friends, be one.

This great spiritual law which provides that we lose the thing for which we selfishly strive has seemingly been overlooked in our universities and institutions that foster the so-called Higher Culture. Fond parents send their sons to college for but one reason—not to earn a living, not to render the world a service, not to perform some necessary task—they send them to college in order to absorb and appropriate a certain imaginary good.

The idea of reciprocity in a college is a barren ideality.

The " work " is non-productive, futile, fictive, fallacious and imaginary. In all Nature there is no analogy to this thing of making an animal as big as his father exempt from securing his own living. The birds in the nest are fed, and the young are suckled; but a weaning-time that does not take place until long after adolescence is fraught with danger. The plan is medieval and dates to a time when conspicuous waste and conspicuous leisure were the badge of respectability. The college is really a mendicant institution: its teachers and students belong to the parasitic class.

The fact that a thing has to be endowed proves there is something wrong with it. It is not self-sufficient and in itself supplies no excuse for being. It requires an explanation. No explanation ever explains the necessity of making one. ¶ Our system of teaching will never approximate the perfect until we devise an Industrial College where the students will produce as well as consume. The school then will not be an imitation of life—it will be life. The fact that many college graduates are highly successful men does not answer the argument—that very many college graduates are wholly incompetent is the thing that forms the damning count. The man who gets his education out of his work, at his work, is the type that has always ruled and yet rules the world. We are safe only as we move with Nature; and any system of teaching that seeks to improve on Nature is founded on fallacy.

There is only one valid reason for sending a boy to college, and that is, so he can discover for himself that there is nothing in it. A college degree, as matters now stand, is like a certificate of character—useful only to those who need it. However, there must surely come a time when degrees will be given only to those who can earn a living—and this degree will be signed by the young man's employer.

All this for the simple reason that no man is a safe person whose time is not employed in some useful daily occupation where others as well as himself are the gainers. Time and energy not used, or misused, form a dangerous dynamite; while time and human effort fused with reciprocity produce radium. Can you earn a living? Also, do you?

❧ ❧

ONCE I saw Augustus Saint Gaudens in blouse and overalls, well plastered with mud, standing on a ladder hard at it on an equestrian statue, lost to everything but the task in hand—intoxicated with a thought, working like mad to materialize an idea. The sight gave me a thrill! one of those very few unforgettable thrills that Time fixes ever the more firmly in one's memory.

ART is the expression of man's joy in his work; and art is the beautiful way of doing things. Pope Julius was right—work is religion when you put your soul into your task.

❧ ❧

The difference in men does not lie in the size of their heads, nor in the perfection of their bodies, but in this one sublime ability of concentration—to throw the weight with the blow, live an eternity in an hour—" This one thing I do! "

❧ ❧

Indifference and stupidity are great educators—they fill one with discontent and drive a person onward and upward to the ideal.

❧ ❧

A whetstone is dull, but it serves to sharpen Damascus blades.

❧ ❧

IF you want a piece of work well and thoroughly done, pick a busy man. The man of leisure postpones and procrastinates, and is ever making preparations and "getting things in shape;" but the ability to focus on a thing and do it is the talent of the man seemingly o'erwhelmed with work.

❧ ❧

If you wish me to present you a recipe for doing a deathless performance, I would give you this: Work, travel, solitude, prayer, and yet again—work.

❧ ❧

This fusing of work, love and religion gives us a glimpse into the only paradise mortals know. It is the Ideal—and the Natural.

❧ ❧

Initiative is originality in motion.

His Thoughts About Business

DID it ever strike you that it is a most absurd and semi-barbaric thing to set one day apart as holy? If you are a writer and a beautiful thought comes to you, you never hesitate to write it down because it is Sunday. If you are a painter, and the picture appears before you, vivid and clear, you make haste to materialize it before the vision fades. If you are a musician, you sing a song or play it on the piano, that it may be etched upon your memory—and for the joy of it ❧ ❧

But if you are a cabinetmaker you may make a design, but you will have to halt before you make the table, if the day happens to be the "Lord's Day;" and if you are a blacksmith, you will not dare to lift a hammer for fear of conscience or the police. All of which is an admission that we regard manual labor as a sort of necessary evil, which must be done only at certain times and places.

The orthodox reason for abstinence from all manual labor on Sunday is that "God made the heavens and the earth in six days and rested the seventh day;" therefore, man, created in the image of his Maker, should hold this day sacred. How it can be possible for a supreme, omnipotent and all-powerful being, without "body, parts or passions," to become wearied through physical exertion, is a question that is yet unanswered.

The idea of serving God on Sunday and then forgetting Him all the rest of the week is a fallacy. Sunday with its immunity from work was devised for slaves who got out of all the work they could during the week. No man can violate the Sabbath; he can, however, violate his own nature, and this he is more apt to do through enforced idleness than through either work or play. Only running water is pure; stagnant nature of any sort is dangerous, and a breeding-place for disease.

Change of occupation is necessary to mental and physical health. As it is, most people get too much of one kind of work. All the week they are chained to one task, a repugnant task because the dose is too big. They have to do this particular job or starve. This is slavery, quite as much as when man was bought and sold as a chattel ❧ ❧

Will there not come a time when all men and women will work because it is a blessed gift—a privilege? ❧ Then, if all worked, wasteful consuming as a business would cease. As it is, there are many people who do not work at all, and these pride themselves upon it and uphold the Sunday laws. If the idler would work, no one would be overworked. If this time ever comes, shall we not cease to regard it as wicked to work at certain times, just as much as we should count it absurd to pass a law making it illegal for us to be happy on Wednesday? Is n't good work an effort to produce a useful, necessary or beautiful thing? If so, good work is a prayer, prompted by a loving heart—a prayer to benefit and bless. If prayer is not a desire, backed up by a right human effort to bring about its efficacy, then what is it?

Work is a service performed for ourselves and others. If I love you I will surely work for you—in this way I reveal my love ❧ And to manifest my love in this manner is a joy and a gratification to me. Thus, work is for the worker alone, and labor is its own reward. These things being so, if it is wrong to work on Sunday, then it is wrong to love on Sunday; every smile is a sin, every caress is a curse, and all tenderness a crime.

Must there not come a time when we shall cease to differentiate and quit calling some work secular and some sacred? Is n't it as necessary for me to hoe corn and feed my loved ones (and also the priest) as for the priest to preach and pray?

Would any priest ever preach and pray if somebody did not hoe? If life is from God, then all useful effort is divine; and to work is the highest form of religion. If God made us, surely He is pleased to see that His work is a success. If we are miserable, willing to liberate life with a bare bodkin, we certainly do not compliment our Maker in thus proclaiming His work a failure. But if our lives are full of gladness and we are grateful for feeling that we are one with Deity—helping God do His work—then, and only then, do we truly serve Him.

Is n't it strange that men should have made laws declaring that it is wicked for us to work?

MEN are continually "retiring" from business and active life, all unaware of the grim humor of the proceedings.

❧ ❧

A man can succeed in anything he undertakes—it is all a matter of will.

❧ ❧

A tramp who is given a quarter feels a deal more lucky than if he gets a chance to earn a dollar.

❧ ❧

Do your work as well as you can and be kind.

❧ ❧

God help the rich—the poor can work!

❧ ❧

Only work done in love lives.

❧ ❧

TWELVE Things for Roycrofters to Remember: the Value of Time, the Success of Perseverance, the Pleasure of Working, the Dignity of Simplicity, the Worth of Character, the Power of Kindness, the Influence of Example, the Obligation of Duty, the Wisdom of Economy, the Virtue of Patience, the Improvement of Talent, the Joy of Originating.

❧ ❧

The newspapers are published by men in business, and the wares they carry are those in demand: mostly gossip, scandal and defamation. And humanity is of such a quality that it is not scandalized or shocked by facts, but by the recital of the facts in the courts or public prints.

❧ ❧

To know the worst is peace—it is uncertainty that kills.

His Thoughts About Men and Women

THE capacity for intellectual endeavor in a well-balanced woman is not at its height until her childbearing days are in abeyance. At such a time, in many instances, there comes to her a new birth of power: aspiration, ambition, desire, find new channels, and she views the world from a broad and generous vantage-ground before unguessed. The frivolous, the transient, the petty—each assumes its proper place, and she has the sense of value now if ever.

A great man once said in his haste that no woman under thirty knew anything worth mentioning, her life being ruled by emotion, not intellect. The great man was then forty; at fifty he pushed the limit along ten years. At thirty feeling is apt to cool a little, and the woman has times when she really thinks. Between forty and fifty is her harvest-time, and if she ever realizes cosmic consciousness it is then.

When you have gotten your mind and soul into right relationship with God or the Divine Spirit, you do not have to seek, strive, struggle, or painstakingly select and decide as to your actions. God's spirit acting through you makes you immune from harm and wrong. Your mind being right, your actions must of necessity be right, because an act is but a thought in motion.

So, enter into the Covenant of Grace—make a bargain with God that you will keep your being free from wrong thought—lie low in his hand. Let His spirit play through you, relax, cease wrestling for a blessing, and realize that you already have it. Then for you all of the harassing details of life become simplified. What you shall say, what you shall do, how you shall dress, what the particular actions of the day shall be—all are as naught. Life becomes automatic, divinely so, and regulates itself if you but have the Covenant of Grace.

* *

Republics may be ungrateful, but the favor of princes is fickle as the East Wind.

* *

You move a man not by going to him direct, but by finding out who it is that has a rope tied to his foot.

* *

The desire to sit on a divan and be waited upon is the distinguishing feature of the heartless mistress of fortune. Like the jeweled necklace and bands of gold at wrist and waist, which symbol a time when slavery was rife and these gauds had a practical meaning, so does the woman who in bringing men to her feet by beck and nod tell of animality too coarse for speech.

But the woman with the great, tender and loving heart gives her all and asks no idolatrous homage. Her delight is in serving, and willingly and more than willingly, for without thought she breaks the vase of precious ointment and wipes the feet of the beloved with the hairs of her head.

MONTAIGNE advises young men that if they will fall in love, why, to fall in love with women older than themselves. His argument is that a young and pretty woman makes such a demand on a man's time and attention that she is sure, eventually, to wear love to the warp. So the wise old Gascon suggests that it is the part of wisdom to give your affection to one who is both plain and elderly—one who is not suffering from a surfeit of love, and one whose head has not been turned by flattery. " Young women," says the philosopher, " demand attention as their right and often flout the giver; whereas old women are very grateful."

* *

XANTIPPE lives in history only because she sought to worry a great philosopher; we remember the daughter of Herodias because she demanded the head (not the heart) of a good man; Goneril and Regan because they trod upon the withered soul of their sire; Lady Macbeth because she lured her liege to murder; Charlotte Corday for her dagger-thrust; Lucrezia Borgia for her poison; Sapphira for her untruth; Jael because she pierced the brain of Sisera with a rusty nail (instead of an idea); Delilah for the reason that she deprived Samson of his source of strength; and in the " Westminster Review " for May, Eighteen Hundred Ninety-four, Ouida makes the flat statement that for every man of genius who has been helped by a woman, ten have been dragged down.

A man! weighted with the sins of his parents, grandparents, great-grandparents, who fade off into dim spectral shapes in the dark and dreamlike past; no word of choice has he in the selection of his father and mother, no voice in the choosing of environment—brought into life without his consent and thrust out of it against his will—battling, striving, hoping, cursing, waiting, loving, praying; burned by fever, torn by passion, checked by fear, reaching for friendship, longing for sympathy, clutching—nothing.

* *

TO no woman can love mean so much as to one who is aware that she is physically deficient. Homely women are apt to make the better wives, and in all my earth-pilgrimage I never saw a more devoted love—a diviner tenderness—than that which exists between a man of my acquaintance, sound in every sense and splendid in physique, and his wife, who has been blind from her birth. For weeks after I first met this couple there rang in my ears that expression of Victor Hugo's, " To be blind and to be loved—what happier fate! "

* *

When three men join forces, make no mistake—power is never equally divided.

* *

The miracle of mother-love is a constant wonder to every thinking person.

* *

Man seems to have a certain capacity for pain, and beyond this even God can not go.

His Thoughts About Men and Women

KINSHIP is a question of spirit and not a matter of blood. How often do we find persons, who, in feeling, are absolutely strangers to their own brothers and sisters! Occasionally even parents fail to understand their children. The child may hunger for sympathy and love that the mother knows nothing of, and cry itself to sleep for a tenderness withheld. Later this same child may evolve aspirations and ambitions that seem to the other members of the family mere whims and vagaries to be laughed down, or stoutly endured, as the mood prompts. Knowing these things, do we wonder at the question of long ago, “Who is my mother, and who are my brethren?”

* *

Courage is a matter of the red corpuscle. It is oxygen that makes every attack; without oxygen in his blood to back him, a man attacks nothing—not even a pie, much less a blank canvas.

* *

The finest flowers are those transplanted; for transplanting means difficulty, a readjusting to new conditions, and through the effort put forth to find adjustment does the plant progress. Transplanted men are the ones who do the things worth while, and transplanted girls are the only ones who inspire a mighty passion.

* *

Children born of the same parents are not necessarily related to each other, nor to their parents.

Motives are mixed, and foolish folks who ask questions about why certain men do certain things, do not know that certain men do certain things because they wish to, and leave to others the explanation of the whyness of the wherefore. People who always dress, talk and act alike do so for certain reasons well understood, but the man who does differently from the mass is not so easy to analyze and formulate.

* *

The religious nature and the sex nature are closely akin: no psychologist can tell where the one ends and the other begins.

There may be wooden women in the world, and of these I will not speak, but every strong, pulsing, thinking woman goes through life, seeking the Ideal Man. Whether she is married or single, rich or poor, old or young, every new man she meets is interesting to her, because she feels in some mysterious way that possibly he is the One.

* *

No sane dentist will administer an anesthetic to a woman, without a witness; not that women as a class are dangerous, but because some women can not be trusted to distinguish between their dreams and the facts.

* *

When a woman describes a man she always begins by telling how he looks.

* *

The Psalmist speaks of something “that passeth the love of woman,” but the Psalmist was wrong—nothing does.

AS you understand a man, just in that degree are you related to him. There is a great joy in discovering kinship—for in that moment you discover yourself, and life consists in getting acquainted with yourself. We see ourselves mirrored in the soul of another—that is what love is, or pretty nearly so. ¶ If you like what I write, it is because I express for you the things you already know; we are akin, our heads are in the same stratum—we are breathing the same atmosphere.

❧ ❧

So I sing the praises of the average woman—the woman who does her work, who is willing to be unknown, who is modest and unaffected, who tries to lessen the pains of earth, and to add to its happiness. She is the true guardian angel of mankind!

❧ ❧

Why should such a thing as a secret ever exist? 'T is preposterous, and is proof positive of depravity. If you and I are to live together, my life must be open as the ether and all my thoughts be yours. If I keep back this and that, you will find it out some day and suspect, with reason, that I also keep back the other. Ananias and Sapphira met death, not so much for simple untruthfulness as for keeping something back.

❧ ❧

To know the right woman is a liberal education.

❧ ❧

People go to church to watch and pray, but a man I know says that women go to church to watch.

The sane, healthy man, who occasionally strips off his dignity and hoots like an owl, or rolls naked in the snow, will surely be called insane by the self-nominated elect, but his personal compensation lies in the fact that he knows he is not.

❧ ❧

Honesty and genuineness in souls are too rare to flout—when found men really uncover before them. The province of art is to impart a sublime emotion, and that which affects to be an emotion, no matter how subtly launched, can never live as classic art. Honesty here, as elsewhere, must have its reward. Be yourself, though all the world laugh.

❧ ❧

WE have Thoreau for authority that the intuition and the sympathy found always in the saviors of the world are purely feminine attributes—the legacy bequeathed from a mother who thirsted for better things.

❧ ❧

To push a man to the front, and thus win a vicarious triumph, has been a source of great joy to more than one ambitious woman.

❧ ❧

I think, somewhere, I have encouraged the idea of women marrying the second time, and I have also given tangible reasons. Let me now say as much for men.

❧ ❧

Even the proudest of women are willing to accept orders when the time is ripe; and I am fully convinced that to be domineered over by the right man is a thing all good women warmly desire.

His Thoughts About Men and Women

WE often hear foolish men taunt women with inability to keep secrets. But women who talk much often do keep secrets—there are nooks in their hearts where the sun never enters, and where those nearest them are never allowed to look. More lives are blasted by secrecy than by frankness—ay! a thousand times.

* * *

People who are not scientific in their speech often speak of the birds as being happy. My opinion is that birds are not any more happy than men—probably not as much so ❧ Many birds, like the English sparrow and the blue jay, quarrel all day long. Come to think of it, I believe that man is happier than the birds.

* * *

The only relationship, after all, is the spiritual relationship. Your brother after the flesh may not be your brother at all; you may live in different worlds and call to each other in strange tongues across wide seas of misunderstandings.

* * *

Every man of worth is two men—sometimes many.

* * *

A man who can do things well should assume a modesty, even if he has it not. If you can write well, do not talk—leave that to the man who can do nothing else. If you can paint, let your work speak for you.

* * *

The epithets a man applies to another usually fit himself better. Instances can be cited of great men who were loved and nurtured and ministered to by their stepmothers. I think well of womankind. The woman who abuses a waif that Fate has sent into her care would mistreat her own children, and is a living libel on her sex.

* * *

The man who does not relax and hoot a few hoots voluntarily, now and then, is in great danger of hooting hoots and standing on his head for the edification of the pathologist and trained nurse, a little later on.

The madhouse yawns for the person who always does the proper thing.

* * *

I doubt me much whether any woman will remember any speech for a week—she just remembers the man.

* * *

A man is what he is; and the word "illegitimate" is not in God's vocabulary, since He smiles on love-children as on none other.

* * *

The average servant-girl who gets married quits work then and there, and is quite content to live the rest of her life as a slave, asking her husband for a quarter at a time and cajoling the money out of him by hook or crook, or else exploring his trousers for free coinage when opportunity offers.

* * *

Base is the man who will not fetch and carry for the woman he loves.

* * *

Men who hate women are simply suffering from an overdose.

I HAVE noticed that these sturdy mothers in Israel, who so willingly give their lives that others may live, often find vent for overwrought feelings by scolding; and I, for one, cheerfully grant them the privilege.

❧ ❧

Sewing-machines and knitting-machines have done more to emancipate women than all the preachers. Think of the days when every garment worn by men, women and children was made by the never-resting hands of women!

❧ ❧

In their love-affairs women are seldom wise, or men just. How should we expect them to be when but yesterday woman was a chattel and man a slave-owner?

❧ ❧

MEN from the soil who gain power are usually intoxicated by it; beginning as democrats they evolve into aristocrats, then into tyrants, if kindly Fate does not interpose, and are dethroned by the people who made them.

❧ ❧

And when I say, " God bless all good women who help men do their work," I simply repeat the words once used by Benjamin Franklin when he had Deborah in mind.

❧ ❧

Many of our finest flowers are merely transplanted weeds. Transplantation often works wonders in men.

❧ ❧

The Devil sent us our relatives, but thank Heaven we can choose our friends for ourselves.

THE highly emotional, appreciated, misunderstood woman, noisily bearing her cross alone, is a type well known to the pathologist. In modern times when she visits a dentist's office the doctor hastily summons his assistant.

❧ ❧

Following a debauch a man signs the pledge, vows chastity, writes fervently of asceticism and the need of living in the spirit and not in the senses. Good pictures show best on a dark background. Men talk most about things they do not possess.

❧ ❧

Lazy men are just as useless as dead ones and take up more room.

❧ ❧

Love is woman's whole existence —sometimes.

❧ ❧

Every man is gravitating straight to where he belongs.

❧ ❧

The woman who loves a man confuses him with God, and regards him as one divinely appointed to rule.

❧ ❧

HOW much finer it is to go out into the woods and lift up your voice in song, and be a child, than to fight inclination and waste good God-given energy endeavoring to be proper—whatever that may be!

❧ ❧

Happy is the child who is born into a family where there is a competition of ideas, and where the recurring theme is truth.

❧ ❧

To live uprightly, to hurt nobody and to render every one his due.

His Thoughts About Marriage and Divorce

MEN who make laws have forever to watch most closely and dance attendance on Nature ❧ Laws which fly in the face of nature are gently waived or conveniently forgotten. Should our Chief Justice issue an injunction restraining all men from coming within a quarter of a mile of a woman, on penalty of death, we would all place ourselves in contempt in an hour; and should the army try to enforce the order, we would smother the Justice in his wool-sack and hang his effigy on a sour-apple tree. Law is n't worth the paper it is written on unless it embodies the will and natural tendencies of the governed. Where poaching is popular, no law can stop it. Marriage is easy, and divorce difficult, because this is Nature's plan. The natural law of attraction brings men and women together, and it is difficult to separate them. Natural things are easy, and artificial ones difficult. Most couples who desire freedom only think they do: what they really want is a vacation; but they would not separate for good if they could. It is hard to part—people who have lived together grow to need each other. They want some one to quarrel with.

Cæsar Augustus, in his close study of character, introduced a limited divorce. That is, in case of a family quarrel, he ordered the couple to live apart for six months as a penalty. Quintilian says that usually before the expired time the man and woman were surreptitiously living together again, at which the court quietly winked, and finally this form of penalty had to be abandoned because it made the courts ridiculous.

Men and women do not get married because marriage is legal, nor do they continue living together because divorce is difficult. They marry because they desire to, and they do not separate because they do not want to. The task that confronts the legislator is to find out what the people want to do, and then legalize it.

In Rome, the custom of the parties divorcing themselves was prevalent, and the courts were called upon to ratify the act, just to give the matter respectability. Below a certain stratum in society, the formality of legal marriage and divorce was waived entirely, just as it is largely, now, among our colored population in the South. During the French Revolution, the same custom largely obtained in France. And about the year One Hundred Fifty in Rome there was danger that the people would overlook the majesty of the law entirely in their domestic affairs. This condition is what prompted Marcus Aurelius to recognize as legal the common-law marriage and say if a couple called themselves husband and wife, they were. And for a time, if they said they were divorced, they were. But as a mortgage owned by a man on his own property cancels the debt, and legally there is no mortgage, so if the people could get married at will and divorce themselves at their convenience, there really was no legal marriage. Thus the matter was argued. So Marcus adopted the plan of making marriage easy and divorce difficult, and this has been the policy in all civilized countries ever since.

❧ ❧

IT is very evident, however, that Marcus Aurelius looked forward to a time when men and women would be wise enough, and just enough, to arrange their own affairs, without calling on the police to ratify either their friendships or their misunderstandings. He says: " Love is beautiful, and that a man and a woman loving each other should live together is the will of God, but if there comes a time when they can not live in peace, let them part. To have no relationship is not a disgrace; to have wrong relations is, for disgrace means lack of grace, discord, and love is harmony." Marcus Aurelius tried the plan of probationary marriages; and to offset this he also introduced the Augustinian plan of probationary divorces—that is, the interlocutory decree. This scheme has recently been adopted in several states in America with the avowed intent of preventing fraud in divorce procedure, but actually the logic of the situation is the same now as in the time of Marcus Aurelius—it postpones the final decree so as to prevent the couple from becoming the victims of their own rashness, and to give them an opportunity to become reconciled if possible ❧ ❧

So anxious was Marcus Aurelius to decide justly with his people that he found himself swamped with cases of every sort and description. He tried to pass upon each case by its merits, regardless of law and precedent. Then other judges construed his decisions as law, and the lesser courts cited the upper ones, until Gibbon says, " There grew up such a mass of judge-made laws that a skillful lawyer could prove anything, and legal practice swung on the ability to cite similar cases and call attention to desired decisions."

In America we are now back exactly to the same condition. A lawyer in New York State requires over fourteen thousand law-books if he would cover all the ground; and his business is to make it easy for the judge to dispense justice and not dispense with law. That is to say, before a judge can decide a case, he must be able to back up his opinion by precedent. Judges are not elected to deal out justice between man and man; they are elected to decide on points of law.

❧ ❧

LAW is often a great disadvantage to a judge—it may hamper justice—and in America there must surely soon come a day when we will make a bonfire of every law-book in the land, and electing our judges for life, we will make the judiciary free. We will then require our lawyers and judges to read, and pass examinations on Browning's "Ring and the Book," and none other. And if we would follow the Aurelian suggestion of remitting all direct taxes to every citizen who had not been plaintiff in a lawsuit for ten years, we would gradually get something approaching pure justice. The people must be educated to decide quietly and calmly their own disputes, and this can be done by placing an obvious penalty on litigation. Progress in the future will consist in having less law, and fulfilment will be reached when we have no law at all—each man governing himself, and being willing that his neighbor shall do the same. Trouble arises largely from each man regarding himself as his brother's keeper, and ceasing to be his friend. Marcus Aurelius, the wise judge, saw that most litigation is foolish and absurd—both parties are at fault, and both right. And to bring about the good time when men shall live in peace, he began earnestly to govern himself. His ideal was a state where men would need no governing. Hence his "Meditations," a book which Dean Farrar says is not inferior to the New Testament in its lofty aim and purity of conception.

❧ ❧

EVERY great book is an evolution: Marcus had been getting ready to write this immortal volume for nearly half a century. And now in his fifty-seventh year he found himself in the desert of Asia at the head of the army, endeavoring to put down an insurrection of various barbaric tribes. Later, the seat of war was shifted to the north. The enemy struck and retreated, and danced around him as the Boers fought the English in South Africa.

But Marcus Aurelius had time to think, and so with no books near and all memoranda far away, he began to write out his best thoughts. At first he expressed just for his own satisfaction, but later, as the work progresses, we see that its value grew upon him, and it was his intention to put it in systematic form for posterity. And while working at this task, the exposures of field and camp, and the business of war, in which he had no heart, worked upon him so adversely that he sickened and died, aged fifty-nine.

❧ ❧

IF a man can do a thing more brutal than to humiliate one woman at the expense of another, I do not know it. And without entering any defense for the men who love several women at one time, I wish to make a clear distinction between the men who bully and brutalize women for their own gratification and the men who find their highest pleasure in pleasing women. The latter may not be a paragon, yet as his desire is to give pleasure, not to corral it, he is a totally different being from the man who deceives, badgers, humiliates, and quarrels with one who can not defend herself, in order that he may find an excuse for leaving her.

❧ ❧

Wives and husbands must live by faith. The wife who is miserable until she makes her husband "confess all" is never happy afterwards.

❧ ❧

Men who are woefully lax in their marriage relations are very apt to regard their wives with suspicion.

MY old co-ed college chum, Winifred Black, has recently propounded this question, "Why are husbands lobsters?" So I 'll explain to Winifred the cause of this sad state which devolutes a lover into a lobster. It 's like this: the rule is that the male of the genus homo is never any better than he has to be. Having said this much, let me further add that this truth also applies to the female of the genus homo.

A marriage that is practically indissoluble gives the man security in his position. He is not obliged to win favors—he merely exercises his rights. As for the woman, she has him, and when she reminds him of the fact, hell is to pay. The man who stands on his rights, thinks about his rights, talks of his rights, belongs to the Lobsteria. He has ceased to be either loving or lovable. The only right any man should have is the right to be decent—that is, to be agreeable and useful. One of Nature's chief intents in sex is to bring about beauty, grace and harmony. The flowing mane and proud step of the horse, the flamboyant tail of the peacock, the song of the bird, the perfume and color of the flowers, are all sex manifestations, put forth with intent to attract, please and fascinate. Charm of manner is a sex attribute which has become a habit. The creative principle in all art is a secondary sex manifestation. The average married man feels that he is immune from the necessity of winning, pleasing, charming — he owns property ❧ He 's a Turk! And from the smug Turk and the Comet, good Lord, deliver us! ❧ ❧

PUBLIC Opinion is the great natural restraining force. We are ruled by Public Opinion, not by statute law. If statute law expresses the Zeitgeist it is well, but often law hampers and restrains Public Opinion. Divorce laws are obsolete in their character, and should die the death. A marriage that can not be dissolved tends to tyranny. There is a rudimentary something in man that makes him a tyrant —that divides humanity into master and slave—and to these barbaric instincts we are heir. The business of civilization is to make men free. And freedom means responsibility.

The curse of marriage is that it makes the parties immune from very much of that gentle consideration which freedom bestows. Freedom in divorce is the one thing that will abolish the domestic steam-roller ❧ Freedom in divorce is the one thing that will correct the propensity to nag, in both male and female. We gain freedom by giving it. We hold love by giving it away. To enslave another is to enslave yourself. Constancy, unswerving and eternal, is only possible where men and women are free.

Marriage was first a property-right. The woman was owned by the man. She was a chattel. He had the right of taking her life if she attempted to escape, or was otherwise unruly. Then the priests came in and declared marriage a sacred rite. They brazenly declared that the marriage where they did not officiate was no marriage at all—that it was a base and unholy alliance, and that the children were illegitimate.

The relationship of man and woman was to them a sin and a shame, but by their approval it was redeemed and made proper and right. To grant a divorce was to admit that the rite did not "take." Hence, divorce was tabu. The Church isn't interested in divorce—all the church is fighting for is to hold its position. Then comes civil marriage, which is a contract between the man and the woman from which neither party can withdraw without laying the whole matter before the courts—and the newspapers. And the sacredness of contract takes the place of the sacredness of the rite. "I would hold my friend by no stronger tie than the virtue that is in my soul," said the gentle Emerson.

❧ ❧

EASY divorce would make divorce unnecessary in a vast number of cases, because it would put men and women on their good behavior, and thus do away with incompatibility. That which tends to increase charm of manner can not be bad; that which tends to conform a lover into a lobster is not wholly good.

All over the United States there is a general demand for a uniform divorce law. And the way to bring about this uniformity is to do away with all divorce laws.

If divorce were free, it would probably be no more frequent than it is now. Marriage should be difficult, and divorce easy. As it is now, any preacher will marry anything to anybody for fifty cents. Nightly, clergymen are aroused from sleep to marry couples out of the second-story window. Marriages occur in circus rings, balloons, show-windows, and yesterday I heard of a wedding in an automobile going on the high clutch at speed-limit, with Papa's car opening up the cut-out close behind in hot pursuit. Bum, lum, de-dum! Marriage is so serious a matter that it should not be entered upon lightly. ❧ The old plan of publishing the bans was founded on common-sense. The couple about to embark should be compelled to take a full month to think about it, and persons absolutely unfit should be debarred. But once entered upon, just two people know whether the venture is a success—and they are the man and the woman. In the name of freedom, let the only parties who are vitally interested decide the issue.

❧ ❧

DIVORCE is a heroic remedy for an awful condition. It is the culmination of a fearful tragedy. I know of nothing worse than incompatibility. There is no hell equal to the hell of having to live with a person who is not your own. Either party wants a divorce should have it. And proof that it is desired should be reason sufficient for granting it! ❧ Make way for liberty! It isn't the law that brings a man and a woman together, and no law should be invoked to hold them together.

The police should keep their heavy hands off. What can an outside party know of this most subtle and delicate of all human relations! The love of man for woman and of woman for man is the most powerful and persistent force in the universe. And man in his greed has seized upon it and attempted to regulate it from Harrisburg, Hartford and Helena ❧ Now there are many folks who think it should be looked after from the District of Columbia. God help us all—just lift off the roofs and take a look at Social Washington some night at four A. M.!

The lawyer here steps in and becomes as insistent and as dogmatic as the priest. Once you could marry only through the ministrations of a priest; now you can secure a divorce only through the services of a lawyer—often a dozen are employed, counting both sides.

❧ ❧

WHY make life difficult, complex and heavy?" cries Emerson. And well does he ask the question. This supreme thing in life, our love, can not be regulated by man's law. The Supreme Power that made, fashioned and gave it to us provided for its automatic regulation. When love, honor and respect die, it is time in the name of purity to part. No priest can consecrate the holy relationship of a man and a woman, but God can and does. Love is the only consecration—and love is enough. To imagine that God should endow us with this mighty passion, and then leave its regulation to those who govern us for a consideration, is an insult to the divine Intelligence of which we are a part. The mating of a man and a woman is the one sacred thing in life. And left alone it is lovely and true in all its attributes. In law, they will tell you that "the plaintiff has all the rights his contract gives him and no more." In Nature, a man should have all the rights which love bestows, and no more. And when I speak of man I mean woman, too, for there is the male man and the female man. I believe in equality—the equality of Nature, or, if you please, of God. I do not believe in the law interposing and giving a man rights and a woman privileges. Neither do I understand why the money a woman earns should belong to a man, unless we first grant the righteousness of master and slave, and frankly admit that the man owning the woman, also owns *per se* all that she produces, including her children ❧ God has decided who the children belong to—they belong to the woman who bore them and whose body nourished them. But a man steps in and makes laws about a mother's instincts.

❧ ❧

MEN and women mate, and being mated cleave together until death do them part—and longer. They whom God has joined together no man can put asunder. The mischievous meddling of man leads to a condition where the parties think they own each other. This is slavery. Many married men treat any other woman with more respect than they treat their wives ❧ ❧

The gallantry that holds through gentle treatment and just is gone when the man thinks he holds a warranty-deed for the property. To be free you must be on your good behavior. And do not for a moment imagine that a man would leave his mate if law did not manacle him to her. He is held by an unseen silken cord as strong as Fate, as constant as Life, as persistent as Death. “ Whither thou goest, I will go: and thy people shall be my people.”

The divine attraction which brings the right man and the right woman together must be trusted as strong and sufficient enough to hold them. When you treat them as rats baited into a trap, from which escape is impossible, you dissolve the main idea and interpose the thought of escape ❧ ❧

And this is what makes so many men and women stray in their sleep and tread the border-land of folly. I would hold my mate by the supreme integrity of my love for her, and by no other bond. And this once fixed in the minds of men and women would make for constancy.

* * *

NOTHING is more terrible in life than to break and sunder human relations. To be true to your own is the natural thing, because it is the right thing. It is the only policy that pays. Happiness lies in loyalty. This applies to any field of human endeavor. The race knows it now for the first time in history. Truth is the new virtue, and Truth is a virtue because it reduces the perplexities of life and brings good results.

* * *

THE love of man for woman and woman for man, and of both for their children, is a divine instinct. When you bolster and brace it by political blacksmiths and shuddering shysters, you doubt its constancy, and, what is worse, you suggest the doubt to the very people you seek to fetter. The greatest line ever written by Humboldt was this: “ The Universe is governed by Law.” But he did not refer to the laws of man. He referred to the laws of Nature, or, if you please, the laws of God, although Humboldt in his latter years never used the word “ God.”

I believe in the blessed trinity of Man, Woman and Child. These to me express Divinity. Left alone the woman would be the companion, friend and helpmeet of the man, not his slave, pet, plaything, drudge, doormat and scullion.

* * *

HAPPINESS lies in equality. The effort you put forth to win the woman, you should be compelled to exercise through life in order to hold her. And you will hold her by so long as Love kisses the lips of Death, and the dimpled hands of the babe encircle the neck of its father. The house of the harlot exists because love is gyved, fettered, blindfolded and sold in the marketplaces. There is nothing so pulls on the heartstrings of the normal, healthy man as the love for wife and child. Always and forever he holds them in his heart of hearts. To imagine that he would forsake them for the husks of license, unless looked after by Jaggers and Jaggers, is to doubt the Wisdom of the Creator. In our hearts Divine Wisdom implanted the seeds of loyalty and right ❧ These are a part of the great plan of self-preservation ❧ We do not walk off the cliff, because we realize that to do so would mean death.

Make men and women free, and they will travel by the Eternal Guiding Stars. That which makes for self-respect in men and women, putting each on his good behavior, increasing the sum of good-will and lessening hate, will have a most potent influence on future generations. I can not imagine a worse handicap than to be tumbled into life by incompatible parents and be brought up in an atmosphere of strife ❧ "We have bred from the worst in the worst possible way, and the result is a race of scrubs," says Alfred Russel Wallace.

All that tends to tyranny in parents manifest itself in slavish traits in the children. Freedom is a condition of mind, and the best way to secure it is to breed it. So, I say, make marriage difficult by demanding notification and a pause; then make divorce free on application of either party. Do you remember the woman who wanted a divorce if she could n't get it, and if she could, did not want it? No one wants a divorce from his own. This would be the one horrible and appalling thing in life. Let life be automatic. Make room for the Divine. And in this article I have only stated what all thinking men and women know and believe, but which they—wisely—decline to say or even admit. Therefore, I have said it for them. We will now listen to the Anvil Chorus.

❧ ❧

READ the lives of the Great Men who have lived during the past three thousand years, and listen closely, and you will hear the wild wail of neglected and unappreciated wives. A woman can forgive a beating, but to be forgotten—never. She hates, by instinct, an austere and self-contained character ❧ Dignity and pride repel her; preoccupation keeps her aloof; concentration on an idea is unforgivable.

❧ ❧

When the Great Inventor, absorbed in a problem as to Electricity (that thing which to us is only a name and of which we know nothing), forgets home, wife, child, supper; and midnight finds him in his laboratory, where he has been since sunrise—just imagine, if you please, the shrill greeting that is in cold storage for him when he stumbles home, haggard and worn, at dawn. How can he explain why he did this thing and answer the questions as to who was there, and what good it all did anyway!

❧ ❧

Divorce is not a sudden, spontaneous affair—it is the culmination of a long train of unutterable woe.

His Thoughts About Marriage and Divorce

THE most miserable man I ever knew was one who married a rich woman, managed her broad acres, looked after her bonds and made report of her stocks. If the stocks failed to pay dividends, or the acres were fallow, my friend had to explain why to the tearful wife and sundry sarcastic next of kin.

The man was a Jeffersonian Democrat and preached the Life of Simplicity, because we always preach about things that are not ours. He rode behind horses that had docked tails, and apologized for being on earth, to an awful butler in solemn black.

The man had married for a home—he got it. When he wanted funds for himself, he was given dole, or else was put to the necessity of juggling the Expense Account. If he wished to invite friends to his home, he had to prove them standard-bred, morally sound in mind and limb, and free from fault or blemish.

The good man might have lived a thoroughly happy life, with everything supplied that he needed, but he acquired the Sanitarium Habit, for which there is no cure but poverty. And this man could not be poor even if he wanted to, for there were no grounds for divorce. His wife loved him dearly, and her income of five thousand dollars a month came along with startling regularity, willy-nilly.

Finally, at Hot Springs, Death gave him treatment and he was freed from pain.

From this o'ertrue incident it must not be imagined that wealth and position are bad things. Wealth is potential power. Wealth is an engine that can be used for good if you are an engineer; but to be tied to the flywheel of an engine is rather unfortunate. Had my friend been big enough to rise supreme over horses with docked tails, to subjugate a butler, to defy the next of kin and manage the wife (without letting her know it), all would have been well.

But it is a Herculean task to cope with the handicap of wealth.

❧ ❧

A man's opinions concerning womankind are based upon the knowledge of the women he knows best.

❧ ❧

Untruth enters when we reason wrongly from our facts.

❧ ❧

In the Garden of Eden, with everything supplied, man was an animal, but when he was turned out and had to work, strive, struggle and suffer, he began to grow.

❧ ❧

Though forms may change, nothing dies. Everything is in circulation. Men, as well as planets, have their orbits. Some have a wider swing than others, but just wait and they will come back. Not only do chickens come home to roost, but so does everything else.

SO, dearie, I do not think my childhood differed much from that of other good healthy country youngsters. I 've heard folks say that childhood has its sorrows and all that, but the sorrows of country children do not last long. The young rustic goes out and tells his troubles to the birds and flowers, and the flowers nod in recognition, and the robin that sings from the top of a tall poplar-tree when the sun goes down says plainly it has sorrows of its own—and understands.

I feel a pity for all those folks who were born in a big city, and thus got cheated out of their childhood. Zealous ash-box inspectors in gilt braid, prying policemen with clubs, and signs reading, " Keep Off the Grass," are woeful things to greet the gaze of little souls fresh from God ❧ ❧

I well remember the first Keep-Off-the-Grass sign I ever saw. It was in a printed book; it was n't exactly a sign, only a picture of a sign, and the single excuse I could think of for such a notice was that the field was full of bumblebee-nests, and the owner, being a good man and kind, did not want barefoot boys to add bee-stings to stone-bruises. And I never now see one of those signs but that I glance at my feet to make sure that I have shoes on.

* * *

In childhood, magic and mystery lie close around us. The world in which we live is a panorama of constantly unfolding delights, our faith in the Unknown is limitless, and the words of Job, uttered in mankind's early morning, fit our wondering mood: " He stretcheth out the north over empty space, and hangeth the earth upon nothing." ❧ ❧

I am old, dearie, very old. In my childhood much of the State of Illinois was a prairie, where wild grass waved and bowed before the breeze, like the tide of a summer sea. I remember when " relatives " rode miles and miles in springless farm-wagons to visit cousins, taking the whole family and staying two nights and a day; when books were things to be read; when the beaver and the buffalo were not extinct; when wild pigeons came in clouds that shadowed the sun; when steamboats ran on the Sangamon; when Bishop Simpson preached; when Hell was a place, not a theory, and Heaven a locality whose fortunate inhabitants had no work to do; when Chicago newspapers were ten cents each; when cotton cloth was fifty cents a yard, and my shirt was made from a flour-sack, with the legend, " Extra XXX," across my proud bosom, and just below the words in flaming red, " Warranted Fifty Pounds! " ❧ ❧

The evolution of the individual mirrors the evolution of the race. In the morning of the world man was innocent and free; but when self-consciousness crept in and he possessed himself of that disturbing motto, " Know Thyself," he took a fall.

Yet knowledge usually comes to us with a shock, just as the mixture crystallizes when the chemist gives the jar a tap. We grow by throes. I well remember the day when I was put out of my Eden.

❧ ❧

MY father and mother had gone away in the one-horse wagon, taking the baby with them, leaving me in care of my elder sister. It was a stormy day and the air was full of fog and mist. It did not rain very much, only in gusts, but great leaden clouds chased each other angrily across the sky. It was very quiet there in the little house on the prairie, except when the wind came and shook the windows and rattled at the doors. The morning seemed to drag and would n't pass, just out of contrariness; and I wanted it to go fast because in the afternoon my sister was to take me somewhere, but where I did not know, but that we should go somewhere was promised again and again ❧ ❧

As the day wore on we went up into the little garret and strained our eyes across the stretching prairie to see if some one was coming. There had been much rain, for on the prairie there was always too much rain or else too little. It was either drought or flood ❧ Dark swarms of wild ducks were in all the ponds; V-shaped flocks of geese and brants screamed overhead, and down in the slough cranes danced a solemn minuet.

Again and again we looked for the coming something, and I began to cry, fearing we had been left there, forgotten of Fate.

At last we went out by the barn and, with much boosting, I climbed to the top of the haystack and my sister followed. And we watched. " There they come! " exclaimed my sister.

" There they come! " I echoed, and clapped two red, chapped hands for joy.

❧ ❧

AWAY across the prairie, miles and miles away, was a winding string of wagons, a dozen perhaps, one right behind another. We watched until we could make out our own white horse, Bob, and then we slid down the hickory pole that leaned against the stack, and made our way across the spongy sod to the burying-ground that stood on a knoll half a mile away.

We got there before the procession, and saw a great hole, with square corners, dug in the ground. It was half-full of water, and a man in bare feet, with trousers rolled to his knees, was working industriously to bail it out.

The wagons drove up and stopped. And out of one of them four men lifted a long box and set it down beside the hole where the man still bailed and dipped. The box was opened and in it was Si Johnson. Si lay very still, and his face was very blue, and his clothes were very black, save for his shirt, which was very white, and his hands were folded across his breast, just so, and held awkwardly in the stiff fingers was a little New Testament. We all looked at the blue face, and the women cried softly. The men took off their hats while the preacher prayed, and then we sang, " There 'll be no more parting there." ❧ ❧

THE lid of the box was nailed down, lines were taken from the harness of one of the teams standing by and were placed around the long box, and it was lowered with a splash into the hole. Then several men seized spades and the clods fell with clatter and echo. The men shoveled very hard, filling up the hole, and when it was full and heaped up, they patted it all over with the backs of their spades. ℂ Everybody remained until this was done, and then we got into the wagons and drove away.

Nearly a dozen of the folks came over to our house for dinner, including the preacher, and they all talked of the man who was dead and how he came to die.

Only two days before, this man, Si Johnson, stood in the doorway of his house and looked out at the falling rain. It had rained for three days, so that they could not plow, and Si was angry. Besides this, his two brothers had enlisted and gone away to the War and left him all the work to do. He did not go to War because he was a "Copperhead;" and as he stood there in the doorway looking at the rain, he took a chew of tobacco, and then he swore a terrible oath.

And ere the swear-words had escaped from his lips, there came a blinding flash of lightning, and the man fell all in a heap like a sack of oats ❧ ❧

And he was dead.

Whether he died because he was a Copperhead, or because he took a chew of tobacco, or because he swore, I could not exactly understand. I waited for a convenient lull in the conversation and asked the preacher why the man died, and he patted me on the head and told me it was "the vengeance of God," and that he hoped I would grow up and be a good man and never chew tobacco nor swear.

The preacher is alive now. He is an old, old man with long, white whiskers, and I never see him but that I am tempted to ask for the exact truth as to why Si Johnson was struck by lightning.

Yet I suppose it was because he was a Copperhead: all Copperheads chewed tobacco and swore, and that his fate was merited no one but the living Copperheads in that community doubted.

That was an eventful day to me. Like men whose hair turns from black to gray in a night, I had left babyhood behind at a bound, and the problems of the world were up on me, clamoring for solution.

❧ ❧

WERE we talking of the seasons? Very well, dearie, the seasons it shall be. They are all charming, but if I were to wed any it would be Spring.

There was a time when I would go out of the house some morning, and the snow would be melting, and Spring would kiss my cheek, and then I would be all aglow with joy and would burst into the house, and cry: "Spring is here! Spring is here!" For you know we always have to divide our joy with some one. One can bear grief, but it takes two to be glad.

And then my mother would smile and say, "Yes, my son, but do not wake the baby!"

His Thoughts About Children

PARENTS either exaggerate the talents of their children or else belittle them. The woman who bore George Gordon called him " that lame brat; " but we call him " The Poet Byron."

Benjamin Franklin ran away from home, and his family thought themselves disgraced by his printed utterances. George Washington's mother, after being told that her son had been made Commander-in-Chief, laughed knowingly and said, " They don't know him as well as I do! " Voltaire's father posted his son as irresponsible, tied up a legacy so " the scapegrace could not waste it," invested good money in daily prayers to be said for the scapegrace's salvation, and then died of a broken heart, just as play-actors do on the stage, only this man died sure enough. Alfred Tennyson at thirteen wrote a poem addressed to his grandfather; the old gentleman gave him a guinea for it, and then wrote these words: " This is the first and last penny you will ever receive for writing poetry." The father of Shelley misquoted Job, and said, " Oh, to be brought down to the grave in grief through the follies of an ungrateful child! " And Labouchere says that one of the four brothers of Shakespeare used to explain that he was n't the play-actor who wrote " Hamlet " and " Othello," lest, mayhap, his name should be smirched.

* * *

A city is no place for children—nor grown people either, I often think. Birds and children belong in the country. Paved streets, stone sidewalks, smoke-begrimed houses, signs reading, " Keep Off the Grass," prying policemen, and zealous ash-box inspectors are insulting things to greet the gaze of the little immigrants fresh from God. Small wonder is it, as they grow up, that they take to drink and drugs, seeking in these a respite from the rattle of wheels and the never-ending cramp of unkind condition. But Nature understands herself: the second generation, city-bred, is impotent.

The world is run by second-rate people. The best are speedily crucified, or else never heard of until long after they are dead.

* * *

With pioneers, children are at a premium. Puritans regarded the death of a child as a visitation of the wrath of God; it filled the whole settlement with terror. So naturally, any one who could stay the hand of death was regarded as divinely endowed. Also, they were regarded by some with suspicion, for these people believed there were two sources of power, God and Satan.

* * *

For no man can deceive his children—they take his exact measurement, whether others ever do or not—and the only way to win and hold the love of a child (or a grown-up) is to be frank and simple and honest. I 've tried both schemes.

BE patient with the boys. You are dealing with soul-stuff. Destiny awaits just around the corner. Boys evolve into men, and men sometimes change the boundary-lines of States. They make political parties; they crown kings, and they put them to flight. They bring contention or they make peace. They may build or they may destroy. But boys misused, abused, betrayed, never forget and seldom forgive. It is a terrible thing to plant the germs of suspicion and hate in the mind of a child. Tyranny visited on a boy may implant in his heart dragons' teeth that spring up and grow into armed men. The breath of hate consumes, and its voice affrights. Gluttony and greed sometimes leave the boy out of the equation. Gluttony and greed fatten and forsake. They invite and they alienate. They welcome and they repel. Grasping greed sometimes forgets. It is the thing that brings mental and moral diseases and disorders of the state that can not be cured.

Boys can not be deceived. Naturally, they are truthful ❧ They are elemental. They do not know how they judge or why. The words of your lips count for little. They know the things that are hidden in your heart. To arrest boys and fasten upon them the strong hand of the law is a tragic thing. A slight, a boy will forgive; but injustice, never. Boys can be led: they can't be driven. They respond to love, but tyranny may set their hearts aflame. My heart goes out to the boys.

In Kansas City I know one newsboy who supports a widowed mother and several brothers and sisters younger than he. I know two newsboys, brothers, whose scanty savings are sending an elder sister to the State Normal School, that she may be fitted to become a teacher.

Thomas A. Edison was a newsboy. He sold papers on the streets of Detroit, and on the Grand Trunk trains. While selling papers on the railroad platform at Mount Clemens, he saw a little youngster toddle out on the track, in front of an approaching train. At the risk of his own life, Tom Edison, the newsboy, grabbed the youngster, sprang upon the footboard of the engine and saved the life of the baby. For this deed the station-agent rewarded Edison by teaching him the telegraph-key. We know the rest.

Paginini was a street musician when a boy, playing his violin and holding up his hat for pennies. Martin Luther was an outcast and a street singer when a youngster. Occasionally the proud and the strong would push him out of the way into the gutter. Such treatment made scars on his soul that time did not efface. It is a terrible thing to kill animation and joy and enthusiasm in the heart of a child. Boys should be encouraged, and not ground down to a starvation-point in all of their worthy and useful little industries.

¶ Give the boys a chance to grow, to enjoy, to work, to save their pennies and become men. I used to know a newsboy who cried his wares up and down in front of the hotel where I stopped. The years went by, as the years do. Twenty-five years passed, and I stood in a court of appeal to present a motion which was of vital importance to me. The judge who sat on the bench looked to me strangely familiar. All at once it came over me with a flash that this judge was once the newsboy from whom I had bought newspapers in front of the hotel. He now held for me the ability to wither or to bless, to destroy or to protect. Fortunately, for me, his heart and brain were right.

❧ ❧

BE patient with the boys. Bad boys are good boys who misdirect their energies. The hope of the race lies with the boys. In a year or two we will be going to hear them preach from pulpits; we may go to them to borrow money; they may operate on us for appendicitis—aye, they may preach our funeral sermons ❧ Nobody can prophesy the success to which a boy will attain. Difficulty, trial, hardship, work — these are the things that evolve boys into men. Boys can be led. They can not be driven ❧ ❧

Be patient with the boys. You are dealing with soul-stuff. Destiny awaits around the corner.

❧ ❧

A scarcity of discipline is better than too much. More boys have been ruined by the rod than saved by it—love is a good substitute for a cat-'o-nine-tails.

PARENTS who fail to keep their promises with their children, and who prevaricate to them have children that are secretive and sly. But often no one person is to blame, for children do not necessarily have any spiritual or mental relationship to their parents: their minds are not attuned to the same key—they are not on the same wire.

❧ ❧

Give the child love and then more love and then love and freedom to live his God-given life. Then all the precepts you would give him for his own good, he will absorb from you and you need not say a word. Trying to teach a child by telling him he is worthless puts you in a bad light. A child has not lost his heavenly vision and sees you as you are, not minding what you say.

❧ ❧

There is still a third question that every parent, since Adam and Eve, has sought to solve: " How can I educate this child so that he will attain eminence? " And even in spite of shelves that groan beneath tomes and tomes, and advice from a million preachers, the answer is: Nobody knows.

❧ ❧

The greatest error one can make in life is not to be well born; failing in this, a man struggles through life under an awful handicap.

❧ ❧

I bow my head to the stepmother who loves into manhood and womanhood children whom another has loved into life. She must have a great heart already expanded by love to do this.

CHILDREN'S diseases are a logical result of children's beatings. To shock, pain, grieve, anger or violently suppress a human being is to run a grave risk of lowering that individual's physical vitality to a point where the person is an easy prey for any disease that happens along. That which interferes with the vital functions, even in a transient way, is not wise nor good.

Extreme anger is apt to be followed by lassitude or some marked physical disturbance. In fact it is well known that hate secretes a toxin which manifests itself in the breath, and in the tissues. What we call a disease is a symptom of vitality decreased to a point where the forces of dissolution are active. A shock which will blanch the cheek disturbs the circulation, and interferes with the digestion.

Perhaps the whipping did not mutilate, but it angered and shocked until a fever followed. Dyspepsia is a matter of the nerves. Much of our bad theology, if we could trace it, would be found to have its rise in indigestion. And that it has caused pathological disturbances of countless varieties, from catarrh to acute mania, is known to every thinking physician.

And of all causes of sickness, I know of none that has borne a greater crop of cosmic cockleburs than the old-time plan of whipping children. When Solomon put forth that unwise saying, "Spare the rod and spoil the child," an extent of harm was done the human race that no pen can compute. That one statement should have convinced every intelligent person that the Bible was just like every other book—good and bad in spots. If accepted literally, the Bible is an atrocious book, false, obscene and misleading, tending to insanity, disease and death ❧ Fortunately, we are now allowed to take the Bible as the garbled literature of a barbaric and superstitious past, collected from many sources, and good and bad, wise and silly, sublime and vicious—all as the case may be ❧ ❧

That millions of parents have bolstered their brutal tendency to punish and inflict pain by that remark about sparing the rod, every one knows. And always the tendency to beat the little thing, too weak to strike back, was more to ease the feelings of the parent than to improve and benefit the child. Moreover, it was educating the child, for the youngster grew up and inflicted upon its own children all the horror that it had, itself, endured. It was heir to the brutality, heir to the Bible, heir to the strap, birch, rod, ferrule and hairbrush, as these were in daily use in all Christian homes.

❧ ❧

IN my childhood, I remember a Baptist preacher who lived neighbor to us. This man was loud, lacrimose, brutal, a devout Christian, and a preacher of power, snatching many souls from the burning. The way that gospel shark used to pass out his tidings of great joy broke in on my childish fancies, so I became convinced that if God was really just, that pious bawling beast who fed fat on our chickens would go to hell, sure. But I kept my suspicions to myself. This preacher had a strap cut from a side of sole-leather—a strap three feet long, with tails, with which he used to beat up one of his nine or ten children every day. From the baby wearing diapers to a big boy of sixteen, and a girl full-grown, they all got it. I have heard their cries for mercy ring out on a winter's night when they would run out into the yard to escape their pious parent intent on saving their souls.

❧ ❧

ONCE, one of his daughters, a girl of fifteen, spent ten cents for a blue ribbon, and appeared in church with the ribbon in her hair. Her father saw her from his place in the pulpit. He noted her mark of pride. He denounced her before the congregation, and expressed a hypocritical, pious pain that his own flesh and blood should be guilty of such devilish frivolity. Then he ordered her out of the church. When he got home after the service, he fell upon her with the strap. It pained him, but he felt it was his duty to correct her. The mother was a sick and undone little creature, who twice had twins, and bore at least one baby a year, except the year when her lord and master crossed the plains and got alkalied. And this woman really believed, too, that the children should be punished, and so she had a way of reporting them, thus, " I 'll tell your father on you when he comes home! " She, too, believed in Solomon, and she believed also in her husband's religion. Poor thing, she was too busy bearing babies to really think anything out for herself. But that Sunday afternoon, when her husband felt it his duty to whip the daughter, the girl ran to the mother and demanded protection ❧ The good man was laying on the strap, anywhere, over the girl's head, shoulders, her arms and hands, although usually he picked out some choice portion of anatomy and did an artistic job.

Yet this time the girl fought back, and she was only a slim slip of a thing. But now, the womanhood in her was aroused. She felt insulted. She struck, she bit, she scratched, she screamed. And then she ran to her mother. Something in the little yellow mother was now aroused ❧ Her child was being abused. Well, what of it! Had n't she seen these whippings going on daily for twenty years? But this was different. The adolescent girl had only given way to her innocent and natural desire to put forth a little color and be beautiful. Now it was brute man against woman.

❧ ❧

THE mother seized the strap. It was jerked through her clenched hands with such violence that it took the skin with it. The preacher had backed the girl into a corner, and with one hand clutching her hair was laying on the strap with the other, in the name of the Lord. The mother was behind. Suddenly she seized a long-handled skillet that was on the kitchen-stove, she swung it with both hands, and it landed square on the man's head.

He was dazed, and turned half-around. Then he got another one. He was getting a kitchen shower. One sharp edge of the skillet skinned one of his ears and cut it half-off, as Peter touched up the servant of the High Priest. The blood ran in a stream. The woman, seeing the gore, and amazed at her own temerity, fell in a dead swoon. The girl escaped and ran over to our house. My father and mother hurried over, and kid-like, I followed. We found the preacher on his knees, praying over his wife, begging God for her recovery. He told us he had stumbled and fallen against the cook-stove. My father took a stitch in the ecclesiastic souse, and washed off the blood of the lamb. The woman soon recovered and was put to bed. The girl took care of herself. She told my mother the truth of the incident, but was cautioned not to repeat it to others, and she did n't.

❧ ❧

THE next Sunday the holy man preached as usual, unctuous and oily, smiling and smirking, thundering ponderously betimes, warning us to flee the wrath to come. This daughter died at eighteen, of galloping consumption. One of the boys achieved considerable local fame as a horse-thief. I believe he was the only one of that big family who reached maturity, and this was because he had a pachyderm hide and a heart of gneiss. Several of the children died in babyhood, the rest ran the gamut of about all the diseases in the books. And finally, the Lord's will was done. A long row of little white headstones in the village graveyard marks where they sleep, freed from the strap, awaiting a glorious resurrection at the Last Great Day. What killed them? The strap, I should say, carried to its logical limit, with a plentiful lack of love. Spare the rod and save the child, for love is life, and hate is death. Love is better than a cat-o'-nine-tails, and Solomon, the wisest man who ever lived, was a lobster—at least a part of the time.

❧ ❧

THE child of well-to-do parents, but homeless, living in hotels and boarding-houses, is awfully handicapped ❧ Children are only little animals, and travel is their bane and scourge. They belong on the ground, among the leaves and flowers and tall grass—in the trees or digging in sand piles ❧ Hotel hallways, table-d'hote dinners and the clash of travel, are all terrible perversions of Nature's intent.

❧ ❧

The youngest in a big family, like the first, is apt to have a deal of love lavished upon him. The question of discipline has proved its own futility, and when a baby comes to parents approaching fifty, depend upon it, that child transforms the household into a monarchy, with himself as tyrant.

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The question still remains whether "discipline" is not a matter of gratification to the person in power rather than a sincere and honest attempt to benefit the person disciplined.

❧ ❧

With children there is no caste.

His Thoughts About Children

I MAY be mistaken, but it seems to me that all the worry of the world is quite useless. And on no subject affecting mortals is there so much worry as on that of (no, not love!) parents' ambitions for their children. When the dimpled darling toddles and lisps and chatters, the satisfaction he gives is unalloyed; for he is so small and insignificant, his demands so imperious, that the entire household dance attendance on the wee tyrant, and count it joy. But by and by the things at which we used to laugh become presumptuous, and that which was once funny is now perverse. And the more practical a man is, the larger his stock of Connecticut commonsense, the greater his disillusionment as his children grow to manhood. When he beholds dawdling inanity and dowdy vanity growing lush as jimson, where yesterday, with strained prophetic vision, he saw budding excellence and worth, his soul is wrung by a worry that knows no peace. The matter is so poignantly personal that he dare not share it with another in confessional, and so he hugs his grief to his heart, and tries to hide it even from himself.

And thus does many a mother scrub the kitchen-floor on her knees, rather than face the irony of maternity and ask the assistance of the seventeen-year-old pert chit with bangs, who strums a mandolin in the little front parlor, gay with its paper flowers, six plush-covered chairs and a " company " sofa.

The late Commodore Vanderbilt is reported to have said, " I have over a dozen sons, and not one is worth a damn." I fear me that every father with sons grown to manhood has at some time voiced the same sentiment, curtailed, possibly, only as to numbers, and softened by another expletive, which does not mitigate the anguish of his cry, as he sees the dreams he had for his baby boys fade away into a mist of agonizing tears ❧ ❧

The moral for parents is: Don't worry about your children. You were young once, even if you have forgotten the fact. Boys will be boys and girls will be girls—but not forever. Have patience, and remember that this present brood is not the first generation that has been brought forth. There have been others, and each has been very much like the one that passed before. The sentiment of " Pippa Passes " holds: " God 's in His Heaven, all 's right with the world."

❧ ❧

Parents think that what they say about their children goes, and once in an awfully long time it does, but the men who become great and learned usually do so in spite of their parents—which remark was first made by Martin Luther, but need not be discredited on that account.

❧ ❧

The best treatment for tantrums is—nothing. The more you let a nervous, impressionable child alone, the better.

THE most important question that confronts the future is not New Thought, the Juvenile Court, the Tariff, the Single Tax, nor Fletcherism. It is Free Motherhood ❧ The perpetuity of the race depends upon Motherhood. I trust there will be no argument on that. The quality of our race turns on the quality of the parents; and especially does the quality of the child turn on the peace, happiness and well-being of the mother. You can not make the mother a disgraced and taunted thing and expect the progeny to prosper. When you strike a mother, you strike the race. There is no hint in Nature that Motherhood is ever shameful or disgraceful. Only a social and legal fiction ever makes it so. It is vain to look to the Church for reform in this direction. In fact, the Church is the chief sinner.

The necessity for orphan asylums came in with the vows of celibacy and chastity. Wherever these two things exist—celibacy and chastity—orphan asylums flourish. Less than five per cent of the children in orphan asylums are orphans. The rest are waifs and outcasts. If the State did not make the mother a criminal; if Society did not look upon her as disgraced; and if the Church did not refer to her as “ruined,” most of the mothers of these “orphans” would cling to them. For every thousand orphans, nine hundred mothers reach empty arms out into the darkness. The desire of the mother to protect and care for her child is the most persistent instinct that is implanted in the human heart. If there is anything sacred in the world it is mother-love. If there is anything divine in the universe, it is the love of the mother for her baby. We give pensions to the men who fought to save the State. Why not give a pension to every woman who goes down into the valley of death and kisses the white lips of pain? Is n’t the mother just as necessary to the perpetuity of the State as the soldier? I rather think so. The necessity of the one is absolute, the other is conjectural.

Every mother should be recognized by the State “for heroic services.” If she is not married, her pension should be double that which her married sister receives. We must conserve mother-love, not dissipate it. And let us remember this: We can not successfully legislate against the biologic imperative. To trample motherhood ruthlessly into the mire of conventionality, and tear the child from the mother’s arms, and place it in an orphan asylum, is the work of a false and hypocritical “Christianity.” ❧ ❧

Now that the whole world is trying to get back on a truthful basis as a move in the line of self-preservation, is it not time that we look this issue squarely in the face and express ourselves concerning it? Before this babe is born it runs the hazard of murder from its conception. That it survives reveals its hold on eternal life. When born, it is greeted with tears, fears, secrecy, untruth, hypocrisy, and its divine heritage of mother-love is traded for a mess of institutional potash. That most orphan asylums are now managed by skilled and able people is only a mitigation of the wrong. A substitute is thus offered for mother-love — something just as good. But the eternal fact remains: There is no substitute for mother-love. God is that jealous of it that He supplies nothing to equal it.

❧ ❧

WE can never have a noble race of men until we have a noble race of mothers. And in order to be a noble woman, this woman must be economically free. Wonderful changes have come to the world within a few years. For a woman not to wed, no longer carries a penalty. The term "old maid" has now no terrors. Spinsterhood is an achievement, not a disgrace. The unmarried woman between forty and fifty is probably a self-supporting woman. And this responsibility makes her the mental superior of her married sister who looks to a male man for food, clothing and protection from the storm. Yet because a woman has not seen fit to marry is no reason for assuming that the cosmic urge is dead. And just remember this, that no woman ever lived who could n't marry some man if she wanted to. She will not marry because she is not content to accept any old thing ❧ ❧

It is always a question of what man. And as women more and more are able to care for themselves—and this is the one sure economic tendency of the times—they will more and more cease being willing to swear to honor, love and obey one man for ninety-nine years ❧ Yet the mother instinct will not die on that account. The race will not perish. The independence of women will make them better mothers. Their children will be stronger in brain and body, cleaner, abler, firmer in the ability to discover and decide for the right. But Free Motherhood must be respected.

❧ ❧

THE word "illegitimate" is now pretty nearly banished, since we have discovered that God smiles upon the freeborn child as upon none other ❧ William the Conqueror, Theodoric the First, Erasmus, Jean Dunois, Leonardo da Vinci, Empress Josephine, Alexander Hamilton, Abraham Lincoln, and scores of other intellectual kings that might be named, have redeemed the " small and select class " from the unmanicured finger of shame. We no longer look askance upon the offspring; as for the father we smile away his " past " as a mere peccadillo, and he becomes a deacon in the church—a pillar of society. The mother, however, Society still spits upon as one polluted.

This will not always be so. The very fact that I am now writing on the subject, and that several hundred thousand gentle men and women—the very intellectual pick of the world—will read my words, argues progress. Others, too, are writing. The world is changing—all things are being made new. The crime of orthodoxy is its lack of faith. It believes too little. What we want is not a belief in one "immaculate conception," but a fixed and firm faith in the fact that whenever and wherever a mother holds in her arms a babe, hugging it to her heart, crooning to it a lullaby, there is God.

When this time comes the State will provide a pension for every mother who cares for her babe.

As an economic move, this will be cheaper than maintaining orphan asylums. The child will be loved, not institutionalized. It will be a better citizen. But best of all, we will wipe away the tears of the mother. We will rejoice with her that a man is born into the world. We will extend gladness and congratulation, not hypocritical sighs, snarling sneers and sour faces. Froebel spoke of the "little souls fresh from God." And so, too, must we; and when we do we will cease regarding the mother, the vehicle of transport, as a being to be shunned and maligned. Rather, the miracle of Motherhood will be reverenced; and this will be a great moral uplift to all fathers as well as to mothers. Thus will the whole race be purified, benefited, strengthened and carried forward toward the Divine Ultimate.

* * *

THIS propensity on the part of parents to live their children's lives is very common. Few be the parents and very great are they who can give liberty and realize that their children are only loaned to them. I fear we parents are prone to be perverse and selfish.

EVERY great writer and every great artist makes vigorous use of his childhood impressions. Childhood does not know it is storing up for the days to come, but its memories sink deep into the soul, and when called upon to express, the man reaches out and prints from the plates that are bitten deep; and these are the pictures of his early youth—or else they tell of a time when he loved a woman.

* * *

All children go through the scissors age, when they cut out of magazines, newspapers or books all the pictures they can find, so as to add to the "collection." Often these youthful collectors have specialties: one will collect pictures of animals, another of machinery, and still another of houses. But usually it is animals that attract.

* * *

People who set very young children at tasks of grubbing out cold facts from books come plainly within the province of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, and should be looked after, but to do things with one's hands for fun is only a giving direction to the natural energies.

* * *

No child ever really lost its mother —nothing is ever lost.

* * *

These little child-mothers who take care of the younger members of the family deserve special seats in Paradise.

* * *

I have noticed that youngsters given to the climbing habit usually do something when they grow up.

His Thoughts About Education

I DO not know very much about this subject of education, yet I believe I know as much about what others know about it as most people. I have visited the principal colleges of America and Europe, and the methods of Preparatory and High Schools are to me familiar. I know the night-schools of the cities, the "Ungraded Rooms," the Schools for Defectives, the educational schemes in prisons, the Manual-Training Schools, the New Education (first suggested by Socrates) as carried out by G. Stanley Hall, John Dewey, and dozens of other good men and women in America. I am familiar with the School for the Deaf at Malone, New York, and the School for the Blind at Batavia, where even the sorely stricken are taught to be self-sufficient, self-supporting and happy. I have tumbled down the circular fire-escape at Lapeer with the inmates of the Home of Epileptics, and heard the shouts of laughter from lips that never laughed before. I have seen the Jewish Manual Training School of Chicago transform Russian refugees into useful citizens—capable, earnest and excellent. I know a little about Swarthmore, Wellesley, Vassar, Radcliffe, and have put my head into West Point and Annapolis, and had nobody cry, "Genius!" Of Harvard, Yale and Princeton I know something, having done time in each. I have also given jobs to graduates of Oxford, Cambridge and Heidelberg, to my sorrow and their chagrin. This does not prove that graduates of the great universities are, as a rule, out of work, or that they are incompetent. It simply means that it is possible for a man to graduate at these institutions and secure his diploma and yet be a man who has nothing the world really wants, either in way of ideas or services.

The reason that my "cum laude" friends did not like me, and the cause of my having to part with them—getting them a little free transportation from your Uncle George—was not because they lacked intelligence, but because they wanted to secure a position, while I simply offered them a job. They were like Cave-of-the-Winds of Oshkosh, who is an ice-cutter in August, and in winter is an out-of-door horticulturist—a hired man is something else.

As a general proposition, I believe this will not now be disputed: the object of education is that a man may benefit himself by serving society ❧ ❧

To benefit others, you must be reasonably happy: there must be animation through useful activity, good-cheer, kindness and health—health of mind and health of body. And to benefit society you must also have patience, persistency, and a firm determination to do the right thing, and to mind your own business so that others, too, may mind theirs. Then all should be tinctured with a dash of discontent with past achievements, so you will constantly put forth an effort to do more and better work.

WHEN what you have done in the past looks large to you, you haven't done much today. So there you get the formula of Education: health and happiness through useful activity—animation, kindness, good-cheer, patience, persistency, willingness to give and take, seasoned with enough discontent to prevent smugness, which is the scum that grows over every stagnant pond. Education is simply the encouragement of right habits—the fixing of good habits until they become a part of one's nature, and are exercised automatically.

The man who is industrious by habit is the only man who wins. The man who is not industrious except when driven to it, or when it occurs to him, accomplishes little ❧ ❧

Man gets his happiness by doing: and work to a slave is always distasteful. The power of mimicry and imitation is omitted—the owner does not work—the strong man does not work. Ergo—to grow strong means to cease work. To be strong means to be free—to be free means no work!

❧ ❧

English boarding-schools have always taught things out of season, and very often have succeeded in making learning wholly repugnant. Perhaps that is the reason why nine men out of ten who go to college cease all study as soon as they stand on " the threshold," looking at life ere they seize it by the tail and snap its head off. To them education is one thing and life another.

I KNOW a woman whose children will be learned, even though they never enter a schoolroom. This woman is a companion to her children and her mind vitalizes theirs. This does not mean that we should at once do away with schools and colleges, but it does reveal the possible. To read and then discuss with a strong and sympathetic intellect what you read is to make the thought your own—it is a form of exercise that brings growth.

❧ ❧

A good plan for parents, or possible parents to follow, is to educate themselves in the interests of posterity, and this without asking that foolish question propounded by an Irish Member of Parliament, " What has posterity ever done for us? "

So this, then, is the recipe for educating your children: Educate yourself.

❧ ❧

IN passing, we may call attention to the fact that the average man is a victim of Arrested Development, and that the fleeting years bring an increase of knowledge only in very exceptional cases. Health and prosperity are not pure blessings—a certain element of discontent is necessary to spur men on to a higher life.

❧ ❧

We learn things only to throw them away: no man ever wrote well until he had forgotten every rule of rhetoric, and no orator ever spake straight to the hearts of men until he had tumbled his elocution into the Irish Sea.

His Thoughts About Education

To belong to a religious order is to be owned by it. You trade freedom for protection. The soul of Erasmus revolted at life in a monastery. He hated the typical monks—their food, their ways of life, their sophistry, their stupidity. To turn glutton and welcome folly as a relief from religion, he said, was the most natural thing in the world, when men had once started in to lead an unnatural life. Good food, daintily served, only goes with a co-ed mental regimen. Men eat with their hands, out of a pot, unless women are present to enforce the decencies. Women alone are a little more to be pitied than men alone, if 't were possible.

The monastic impulse was founded on a human need. Like most good things, it has been sadly perverted; but the idea of a sanctuary for stricken souls—a place of refuge, where simplicity, service and useful endeavor rule—will never die from out the human heart. The hospice stands for hospitality, but we have now only a hotel and a hospital ❧ ❧

The latter stands for iodoform, carbolic acid and formaldehyde; the former often means gold, glitter, gluttony and concrete selfishness, with gout on one end, paresis at the other and Bright's Disease between ❧ ❧

The hospice was a part of the monastery. It was a home for the homeless. There met men of learning—men of wit—men of brains and brawn. You entered and were at home. There was no charge—you merely left something for the poor. Any man who has the courage, and sufficient faith in humanity to install the hospice system in America will reap a rich reward. If he has the same faith in his guests that Judge Lindsey has in his bad boys, he will succeed; but if he hesitates, defers, doubts, and begins to plot and plan, the Referee in Bankruptcy will beckon.

The early universities grew out of the monastic impulse ❧ Students came and went, and the teachers were a part of a great itinerancy. Man is a migratory animal. His evolution has come about through change of environment. Transplantation changes weeds into roses, and the forbears of all the products of our greenhouses and gardens once grew in hedgerows or open fields, choked by unkind competition or trampled beneath the feet of the heedless.

The advantage of university life is in the transplantation. Get the boy out of his home environment; sever the cord that holds him to his " folks "; let him meet new faces, see new sights, hear new sermons, meet new teachers, and his efforts at adjustment will work for growth. Alexander Humboldt was right—one year at college is safer than four. One year inspires you—four may get you pot-bound with pedant prejudice.

The university of the future will be industrial—all may come and go. All men will be university men, and thus the pride in an imaginary proficiency will be diluted to a healthful attenuation ❧ To work and to be useful—not merely to memorize and recite—will be the only initiation.

The professors will be interchangeable, and the rotation of intellectual crops will work for health, harmony and effectiveness.

The group, or college, will be the unit, not the family.

The college was once a collection of men and women grouped for a mutual intellectual, religious or economic good.

To this group or college idea will we return.

◆ ◆

MAN is a gregarious animal, and the Christ-thought of giving all, and receiving all, some day in the near future will be found practical. The desire for exclusive ownership must be sloughed.

Universities devoted to useful work—art in its highest sense: head, hand and heart—will yet dot the civilized world. The hospice will return higher up the scale, and the present use of the word " hospitality " will be drowned in its pink tea, choked with cheese-wafers, rescued from the nervous clutch of the managing mamma, and the machinations of the chaperone. A society built on the sands of silliness must give way to the universal university, and the strong, healthful, helpful, honest companionship and comradeship of men and women prevail.

◆ ◆

Every man should get rich, that he might know the worthlessness of riches; and every man should have a college education, just to realize how little the thing is worth.

IT will not do to assume that those who graduate at big colleges are big men, any more than to imagine that folks who reside in big towns are bigger than those who live in little villages. Perhaps the greatest men have come from the small colleges: I believe the small colleges admit this.

◆ ◆

American pedagogic institutions are mendicant—they depend upon private charity and are endowed by pious pirates and beneficent buccaneers. The individuals who made these institutions possible very naturally have a controlling voice in their management. The colleges in America that are not supported by direct mendicancy depend upon the dole of the legislator, and woe betide the pedagogic principal who offends the orthodox vote. His supplies are cut short, and purse-strings pucker until his voice moderates to a monotone and he dilutes his views to a dull neutral tint.

◆ ◆

Where did this drygoods-clerk get his education? Ah, I 'll tell you—he got his education as the lion's whelp gets his. The lioness does not send her cub away to a lioness that has no cubs in order that he may be taught. The lion nature gets what it needs with its mother's milk and by doing.

◆ ◆

Village life with a fair degree of prosperity, but not too much, is an education in itself. The knowledge gained is not always classic, nor even polite, but it is all a part of the great, seething game of life.

His Thoughts About Education

AS I strolled it came to me that my clerical friend was right—a university course might have taken all the individuality out of these strong men and made of their genius a purely neutral decoction. And when I thought further and considered how much learning has done to banish wisdom, it was a satisfaction to remember that Shakespeare at Oxford did nothing beyond making the acquaintance of an innkeeper's wife.

It hardly seems possible that a Harvard degree would have made a stronger man of Abraham Lincoln; or that Edison, whose brain has wrought greater changes than that of any other man of the century, was the loser by not being versed in physics as taught at Yale ❧ ❧

The Law of Compensation never rests, and the men who are taught too much from books are not taught by Deity. Most education in the past has failed to awaken in its subject a degree of intellectual consciousness. It is the education that the Jesuits served out to the Indian. It made him peaceable, but took all the dignity out of him. From a noble red man he descended into a dirty Injun, who signed away his heritage for rum ❧ ❧

The world's plan of education has mostly been priestly—we have striven to inculcate trust and reverence. We have cited authorities and quoted precedents and given examples: it was a matter of memory; while all the time the whole spiritual acreage was left untilled. A race educated in this way never advances, save as it is jolted out of its notions by men with either a sublime ignorance of, or an indifference to, what has been done and said. These men are always called barbarians by their contemporaries: they are jeered and hooted. They supply much mirth by their eccentricities. After they are dead the world sometimes canonizes them and carves on their tombs the word "Savior."

❧ ❧

How vain is a college degree that certifies, as the diplomas of Saint Andrews still certify, that the holder is not one of the "ignorant-vulgar!" Isn't a man who prides himself on not belonging to the "ignorant-vulgar" apt to be atrociously ignorant and outrageously vulgar?

Wisdom is a point of view, and knowledge, for the most part, is a shifting product depending upon environment, atmosphere and condition ❧ The eternal verities are plain and simple, known to babes and sucklings, but often unseen by men of learning, who focus on the difficult, soar high and dive deep, but seldom pay cash. In the sky of truth the fixed stars are few, and the shepherds who tend their flocks by night are quite as apt to know them as are the professed and professional Wise Men of the East—and Edinburgh.

❧ ❧

To get much out of school you have to take much with you when you go there.

AT that time people with money who wanted to educate their sons sent them out, at what seems to us a very tender age, to travel and tramp the earth alone. They were remittance-men who shifted from university to university, and took lessons in depravity, being educated by the boys. Dean Pluntre says that there were universities in the Middle Ages at Padua, Bologna, Paris and Oxford carried on in a very desultory way by pious monks, where the boys were divided by nationalities, so as to afford a kind of police system—Italian, Spanish, French and English

* * *

They caroused, occasionally fought, studied when they felt like it, and made love to married women—all girls being under lock and key for safe-keeping.

So there you get the evolution of the modern university: a mendicant monastery where boys were sent, in the hope that they might absorb a little of the religious spirit and a desire to know.

* * *

It was not until well into the Sixteenth Century that requirements, examinations, system and discipline began to dawn upon the world. Before that, a student was a kind of troubadour, a cross between a monk and a crusader, a knight-errant of love and letters, and the moral code for him did not apply. An argument can be made for his chivalric tendencies, and his pretense for learning had its place, for affectation is better than indifference. The roistering student is not wholly bad.

* * *

Poetry and love-making were to the velvet-breeched youth the real business of life. Like knights in armor, he often wore the colors of a lady who merely smiled at him from a latticed window. If she dropped for him her glove or handkerchief, he was in the seventh heaven. As his intents were not honorable nor his purpose marriage, it made no difference whether the lady was married or single, young or old. Whether the love remained upon a Platonic and purely poetic basis depended, of course, entirely upon the lady and her watchful relatives.

* * *

There is no reason to suppose that Dante and Beatrice ever met and talked things over. She was closely guarded, and evidently ran no risk of smirching her good name by associating with a troubadour student. He could sing songs about her—this she could not help—but beyond this there was nothing doing.

* * *

Education comes through doing things, making things, going without things, taking care of yourself, talking about things.

* * *

If you write a paper for a learned society, you are the man who gets the benefit of that paper—the society may. If you are a preacher and prepare your sermons with care, you are the man who receives the uplift—and as to the congregation, it is all very doubtful.

His Thoughts About Education

THE Egyptians guarded their mysteries with jealous dread. We know their secret now. It is this—there are no mysteries.

That is the only secret upon which any secret society holds a caveat. Wisdom can not be corraled with gibberish and fettered in jargon. Knowledge is one thing—palaver another. The Greek-letter societies of our callow days still survive in the bird's-eye, and next to these come the Elks, who take theirs with seltzer and a smile, as a rare good joke, save that brotherhood and good-fellowship are actually a saving salt which excuses much that would otherwise be simply silly.

All this mystery and mysticism was once official, and later, on being discarded by the authorities, was continued by the students as a kind of prank.

Greek-letter societies are the rudimentary survivals of what was once an integral part of every college. Making dead languages optional was the last convulsive kick of the cadaver.

And now a good many colleges are placing the seal of their disapproval on secret societies among the students; and the day is near when the secret society will not be tolerated, either directly or indirectly, as a part of the education of youth. All this because the sophomoric mind is prone to take its Greek-letter mysteries seriously, and regard the college curriculum as a joke of the faculty.

If knowledge were to be gained by riding a goat, any petty crossroads, with its lodge-room over the grocery, would contain a Herbert Spencer; and the agrarian mossbacks would have wisdom by the scruff and detain knowledge with a tail-hold.

There can be no secrets in life and morals, because Nature has so provided that every beautiful thought you know and every precious sentiment you feel, shall shine out of your face so that all who are great enough may see, know, understand, appreciate and appropriate. You can keep things only by giving them away.

* *

So then if I tell you a thing you already know, I confer on you the great blessing of introducing you to yourself and of giving you the consciousness that you know.

And to know you know is power. And to feel the sense of power is to feel a sense of oneness with the Source of Power.

* *

To explain to child-minds that a Supreme Being made things outright just as they are, is easy; but to study and in degree know how things evolved, requires infinite patience and great labor.

* *

The value of an education lies in the struggle to get it. Do too much for people, and they will do nothing for themselves.

DO I then plead the cause of ignorance? Well, yes, rather so. A little ignorance is not a dangerous thing. A man who reads too much—who accumulates too many facts—gets his mind filled to the point of saturation; matters then crystallize and his head becomes a solid thing that refuses to let anything either in or out. In his soul there is no guest-chamber ❧ His only hope for progress lies in another incarnation.

And so a certain ignorance seems a necessary equipment for the doing of a great work. To live in a big city and know what others are doing and saying; to meet the learned and powerful, and hear their sermons and lectures; to view the unending shelves of vast libraries is to be discouraged at the start. And thus we find that genius is essentially rural—a country product. Salons, soirees, theaters, concerts, lectures, libraries, produce a fine mediocrity that smiles at the right time and bows when 't is proper, but it is well to bear in mind that George Eliot, Elizabeth Barrett, Charlotte Bronte and Jane Austen were all country girls, with little companionship, nourished on picked-up classics, having a healthy ignorance of what the world was saying and doing.

❧ ❧

THE learned man used to be the one who muddled things, who scrambled thought, who took reason away, and instead, thrust upon us faith, with a threat of punishment if we did not accept it, and an offer of reward if we did ❧

THE whole science of modern education is calculated to turn out a good, fairish, commonplace article; but the formula for a genius remains a secret with Deity. The great man becomes great in spite of teachers and parents; and his near kinsmen, being color-blind, usually pooh-pooh the idea that he is anything more than mediocre.

❧ ❧

The man who has not had a college training often feels he has somehow missed something valuable: there is timidity and hesitation when he is in the presence of those who have had "advantages."

❧ ❧

OH, if in our schoolteaching we could only teach this one thing: a great thirst for knowledge! But this desire we can not impart: it is trial, difficulty, obstacle, deprivation and persecution that make souls hunger and thirst after knowledge.

❧ ❧

I am told that there be folks who pooh-pooh college training and sneeze on mention of a University degree. Usually these good people have no University degrees, but have been greatly helped by those who have.

❧ ❧

He is a cauliflower—that is to say, a cabbage with a college education.

❧ ❧

Learned, scholarly and cultured men are to be pitied, for they are ever the butt, byword and prey of the untaught, who are often the knowing ❧ ❧

His Thoughts About Education

IT is a great thing to teach. I am never more complimented than when some one addresses me as "teacher." To give yourself in a way that will inspire others to think, to do, to become—what nobler ambition! To be a good teacher demands a high degree of altruism, for one must be willing to sink self, to die—as it were—that others may live.

❧ ❧

Every true mother realizes at times that her children are only loaned to her—sent from God—and the attributes of her body and mind are being used by some Power for a Purpose ❧ The thought tends to refine the heart of its dross, obliterate pride and make her feel the sacredness of her office. All good men everywhere recognize the holiness of motherhood—this miracle by which the race survives ❧ ❧

There is a touch of pathos in the thought that while lovers live to make themselves necessary to each other, the mother is working to make herself unnecessary to her children. The true mother is training her children to do without her. And the entire object of teaching is to enable the scholar to do without his teacher. Graduation should take place at the vanishing-point of the teacher.

❧ ❧

The men of much motive power are not the best teachers—the arbitrary and imperative type that would bend all minds to match its own may build bridges, tunnel mountains, discover continents and capture cities, but it can not teach. In the presence of such a towering personality freedom dies, spontaneity droops, and thought slinks away into a corner. The brooding quality, the patience that endures, and the yearning of motherhood, are all absent. The man is a commander, not a teacher; and there yet remains a grave doubt whether the warrior and ruler have not used their influence more to make this world a place of the skull than the abode of happiness and prosperity. The orders to kill all the first-born, and those over ten years of age, were not given by teachers ❧ ❧

The teacher is one who makes two ideas grow where there was only one before.

❧ ❧

I will never be quite willing to admit that this country is enlightened until we cease the inane and parsimonious policy of trying to drive all the really strong men and women out of the teaching profession by putting them on the payroll at one-half the rate, or less, than what the same brains and energy can command elsewhere. This thing can not always last—I look for the time when we shall set apart the best and noblest men and women of earth for teachers, and their compensation will be so adequate that they will be free to give themselves for the benefit of the race, without apprehension of a yawning almshouse. A liberal policy will be for our own good, just as a matter of cold expediency; it will be Enlightened Self-Interest.

THE attempt to ascertain the truths of physical science outside of theology was, in the early ages, very seldom ventured. When men wanted to know anything about anything, they asked the priest. Questions that the priest could not answer he declared were forbidden of men to know; and when men attempted to find out for themselves they were looked upon as heretics.

In fact, the universe was a house. The upper story was Heaven, the lower story was the Earth, and the cellar was Hell. God, the angels and the "saved" lived in Heaven, man lived on Earth, and the devils and the damned had Hell to themselves.

❧ ❧

THE Christian Fathers ridiculed the idea of the earth being round, because, if this were so, how could the people on the other side see the Son of Man when He came in the sky? Besides that, if the earth were round and turned on its axis, we would all fall off into space ❧ ❧

The Church was the vital thing—not truth. If truth could be taught without unseating faith, why, all right, but anything that made men doubt must be rooted out at any cost. And that is why priests have opposed Science, not that they hate Science less, but that they love the Church more.

❧ ❧

After all it does not make much difference what a man studies—all knowledge is related, and the man who studies anything if he keeps at it will become learned.

YOUTH lays great plans; youth is always in revolt against the present order; youth groups itself in bands and swears eternal fealty; and life, which is change, dissipates the plans, subdues the revolt into conformity, and the sworn friendships fade away into dull indifference. Always? Well, no, not exactly.

❧ ❧

Ignorance is a very necessary equipment in doing a great and sublime work that is to eclipse anything heretofore performed.

❧ ❧

Little men spell things out with sweat and lamp-smoke, but others there be who absorb in the mass, read by the page, and grow great by simply letting down their buckets.

❧ ❧

To teach is a good way to get an education. If you want to know all about a subject, write a book on it, a wise man has said. If you wish to know all about things, start in and teach them to others.

❧ ❧

All men should have a college education in order that they may know its worthlessness.

❧ ❧

College life, however, has much to recommend it beside the curriculum.

❧ ❧

The true scientist has no passion for killing things. He says with Thoreau, "To shoot a bird is to lose it."

❧ ❧

Even so-called educated folk, for the most part, only think that they think ❧ ❧

His Thoughts About Education

LONG years ago when society was young, learning was centered in one man in each community, and that man was the priest. It was the priest who was sent for in every emergency of life. He taught the young, prescribed for the sick, advised those who were in trouble, and when human help was vain and man had done his all, this priest knelt at the bedside of the dying and invoked a Power with whom it was believed he had influence. The so-called learned professions are only another example of the Division of Labor. We usually say there are three learned professions: Theology, Medicine and Law. As to which is the greatest is a much-mooted question and has caused too many family feuds for me to attempt to decide it.

And so I evade the issue and say there is a fourth profession, that is only allowed to be called so by grace, but which in my mind is greater than them all—the profession of Teacher. I can conceive of a condition of society so high and excellent that it has no use for either doctor, lawyer or preacher, but the teacher would still be needed. Ignorance and sin supply the three "learned professions" their excuse for being, but the teacher's work is to develop the germ of wisdom that is in every soul.

And now each of these professions has divided up, like monads, into many heads. In medicine, we have as many specialists as there are organs of the body. The lawyer who advises you in a copyright or patent cause knows nothing about admiralty; and as they tell us a man who pleads his own case has a fool for a client, so does the insurance lawyer who is retained to foreclose a mortgage. In all prosperous city churches, the preacher who attracts the crowd in the morning allows a'prentice to preach to the young folks in the evening; he does not make pastoral calls; and the curate who reads the service at funerals is never called upon to perform a marriage ceremony except in a case of charity. Likewise the teacher's profession has its specialists: the man who teaches Greek well can not write good English; the man who teaches composition is baffled and perplexed by long division; and the teacher who delights in trigonometry pooh-poohs a kindergartner.

* * *

THE best artists are not necessarily the best teachers. If a man has too much skill along a certain line he will overpower and kill the individuality in his pupil. There are teachers who smother a pupil with their own personality, and thus it often happens that the strongest men are not the most useful as instructors. The ideal teacher is not the one who bends all minds to match his own; but the one who is able to bring out and develop the good that is in the pupil—him we will crown with laurel.

* * *

Truth is a question of time and place

SPIRITUAL strabismus and mental myopia are the results of vicarious peeps at the universe. All formal religions have taught that to look for yourself was bad. The peephole through the roof of his garret cost Copernicus his liberty, but it was worth the price.

Plotinus made a study of all philosophies—all religions. He traveled through Egypt, Greece, Assyria, India. He became an " adept, " and discovered how easily the priest drifts into priestcraft, and fraud steps in with legerdemain and miracle to amen the truth. As if to love humanity were not enough to recommend the man, they have him turn water into wine and walk on the water.

Out of the labyrinth of history and speculation Plotinus returned to Plato as a basis or starting-point for all of the truth which man can comprehend. Plotinus believed in all religions, but had absolute faith in none. It will be remembered that Aristotle and Plato parted as to the relative value of poetry and science—science being the systematized facts of Nature ❧ Plotinus comes in and says that both were right, and each was like every good man who exaggerates the importance of his own calling. In his ability to see the good in all things, Hypatia placed Plotinus ahead of Plato, but even then she says: " Had there been no Plato, there would have been no Plotinus; although Plotinus surpassed Plato, yet it is plain that Plato, the inspirer of Plotinus and so many more, is the one man whom philosophy can not spare. Hail, Plato!"

There are two kinds of thought: New Thought and Secondhand Thought. New Thought is made up of thoughts you, yourself, think. The other kind is supplied to you by jobbers. The distinguishing feature of New Thought is its antiquity. Of necessity it is older than Secondhand Thought. All genuine New Thought is true for the person who thinks it. It only turns sour and becomes error when not used, and when the owner forces another to accept it. It then becomes a secondhand revelation. All New Thought is revelation, and secondhand revelations are errors half-soled with stupidity and heeled with greed.

Very often we are inspired to think by others, but in our hearts we have the New Thought; and the person, the book, the incident, merely remind us that it is already ours. New Thought is always simple; Secondhand Thought is abstruse, complex, patched, peculiar, costly, and is passed out to be accepted, not understood. That no one comprehends it is often regarded as a recommendation.

For instance, " Thou shalt not make unto thyself any graven image," is Secondhand Thought. The first man who said it may have known what it meant, but surely it is nothing to us. However, that does not keep us from piously repeating it, and having our children memorize it.

We model in clay or wax, and carve if we can, and give honors to those who do, and this is well. This commandment is founded on the fallacy that graven images are gods, whatever that is. The command adds nothing to our happiness, nor does it shape our conduct, nor influence our habits. Everybody knows and admits its futility, yet we are unable to eliminate it from our theological system. It is strictly secondhand—worse, it is junk. Conversely, the admonition, " Be gentle and keep your voice low," is New Thought, since all but savages know its truth, comprehend its import, and appreciate its excellence.

* *

DEALERS in Secondhand Thought always declare that theirs is the only genuine, and that all other is spurious and dangerous. ¶Dealers in New Thought say, " Take this only as it appeals to you as your own—accept it all, or in part, or reject it all—and in any event, do not believe it merely because I say so."

New Thought is founded on the laws of your own nature, and its shibboleth is, " Know Thyself." Secondhand Thought is founded on authority, and its war-cry is, " Pay and Obey."

New Thought offers you no promise of paradise or eternal bliss if you accept it; nor does it threaten you with everlasting hell, if you don't. All it offers is unending work, constant effort, new difficulties; beyond each success is a new trial. Its only satisfactions are that you are allowing your life to unfold itself according to the laws of its nature. And these laws are divine, therefore you yourself are divine, just as you allow the divine to possess your being * New Thought allows the currents of divinity to flow through you unobstructed. Secondhand Thought affords no plan of elimination; it tends to congestion, inflammation, disease and disintegration.

New Thought holds all things lightly, gently, easily — even thought. It works for a healthy circulation, and tends to health, happiness and well-being now and hereafter. It does not believe in violence, force, coercion or resentment, because all these things react on the doer. It has faith that all men, if not interfered with by other men, will eventually evolve New Thought, and do for themselves what is best and right, beautiful and true.

Secondhand Thought has always had first in its mind the welfare of the dealer. The rights of the consumer, beyond keeping him in subjection, were not considered. Indeed, its chief recommendation has been that " it is a good police system."

* *

NEW Thought considers only the user. To " Know Thyself " is all there is of it.

When a creator of New Thought goes into the business of retailing his product, he often forgets to live it, and soon is transformed into a dealer in Secondhand Thought. That is the way all purveyors in secondhand revelation begin. In their anxiety to succeed, they call in the police. The blessing that is compulsory is not wholly good, and any system of morals which has to be forced on us is immoral. New Thought is free thought. Its penalty is responsibility ◆ You either have to live it, or else lose it. Its reward is Freedom.

◆ ◆

A CERTAIN great general once said that the only good Indian is a dead Indian. Just why the maxim should be limited to aborigines I know not, for when one reads obituaries he is discouraged at the thoughts of competing in virtue with those who have gone hence. ❡ Let us extend the remark—plagiarize a bit—and say that the only perfect men are those whom we find in books. The receipe for making them is simple, yet well worth pasting in your scrapbook. Take the virtues of all the best men you ever knew or heard of, leave out the faults, then mix.

◆ ◆

Materially, no one can imagine anything more beautiful than this earth, for the simple reason that we can not imagine anything we have not seen; we may make new combinations, but the whole is all made up of parts of things with which we are familiar. This great green earth out of which we have sprung, of which we are a part, that supports our bodies, and to which our bodies must return to repay the loan, is very, very beautiful.

◆ ◆

There are no such things as reward and punishment, as these terms are ordinarily used: there are only good results and bad results. We sow, and reap what we have sown.

FEAR is the rock on which we split, and hate is the shoal on which many a bark is stranded. When we are fearful, the judgment is as unreliable as the compass of a ship whose hold is full of iron ore; when we hate, we have unshipped the rudder; and if we stop to meditate on what the gossips say, we have allowed a hawser to befoul the screw.

◆ ◆

Christianity is one thing; the religion of the Christ is another.

◆ ◆

The Church is a department-store that puts in the particular goods that the people ask for.

◆ ◆

In all country towns, religion, failing in being attractive, has, to keep churches alive, resorted to raffles, lotteries, concerts, chicken-pie socials, and lectures and exhortations by strange men in curious and unique garb, and singers of reputation.

◆ ◆

As we become better we meet better preachers.

◆ ◆

Churches are now largely social clubs.

◆ ◆

I know a church that derives its support from the sale of useful things that are made by its members and workers under the supervision of its pastor, who is a master in handicraft. So this pretty nearly points the ideal—a church that has evolved into an ethical and industrial college, where the pastor is not paid for preaching, but for doing.

His Thoughts On Religion

THE Dark Ages were dark because religion was supreme, and to keep it pure they had to subdue every one who doubted it or hoped to improve upon it ❧ So wrangle, dispute, faction, feud, plot, exile, murder and Sherlock Holmes absorbed the energies of men and paralyzed spontaneity and all happy, useful effort. The priest caught us coming and going. We had to be christened when we were born and given extreme unction when we died, otherwise we could not die legally—hell was to pay, here and hereafter.

❧ ❧

As in Greece, in her days of glory, the thinkers were few; so in Switzerland, the land of freedom, the many have been, and are, chained to superstition. Jean Paul Marat saw their pride was centered in a silver crucifix, " that keeps a man from harm; " their conscience committed to a priest; their labors for the rich; their days the same, from the rising of the sun to its going down. They did not love, and their hate was but a peevish dislike. They followed their dull routine and died the death, hopeful that they would get the reward in another world which was denied them in this.

❧ ❧

The Spanish Inquisition, in which Church and State combined against God, seems an awful extreme to show the depths of iniquity to which Pride married to Hypocrisy can sink. Yet martyrdom has its compensation. The spirit flies home upon the wings of victory, and in the very moment of so-called defeat, the man has the blessed consolation that he is still master of his fate—captain of his soul.

The lesson of the Inquisition was worth the price—the martyrs bought freedom for us. The fanged dogs of war, once turned loose upon the man who dared to think, have left as sole successor only a fat and harmless poodle, known as Social Ostracism. This poodle is old, toothless and given over to introspection; it has to be fed on pap; its only exercise is to exploit the horse-blocks, doze in milady's lap, and dream of a long-lost canine paradise. The dog-catcher awaits around the corner.

❧ ❧

Successful religions are all equally bad.

❧ ❧

The early church regarded the earth as a flat surface with four corners. And in proof of their position they quoted Saint Paul, who wanted the gospel carried to the ends of the earth.

❧ ❧

The fear of the Lord is not only the beginning of wisdom, but also its end ❧ ❧

❧ ❧

They were filled with fear, and fear is the finish of everything upon which it gets a clutch.

THERE is one thing among all these quasi-ascetic sects that has ever been in advance of the great mass of humanity from which they are detached parts: they have given woman her rights; whereas, the mass has always prated, and does yet, mentioning it in statute law, that the male has certain natural "rights," and the women only such rights as are granted her by the males. And the reason of this wrong-headed attitude on part of the mob is plain. It rules by force, whereas the semi-ascetic sects decry force, using only moral suasion, falling back on the Christ doctrine of non-resistance. This has given their women a chance to prove that they have just as able minds as the men, if not better. That these non-resistants are the salt of the earth none who know them can deny. It was the residents of the monasteries in the Middle Ages who kept learning and art from dying off the face of Europe. They built such churches and performed such splendid work in art that we are hushed into silence before the dignity of the ruins of Melrose, Dryburgh and Furness. There are no paupers among the Quakers, a "criminal class" is a thing no Mennonite understands, no Dunkard is a drunkard, the Oneida Communists were all well educated and in dollars passing rich, while the Mormons have accumulated wealth at the rate of over eleven hundred dollars a man per year, which is more than three times as good a record as can be shown by New York or Pennsylvania. And further, until the Gentiles bore down upon her, Utah had no use for either prisons, asylums or almshouses. Until the Gentiles crowded into Salt Lake City, there was no "tenderloin district," no "dangerous class," no gambling "dives." Instead, there was universal order, industry, sobriety. It is well to recognize the fact that the quasi-ascetic, possessed of a religious idea, persecuted to a point that holds him to his work, is the best type of citizen the world has ever known. Tobacco, strong drink and opium alternately lull and excite, soothe and elevate, but always destroy; yet they do not destroy our ascetic, for he knows them not. He does not deplete himself by drugs, rivalry, strife or anger. He believes in co-operation, not competition. He works and prays. He keeps a good digestion, an even pulse, a clear conscience; and as man's true wants are very few, our subject grows rich and has not only ample supplies for himself, but is enabled to minister to others. He is earth's good Samaritan.

The successful monk, grown rich and feeling secure, turns voluptuary and becomes the very thing that he renounced in his monastic vows. Over-anxious bicycles run into the object they wish to avoid. We are attracted to the thing we despise; and we despise it because it attracts. A recognition of this principle will make plain why so many temperance fanatics are really drunkards trying hard to keep sober. In us all is the germ of the thing we hate; we become like the thing we hate; we are the thing we hate. Ex-Quakers in Philadelphia, I am told, are very dressy people. But before a woman becomes a genuine admitted non-Quaker, the rough, gray woolen dress shades off by almost imperceptible degrees into a dainty silken lilac, whose generous folds have a most peculiar and seductive rustle; the bonnet becomes smaller, and pertly assumes a becoming ruche, from under which steal forth daring, winsome ringlets; while at the neck, purest of cream-white kerchiefs jealously conceal the charms that a mere worldly woman might reveal. Then the demi-monde, finding themselves neglected, bribe the dressmakers and adopt the costume ❧ ❧

Thus does civilization, like the cyclone, move in spirals.

❧ ❧

NO religion is pure except in its state of poverty and persecution; the good things of earth are our corrupters. All life is from the sun, but fruit too well loved of the sun falls first and rots. The religion that is fostered by the State and upheld by a standing army may be a pretty good religion, but it is not the Christ religion, call you it " Christianity " never so loudly. Martyr and persecutor are usually cut off the same piece. They are the same type of man; and looking down the centuries they seem to have shifted places easily. As to which is persecutor and which is martyr is only a question of transient power. They are constantly teaching the trick to each other, just as scolding parents have saucy children. They are both good people; their sincerity can not be doubted. Marcus Aurelius, the best emperor Rome ever had, persecuted the Christians; while Caligula, Rome's worst emperor, did n't know there were any Christians in his dominions, and if he had known would not have cared. The persecutor and the martyr both belong to the cultus known as " Muscular Christianity," the distinguishing feature of which is a final appeal to force. We should, however, respect it for the frankness of the name in which it delights—Muscular Christianity being a totally different thing from Christianity, which smitten turns the other cheek.

❧ ❧

THAT the religion of Jesus was a purely reactionary movement, suggested by the smug complacency and voluptuous condition of the times, most thinking men agree. Where rich Pharisees adopt a standard of life that can only be maintained by devouring widows' houses and oppressing the orphan, the needs of the hour bring to the front a man who will swing the pendulum to the other side. When society plays tennis with truth, and pitch-and-toss with all the expressions of love and friendship, certain ones will confine their speech to yea, yea, and nay, nay. When men utter loud prayers on street corners, some one will suggest that the better way to pray is to retire to your closet and shut the door. When self-appointed rulers wear purple and scarlet and make broad their phylacteries, some one will suggest that honest men had better adopt a simplicity of attire. When a whole nation grows mad in its hot endeavor to become rich, and the Temple of the Most High is cumbered by the seats of money-changers, already in some Galilean village sits a youth, conscious of his Divine kinship, plaiting a scourge of cords.

❧ ❧

BEAU BRUMMEL, lifting his hat with great flourish to nobility and standing hatless in the presence of illustrious nobodies, finds his counterpart in William Penn, who was born with his hat on and uncovers to no one. The height of Brummel's hat finds place in the width of Penn's.

Quakerism is a protest against an idle, vain, voluptuous and selfish life. It is the natural recoil from insincerity, vanity and gormandism which, growing glaringly offensive, causes these certain men and women to " come out " and stand firm for plain living and high thinking. And were it not for this divine principle in humanity that prompts individuals to separate from the mass when sensuality threatens to hold supreme sway, the race would be snuffed out in hopeless night. These men who come out effect their mission, not by making all men Come-Outers, but by imperceptibly changing the complexion of the mass. They are the true and literal saviors of mankind ❧ ❧

It may not be generally known, but your religious ascetic is a great matchmaker. In all religious communities, especially in rural communities, the men who need wives need not advertise—there are self-appointed committees of old ladies who advise and look after such matters closely. The immanence of sex becomes vicarious, and that which once dwelt in the flesh is now a thought: like men-about-town, whose vices finally become simply mental, so do these old ladies carry on courtships by power of attorney.

❧ ❧

IF, then, everything in this world happens because something else happened a thousand years ago or yesterday, and the result could not possibly be different from what it is, why besiege Heaven with prayers? The answer is simple. Prayer is an emotional exercise; an endeavor to bring the will into a state of harmony with the Divine Will; a rest and a composure that gives strength by putting us in position to partake of the strength of the Universal ❧ The man who prays today is as a result stronger tomorrow, and thus is prayer answered.

❧ ❧

A prosperous and successful church always produces a class of dignitaries given over to sloth and sensuality. From a sublime idea, with a desire to benefit and to bless, the church degenerates into an institution for the distribution of honors, and an engine for punishment for all who oppose it.

❧ ❧

All men who live honest lives are saviors—they live that others may live ❧ ❧

His Thoughts On Religion

TIME is the great avenger as well as educator; only the education is usually deferred until it no longer avails in this incarnation, and is valuable only for advice—and nobody wants advice. Deathbed repentances may be legal-tender for salvation in another world, but for this they are below par, and regeneration that is postponed until the man has no further capacity to sin is little better. For sin is only perverted power, and the man without capacity to sin neither has ability to do good—is n't that so? His soul is a Dead Sea that supports neither ameba nor fish, neither noxious bacilli nor useful life. Happy is the man who conserves his God-given power until wisdom and not passion shall direct it. So, the younger in life a man makes the resolve to turn and live, the better for that man and the better for the world.

❧ ❧

Anything is better than the Dead Sea of neutral nothingness, wherein a man merely avoids sin by doing nothing and being nothing. The stirring of the imagination by sorrow for sin, sometimes causes the soul to wing a far-reaching upward flight.

Asceticism is often only a form of sensuality: the man finds satisfaction in overcoming the flesh. And wherever you find asceticism you find potential passion—a smoldering volcano held in check by a devotion to duty; and a gratification is oft found in fidelity.

Those who fix gulfs here and now are hotly intent on showing that God will fix gulfs hereafter; thus we see how man is continually creating God in his own image.

His idea of God's justice is always built on his own; and as usually our deities are more or less inherited, heirlooms of the past, we see that it is not at all strange that men should be better than their religion ❧ They drag their dead creeds behind them like a stagecoach, with preachers and priests on top; kings and nobles inside; and coffins full of past sins in the boot. A man is always better than his creed—unless he makes his creed new every day. These hand-me-down religions seldom fit, and professional theology, it seems to me, is mostly a dealing in ol' clo'.

❧ ❧

" Thy future life! Thy fate is it, indeed! Whilst thou makest that thy chief question, thy life to me and to thyself and to thy God is worthless. What is incredible to thee thou shalt not, at thy soul's peril, pretend to believe ❧ Elsewhither for a refuge! Away! Go to perdition if thou wilt, but not with a lie in thy mouth—by the Eternal Maker, No!! "

❧ ❧

This instinct that makes men long to live again in the lives of their children—is it reaching out for immortality? ❧ ❧

Maybe I am all wrong about it, yet I can not help believing that the spirit of man will live again somewhere in a better world than ours ❧ ❧

WE are making head. We have ceased to believe that Paganism is "bad." ❧ All the men and women who have ever lived and loved and hoped and died, were God's children, and we are no more. With the nations dead and turned to dust, we reach out through the darkness of forgotten days and touch friendly hands. Some of these people that existed two, three or four thousand years ago did things so marvelously grand and great that in the presence of the broken fragments of their work we stand silent, o'erawed and abashed. We realize, too, that long before the nations lived that have left a meager and scattered history hewn in stone, lived still other men, possibly greater far than we; and no sign or signal comes to us from those whose history, like ours, is writ in water ❧ Yet we are one with them all. The same Power that brought them upon this stage of Time brought us. As we were called into existence without our consent, so are we being sent out of it, day by day, against our will. The destiny of all who live or have lived, is one; and no taunt of " paganism," " heathenism " or " infidelity " escapes our lips. With love and sympathy, we salute the eternity that lies behind, realizing that we ourselves are the oldest people that have tasted existence—the newest nation lingers away behind Assyria and Egypt, back of the Mayas, lost in continents sunken in shoreless seas that hold their secrets inviolate ❧ Yes, we are brothers to all that have trod the earth; brothers and heirs to dust and shade—mayhap to immortality!

* * *

A religion grown great and rich and powerful becomes sloth and swag, its piety being performed perfunk; and then ceases to be a religion at all. It is merely an institution ❧ ❧

Religions multiply by the budding process. Every new denomination is an offshoot from a parent stem. " A new religion " is a contradiction in terms—there is only one religion in the world. A brand-new religion would wither and die as soon as the sun came out.

Christian Science, for instance, appropriated two great things from the parent stock: the word "Christian," and the Oxford binding, which made "Science and Health" look just like the Bible. One could carry it on the street as he went to church without fear of accusation that he was on the way to the circulating library. It fulfilled the psychological requirements.

* * *

No man ever lifted up his voice or pen in a criticism against love, truth, compassion, service, sympathy and tenderness. And if he had, do you think that love, truth, compassion, service, sympathy, tenderness, would feel it necessary to go after him with stocks, chains, thumbscrews and torches?

* * *

There is one thing worse than to be deceived by men, and that is to distrust them.

His Thoughts On Religion

LITTLE minds always find endless food for argument and disputation, right here. To leave the question to Nature and let actions adjust themselves, they will never do. They want direct orders covering all the exigencies of life. To meet this demand the Torah of the Jews was devised, telling how to kill chickens, how to remove the feathers, how to pass a stranger in an alley, how to cook, eat, pray, sleep, sing, and cut one's hair.

◆ ◆

Sufficient unto the day is the knowledge thereof. What is best today is best for the future. We must realize that life is a voyage and we are sailing under sealed orders. We open our orders every morning, and this allows us to change our course as we get new light.

◆ ◆

I am not sure what the unpardonable sin is, but I believe it is a disposition to evade the payment of small bills.

◆ ◆

Labor is the only prayer that is ever answered.

◆ ◆

There are those who assume that men who do not go to church play cards; those who play cards chew tobacco; those who chew tobacco drink whiskey; those who drink whiskey beat their wives; therefore all men should go to church.

◆ ◆

Creeds never can be changed: they simply become obsolete and are forgotten; they turn to dust and are blown away on the free winds of heaven.

◆ ◆

Dean Stanley has said that all the gods of ancient mythology were once men, and he traces for us the evolution of a man into a hero, the hero into a demigod, and the demigod into a divinity. By a slow process, the natural man is divested of all our common faults and frailties; he is clothed with superhuman attributes and declared a being separate and apart, and is lost to us in the clouds.

◆ ◆

If men could only know each other, they would never idolize or hate.

◆ ◆

To discard religion would be like repudiating our parents because we did not like their manners and clothes. The religious impulse is the art impulse, and both are manifestations of love, and love is the basis of our sense of sublimity.

◆ ◆

Anyway, it is hardly good manners to approach a saint closely and examine his halo to see whether it be genuine or not. Halos are much more beautiful when seen through the soft, mellow light of distance.

THE bachelor physician and the unmarried priest have an influence among gentle womankind, young or old, married or single, that a benedict can never hope for. Why this is so might be difficult to explain, but discerning men know the fact. In truth, when a priest marries he should at once take a new charge, for if he remains with his old flock a goodly number of his "lady parishioners," in ages varying from seventeen to seventy, will with fierce indignation rend his reputation.

◆ ◆

Seven years in college emasculates the man. His very helplessness then makes him clutch the Church with a death-grip. He is a sailor who can not swim. And these advocates, incapacitated by miscalled seminaries for all useful endeavor, become defenders of the faith and prosecutors of all and each and any who fix their hearts on such simple and Godlike things as friendship and equality. Indeed, many of these advocates abjure the relationship of the sexes, tolerating woman only as a necessity, and as for themselves personally eschew her—or say they do.

◆ ◆

It has happened more than once that men of the highest spirituality have had small respect for religion, as it is popularly manifested. The machinery of religion and religion itself are things that are often widely separated.

◆ ◆

Orthodoxy is very tolerant—it forgives everything but truth.

DOCTORS and priests attend us at both ends of the route. We can not be born, neither can we die, without consulting the tax-collector, and interviewing those who look after us for a consideration.

◆ ◆

Great preachers have often been great sinners, and the sermons that have moved men most are often a direct recoil from sin on the part of the preacher.

◆ ◆

When a man talks much about a virtue, be sure that he is clutching for it. Temperance fanatics are men with a taste for strong drink, trying hard to keep sober.

◆ ◆

The faults and frailties of men and women caught in the swirl of circumstances are not without excuse, but the cold plottings to punish them and the desire to thrive by their faults are hideous.

◆ ◆

We have recently heard of the Boston lady who died and went to Heaven, and on being questioned by an archangel as to how she liked it, replied languidly, "Very, very beautiful it all is!" And then sighed and added, "But it is not Boston!"

◆ ◆

Sensuality and asceticism at the last are one.

◆ ◆

Men who are strong in their own natures are very apt to smile at the good folk who chase the genealogical aniseed trail—it is a harmless diversion with no game at the end of the route.

THE fruit much loved by the sun rots first. The early monasteries were mendicant institutions, and for mendicancy to grow rich is an anomaly that carries a penalty. A successful beggar is apt to be haughty, arrogant, dictatorial—from a humble request for alms to a demand for your purse is but a step. In either case the man wants something that is not his—there are three ways to get it: earn it, beg it, seize it. The first method is absurd—to dig I am ashamed—the second, easy; the last is best of all, provided objection is not too strenuous. Beggars a-horseback are knights of the road.

That which comes easy, goes easy, and so it is the most natural thing in the world for a monk to become a connoisseur of wines, an expert gourmet, a sensualist who plays the limit. The monastic impulse begins in the beautiful desire for solitude—to be alone with God—and ere it runs its gamut dips deep into license and wallows in folly. The austere monk leaves woman out, the other kind enslaves her: both are wrong, for man can never advance and leave woman behind. God never intended that man, made in His image, should be either a beast or a fool.

The communal thought is a form of monasticism—it is a getting away from the world. Monasticism does not necessarily imply celibacy, but as unrequited or misplaced love is usually the precursor of the monastic impulse, celibacy or some strange idea on the sex problem usually is in evidence.

* *

Very seldom, indeed, has a monk ever gone away and remained: he comes back to the world, occasionally, to beg, or sell things, and to " do good."

* *

So the monks occasionally became rich.

And when they grew rich they often became arrogant, dictatorial, selfish, gluttonous and licentious. They undertook to manage the government which they had before in their poverty renounced. They hired servants to wait upon them. The lust of power, and the lust of the flesh, and the pride of the heart all became manifest.

However, there were always a few men, pure of heart and earnest in purpose, who sought to stem the evil tendencies. And so the history of monasticism and the history of the Church is the record of a struggle against idleness and corruption. To shave a man's head, give him a new name, and clothe him in strange garments, does not change his nature. Monks grown rich and powerful will become idle, and the vows of poverty, chastity and obedience are then mere jokes and jests.

* *

Good work and religion are one.

* *

So first, man is in bondage to his fear, and this bondage he exchanges for bondage to a priest. First, he fears the unknown; second, he fears the priest who has power with the unknown.

I AM in receipt of a very interesting letter from the Reverend A. B. Taylor, Lakeside, New York, in which he says that he reads *The Fra* with much pleasure and profit, and often receives valuable help therefrom in compiling his sermons. Doctor Taylor is an orthodox Methodist, and the fact that I am able to express for him, in degree, many of the things he holds as truth is one of the encouraging signs of the times. It is frank, friendly and beautiful in Doctor Taylor to write me his acknowledgments. But after writing the letter he adds a postscript. I might say that I have a suspicion he wrote the beautiful letter in order to add the postscript, but I will not. Here is the P. S.: "One thing I do not like, and can not comprehend, is why you so wrongfully advocate the taxing of church property."

Then he encloses a column clipping from *The Christian Work and Evangelist,* wherein the reasons for exemption of church property from taxation are fully set forth. Very seldom does one get the entire argument at first hand, but here it all is, skillfully presented. I give it in its entirety: "The worst enemy New York has, or any city has, is the perennial critic who would tax the churches. Some interesting correspondence has recently been going on in one of the New York papers over this matter. Some one by the name of Hubbard discovered that there were several million dollars' worth of property in churches which was untaxed. The critic supported his arguments by statements that the churches are not direct public servants, as are schools and hospitals; that they exist to teach certain doctrines of their own, differing among themselves, and which have no direct relation to the public good—some of the doctrines, indeed, being pernicious, according to this critic. The short-sightedness of all this is apparent to the most superficial mind. The policy of taxing the churches would be almost suicidal to any town or city. The churches save New York fifty times what the city loses in taxes from them. Here are a few facts which when perceived stop all such talk at once: The Church is the greatest police force in the community ❧ The Roman Catholic Church alone—we mention that Church because it practices the negative doctrine of restraint more than do the Protestant churches—restrains hundreds of thousands of men and women from petty crimes that would cost New York more than all her courts and police and jails and prisons have cost her for years. Take the churches out of New York for ten years and it would be an unsafe city to live in, and the expense of administering its criminal courts and prisons would bankrupt it. As a matter of fact, the teaching of any particular theological doctrine is the smallest part of any work the churches do. Go into any church in New York and you will find that fully three-fourths of all the efforts are being directly expended in making good citizens. In Sunday school the children are being taught honesty, purity, brotherhood, ambition and the unselfish life. Fully two-thirds of the sermons of the average preacher are direct inspirations to the moral life or instructions in ethics. We venture to say that had our friend collected fifty of the sermons in New York last Sunday he would have found forty-nine which dealt with practical religious life to one on the doctrine, say, of the future life.

❧ ❧

OF course, there are millions of people who have found in their experience that the 'peculiar doctrines,' as our friends call them, produce the highest type of citizenship. As a matter of fact, the main efforts of the churches of New York are put on producing honest and altruistic men. Heaven only knows what would become of the city if its one thousand four hundred churches were crippled by great taxes. It is bad enough now ❧ The police service the churches render New York saves the city millions every year. The service of furnishing her with honest and unselfish men can not be put in numbers. There are none large enough."

It will please be noticed that the editor of *The Christian Work and Evangelist* starts his article by informing us who the worst enemy of New York or any city actually is. This worst enemy, according to my Christian colleague, is the critic who would tax the churches. Thus, before he attempts to reply to the critic, he denounces the critic as not only an enemy of the State, but its worst enemy. Grafters, thieves, dealers in dope, procurers, sweat-shop fiends, murderers, all take second place: the worst enemy of a city—any city—is the man who advocates the taxation of church property. The editor himself is a Christian, a church-member and a clergyman. Does he stand as a sample of the head, hand and heart of the modern church-member? I think so. He is a man of education, of position, honored and respected in his denomination. And he tells us that people who disagree with him in a matter of finance are not only the enemies of the State, but its worst enemies. "A traitor to God is a traitor to his country." Thus did religious fanaticism once link the heretic and the traitor as one. To disagree with the prevailing religion was to be regarded as the foe of society. How hard the tyrants die!

❧ ❧

YET many clergymen believe that it would be better to put church property on an absolute parity with all other property. In fact, many churches now voluntarily pay taxes. The great and influential congregation presided over by Rabbi Leonard Levy of Pittsburgh requested the assessors to tax their synagogue at its cost valuation of three hundred thousand dollars. In Toronto is a Baptist church—the Jarvis Street Baptist Church, I believe—that has paid taxes on its property for more than twenty years, because the congregation voting on the question decided that an evasion of taxes on the part of a church because it did " good " was really no better than the exemption of an individual for the same reason. The enemy of the State, forsooth, is the man who asks some one to pay a few paltry dollars for police and fire protection! Naturally, one might say the enemy of the State is the man who refuses to pay his quota of expense for the maintenance of the Government machinery.

❧ ❧

THE editor of *The Christian Work and Evangelist* is a clergyman. He is paid by the religious denomination he serves. This denomination has large holdings of real estate, upon which it pays no taxes. If it paid taxes it would not have so much money to pay clergymen: therefore one of its leading clergymen, acting as spokesman for the rest, defines for us the worst enemy of New York—" or any city." Thus we get the quality of logic that rules in our churches. It would be laughable were it not pitiable in its weakness ❧ The church is n't dead—it can still call vile names. How nimbly it yet flings the theologic stinkpot! The fires of the auto da fe are not extinguished. They are only banked, banked in the editorial office of *The Christian Work and Evangelist*. " The worst enemy of New York or any city! " It is the old, old cry of " Away with him! " It is the cry of entrenched tyranny, that he who disagrees with you in religious matters is the worst enemy of the State. Socrates spoke disrespectfully of the gods, and for this they brewed for him the hemlock. The crime of Jesus was that he undermined the State. Savonarolo, Bruno, Latimer, Wycliff, enemies of society—all! The editor of *The Christian Work and Evangelist* thinks that the State and Religion are one. And he is right. For just as long as the State grants immunity from taxation to church property, the divorce is not complete. We have n't yet caught up with Thomas Jefferson. Well, you know what the State in the past has done to those who are considered its enemies? Yes, and that is just what the meek and lowly editor of *The Christian Work and Evangelist* would do to you if he had the power.

❧ ❧

CAREFULLY read, analyzed and digested, we find that the sole excuses churches have for not paying taxes are: First, the churches form a police system which prevents certain people from committing crime. Second, the churches supply us a great number of honest and unselfish citizens, who otherwise would be rogues. For these two things they claim a cash reward from the community. My answer is that both propositions are assumptions, quite gratuitous, but that, even if they were true, it would not justify the State in remitting their quota of taxes. I have had a large and varied experience with clergymen and church-members, and that they are better morally and stand higher intellectually are propositions which they admit, but which no one besides themselves puts forward. The names of clergymen, Sunday-school teachers and pious deacons who go wrong would fill a five-foot shelf of books. In fact, it is an axiom that the bakers' colony in every penitentiary is made up mostly of church-members. When the University of Copenhagen says that church-members are better citizens than non-church-members, I may believe it. Until then, the verdict must be, " Not Proved "—and especially so, in view of the fact that when Christianity was absolutely supreme the headsman worked overtime, and crime, grime, blood, poverty, disease and woe were the rule, not the exception. The doctrine that some folks are so much better than others that they deserve eternal bliss is the most selfish idea ever put forth by mortal man. Folks who think they are better than others, usually are n't. That the idea of endless joy for believers, and endless hell for doubters, is not being preached now so much as it was a few years ago, is nothing to the credit of church-members.

All separations of society into sacred and secular, good and bad, saved and lost, learned and illiterate, rich and poor, are illusions which mark certain periods in the evolution of society. The offer of endless life and the threat of endless hell are frightful rudimentary errors of the savage mind, born of fear and frenzy, and then perpetuated as a police system by a Divine Collection Agency. For not only does a religion of fear keep people " good," but it also makes them pay for being kept good. The offer of immunity from the penalties of sin, through belief in the blood of Jesus, is merely the immunity that human sacrifice once provided, slightly refined and modified. The " belief " in a blood sacrifice has taken the place of the sacrifice itself.

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THE orthodox Christian Church still teaches immunity from penalties on the acceptance of its creed. From exemption from the natural penalty of a misdeed to exemption from taxation is but a step. The man who can accept the one takes kindly to the other. " Jesus died and paid it all—yes, all the debt I owe." " Saved by the blood of the Lamb." That is, throw it off on some one else. Who cares! Any way to go scot-free! And this evasion of a penalty for wrong committed is called " the glad tidings of great joy." To escape the payment of taxes is a variation of the same idea. Many of these " saved " people do not pay their debts until compelled to. If they work for you they loaf and visit on " company time." They cheat you in a hundred ways, and often spend as much time trying to evade the responsibility of shouldering the burden as, rightly used, would have carried the message to Garcia. The entire Christian doctrine of rewards and punishments, of a vicarious atonement, and the substitution of a pure and holy man for the culprit, is a vicious and misleading philosophy. That fear in some instances has deterred men from crime, there is no doubt. But the error of religion as a police system lies in the fact that it makes superstition perpetual. Untruth that good may follow is not a nice philosophy.

* * *

IT will be noted that the learned editor of *The Christian Work and Evangelist* pleads, as a reason why churches should not pay taxes, the assertion that three-fourths of all sermons now preached deal with present-day problems, and the effort is not merely to save souls but to make better citizens. This is doubtless true. The church is saving herself from dissolution by becoming secularized. Gradually the world is being educated into the belief that one world at a time is enough. Also, a vast number of men and women see the fact that immunity and exemption are not desirable, that nothing can ever be given away, and that something for nothing is very dear. To make a man exempt is to take from him just so much manhood; and to make a church exempt is to weaken the fabric and place the institution on a mendicant basis. To accept salvation for yourself, with the consciousness that there is still one soul in hell, would turn your paradise into purgatory, if your soul were worth a damn. " One man is no man," said Aristotle four hundred years before Christ. We are all parts and particles of each other.

This matter of exemption from taxation of certain edifices and certain men, transportation at half-rates, and the ten-percent discount to clergymen and teachers, all hinges on a lack of the Ethical Monistic Concept. It assumes that certain work is sacred and other work secular; that certain places are holy and others profane. My esteemed colleague, the editor of *The Christian Work and Evangelist,* admits that this world is no longer " but a desert drear, heaven is my home." He admits that we are here, and that this is our home now, at least. When he goes a step further and admits that this is God's world, not the Devil's; that every man is doing the best he can with the light and power he possesses; that all human service is sacred; that there is no high nor low; that there are no " saved " so long as men are in bonds to fear, superstition and incompetence; that a smokestack is as sacred as a steeple—then he will agree with me that churches should pay their just quota of taxes. Good people no longer ask immunity from payment of bills because they are " good." Businessmen are just as " good " as preachers ❧ Business today is founded on the thought of reciprocity and mutuality. We help ourselves only as we help others. And all transactions in life should be co-operative and reciprocal.

* * *

Granting for argument's sake that the Church does do all the good claimed by my Christian brother, still that is no reason for its exemption. " So far as this Court knows, all men who live in houses are good men, making the world of men better by their lives; but this is no reason why their residences should be exempt from taxation." So said a wise and learned judge in deciding the question of taxation of parsonages in Illinois. Here we get the growing concept of the world of thinking men and women, the concept of Ethical Monism. All is One, and the sacred is that which serves. Pay the price, and provided you pay the price, the thing you buy is worth the money.

The churches will never do the good they are capable of doing until they throw off mendicancy. And the beggar is a robber who has lost his nerve, a bandit with a streak of yellow in his ego. The churches must take their stand, firmly and frankly, as human institutions, asking no exemption, demanding no immunity. Then they will be free. For her own good the Church must meet her responsibilities, and not shift her burden of taxes upon the people who do not believe her creed. If you believe in a " peculiar " doctrine, that is your affair, and you are the man to pay for its support. To say that I must pay for the support of your creed or else be branded as a foe of society is bad logic, worse ethics, and very indelicate, not to say discourteous. Only that is fair and beautiful which neither threatens, bribes, evades, demands nor supplicates.

BIGOTRY is abroad, but it has no longer the power to throttle science; the empty threat of future punishment and the offer of reward are nothing to us, since we perceive they are offered by men who haven't these things to give. The idea of war and conquest is held by many, but concerning it we voice our thoughts and write our views; and the fact that we perceive and point out what we believe fallacies, and brand the sins of idleness and extravagance, is proof that light is breaking in the East.

* *

We want no splendor fashioned by slaves—no labor driven by the lash, nor lured on through superstitious threat of punishment and offer of reward: we recognize that to own slaves is to be one.

* *

FORTY years ago no town in America was free from joint debates where the disputants would argue six nights and days together concerning vicarious salvation, baptism, regeneration, justification and the condition of unbaptized infants after death. Debates of this kind set the entire populace by the ears, and at post-office, tavern, grocery, family table, and even after the disputants had gone to bed, reasons nice, and subtleties hairsplitting were passed back and forth, until finally the party getting worsted fell back on maternal pedigrees, and epithet took the place of logic.

ALL ancient chronology falls easily into three general divisions: the fabulous, the legendary, and the probable or natural. In the understanding of history, psychology is quite as necessary as philology.

To reject anything that has a flaw in it is quite as bad as to have that excess of crudity which swallows everything presented.

It is not necessary to throw away the fabulous nor deny the legendary. But it is certainly not wise to construe the fabulous as the actual and maintain the legendary as literally true. Things may be true allegorically and false literally, and to be able to distinguish the one from the other, and prize each in its proper place, is the mark of wisdom.

If, however, we were asked to describe the man Moses to a jury of sane, sensible, intelligent and unprejudiced men and women, and show why he is worthy of the remembrance of mankind, we would have to eliminate the fabulous, carefully weigh the traditional, and rest our argument upon records that are fair, sensible and reasonably free from dispute.

The conclusions of professional retainers, committed before they begin their so-called investigations to a literal belief in the fabulous, should be accepted with great caution. For them to come to conclusions outside of that which they have been taught, is not only to forfeit their social position, but to lose their actual means of livelihood ❧ Perhaps the truth in the final summing up can best be gotten from those who have made no vows that they will not change their opinions, and have nothing to lose if they fail occasionally to gibe with the popular. Up to within a very few years God had a rival in the Devil, but now the Devil lives only as a pleasantry. Until the time of Moses, the God of Sinai was only the God of the Hebrew people, and this accounts for His violence, wrath, jealousy, and all of those qualities which went to make up a barbaric chief, including the tendency of His sons and servants to make love to the daughters of earth.

❧ ❧

IT is probable that the idea of God—in opposition to a god, one of many gods—was a thought that grew up very gradually in the mind of Moses. The ideal grew, and Moses grew with the ideal.

Then from God being a Spirit, to being Spirit, is a natural, easy and beautiful evolution.

The thought of angels, devils, heavenly messengers, like Gabriel and the Holy Ghost, constantly surrounding the Throne, is a suggestion that comes from the court of the absolute monarch. The Trinity is the oligarchy refined, and the one son who gives himself as a sacrifice for all the people who have offended the monarch is the retreating vision of that night of ignorance when all nations sought to appease the wrath of their god by the death of human beings. God to us is Spirit, realized everywhere in unfolding Nature. We are a part of Nature—we, too, are Spirit ❧ When Moses commands his people that they must return the stray animal of their enemy to its rightful owner, we behold a great man struggling to benefit humanity by making them recognize the laws of Spirit. We are all one family—we can not afford to wrong or harm even an enemy. Instead of thousands of warring, jarring families or tribes, we have now a few strong federations of States, or countries, which, if they would make war on one another, would today quickly face a larger foe. Already the idea of one government for all the world is taking form—there must be one Suprme Arbiter, and all this monstrous expense of money and flesh and blood and throbbing hearts for purposes of war, must go, just as we have sent to limbo the jangling, jarring, jealous gods. Also, the better sentiment of the world will send the czars, emperors, kings, grand dukes, and the greedy grafters of so-called democracy, into the dust-heap of oblivion, with all the priestly phantoms that have obscured the sun and blackened the sky. The gods have gone, but MAN IS HERE.

❧ ❧

ALL great religions have these periods of sanity, otherwise they would have no followers at all. The followers, understanding little bits of this and that, hope finally to understand it all. Inwardly the initiates at the shrine of their own conscience know that they know nothing. When they teach others they are obliged to pretend that they, themselves, fully comprehend the import of what they are saying. The novitiate attributes his lack of perception to his own stupidity, and many great teachers encourage this view.

"Be patient, and you shall some day know," they say, and smile frigidly.

❧ ❧

AND when credulity threatens to balk and go no further, magic comes to the rescue and the domain of Hermann and Kellar is poached upon.

Mystery and miracle were born in Egypt. It was there that a system was evolved, backed up by the ruler, of religious fraud so colossal that modern deception looks like the bungling efforts of an amateur. The government, the army, the taxing power of the State, were sworn to protect gigantic safes in which was hoarded—nothing. That is to say, nothing but the pretense upon which cupidity and self-hypnotized credulity battened and fattened.

All institutions which through mummery, strange acts, dress and ritual, affect to know and impart the inmost secrets of creation and ultimate destiny, had their rise in Egypt. In Egypt now are only graves, tombs, necropolises and silence. The priests there need no soldiery to keep their secrets safe. Ammon-Ra, who once ruled the universe, being finally exorcised by Yaveh, is now as dead as the mummies who once were men and upheld his undisputed sway.

❧ ❧

Give us this day our daily work.

THE number of people who have written their names large in literature, who were the children of clergyman, is no mere coincidence. Tennyson, Addison, Goldsmith, Emerson, Lowell, Jane Austen, Charlotte Bronte, Coleridge —you can add to the list to suit. Young people follow example, and the habit of the father in writing out his thoughts causes others of the family to try it, too ◆ Then there is an atmosphere of books in a rectory, and leisure to think, and best of all the income is not so great but that the practice of economy of time and money is duly enforced by necessity ◆ To be launched into a library and learn by absorption is a great blessing.

◆ ◆

THERE are deep-rooted theories in the minds of many men (and still more women) that bad boys make good men, and that a dash of the pirate, even in a prelate, does not disqualify. But I wish to come to the defense of the Sunday-school story-books and show that their very prominent moral is right after all: it pays to be "good." ¶ Then they can do good, too, and all men want to do good. So, they hie them to a divinity school and are taught the mysteries of theological tierce and thrust; and interviewing a clerical tailor they are ready to accept the honors and partake of the living.

◆ ◆

They believed that man was a worm of the dust, and stood by the traditions. They believed in the dogma of total depravity and lived up to it.

THERE is a gentle myth abroad that preachers are "called," while other men adopt a profession or get a job, but no Protestant Episcopal clergyman I have ever known, and I have known many, ever made any such claim. They take up the profession because it supplies honors and a "living."

◆ ◆

Discontent may come from various causes, so it will not do to assume that the discontented are always the pure in heart, but it is a fact that the wise and excellent have all known the meaning of world-weariness. The more you study and appreciate this life, the more sure you are that this is not all.

◆ ◆

The wise hold all earthly ties very lightly—they are stripping for eternity.

◆ ◆

The clergyman who teaches his people the history of their neighborhood, and tells them of the excellent men and women who once lived thereabouts, is both wise and good.

◆ ◆

Theological freedom and political freedom go hand in hand, for our conception of Deity is always a pale reflection of our chief ruler.

◆ ◆

Avaunt! but first know this, that immortality is reserved alone for those who have been despised and rejected of men.

◆ ◆

Saintship is the exclusive possession of those who have either worn out, or never had, the capacity to sin.

His Thoughts On Religion

TO have a religion thrust upon you, and be compelled to believe in it or suffer social ostracism, is to be cheated of the right to make your own. In degree it is letting another live your life. A child does not need a religion until he is old enough to evolve it, and then he must not be robbed of the right of independent thinking by having a fully-prepared plan of salvation handed out to him. The brain needs exercise as much as the body, and vicarious thinking is as erroneous as vicarious exercise. Strength comes from personal effort. To think is natural, and if not intimidated or coerced the man will evolve a philosophy of life that is useful and beneficent. Religious mania is a result of dwelling on a borrowed religion. If let alone no man would become insane on religious topics, for the religion he would evolve would be one of joy, laughter and love, not one of misery or horror. The religion that contemplates misery and woe is one devised by priestcraft for a purpose, and that purpose is to rule and rob. From the blunt ways of the road we get a polite system of intimidation which makes the man pay. It is robbery reduced to a system, and finally piously believed in by the robbers, who are hypnotized into the belief that they are doing God's service.

❧ ❧

To know but one religion is not to know that one. In fact superstition consists in this one thing—faith in one religion, to the exclusion of all others ❧ ❧

❧ ❧

The great teacher is not the one who imparts the most facts—he is the one who inspires by supplying a nobler ideal.

Men are superior or inferior just in the ratio that they possess certain qualities. Truth, honor, frankness, health, system, industry, kindliness, good-cheer and a spirit of helpfulness are so far beyond any mental acquisition that comparisons are not only odious, but absurd.

❧ ❧

If we are ever damned it will not be because we have loved too much, but because we have loved too little.

❧ ❧

Man's greatest blunder has been in trying to make peace with the skies instead of making peace with his neighbor.

❧ ❧

If pleasures are greatest in anticipation, just remember that this is also true of trouble.

❧ ❧

We are not punished for our sins, but by them.

❧ ❧

Most bad men die in bed, tenderly cared for by trained nurses in white caps and big aprons.

THE men who have most benefited the world have, almost without exception, been looked down upon by the priestly class. That is to say, the men upon whose tombs society now carves the word Savior were outcasts and criminals in their day.

In a society where the priest is regarded as the mouthpiece of divinity, and therefore the highest type of man, the artist, the inventor, the discoverer, the genius, the man of truth, has always been regarded as a criminal. Society advances as it doubts the priest, distrusts his oracles, and loses faith in his institution.

In the priest, at first, was deposited all human knowledge, and what he did not know he pretended to know. He was the guardian of mind and morals, and the cure of souls. To question him was to die here and be damned for eternity. The problem of civilization has been to get the truth past the preacher to the people: he has forever barred and blocked the way, and until he was shorn of his temporal power there was no hope. The prisons were first made for those who doubted the priest; behind and beneath every episcopal residence were dungeons; the ferocious and delicate tortures that reached every physical and mental nerve were his. His anathemas and curses were always quickly turned upon the strong men of mountain or sea who dared live natural lives, said what they thought was truth, or did what they deemed was right. Science is a search for truth, but theology is a clutch for power. Nothing is so distasteful to a priest as freedom: a happy, exuberant, fearless, self-sufficient and radiant man he both feared and abhorred. A free soul was regarded by the Church as one to be dealt with. The priest has ever put a premium on pretense and hypocrisy. Nothing recommended a man more than humility and the acknowledgment that he was a worm of the dust. The ability to do and dare was in itself considered a proof of depravity ❧ ❧

The education of the young has been monopolized by priests in order to perpetuate the fallacies of theology, and all endeavor to put education on a footing of usefulness and utility has been fought inch by inch.

Slowly, stubbornly, insolently, theology has fought Truth step by step—but always retreating, taking refuge first behind one subterfuge, then another. When an alleged fact was found to be a fallacy, we were told it was not a literal fact, simply a spiritual one. All of theology's weapons have been taken from her and placed in the Museum of Horrors—all save one, namely, social ostracism. And this consists in a refusal to invite Science to indulge in cream-puffs. We smile, knowing that the man who now successfully defies theology is the only one she really, yet secretly, admires. If he does not run after her, she holds true the poetic unities by running after him. Mankind is emancipated (or partially so).

His Thoughts On Religion

THE source of all knowledge was declared to be a book, and the right of interpretation of this book was given to one class alone—those who sided with and were a part of the Superior Class.

The reason the race has progressed so slowly is because the strong, vigorous and independent have been suppressed, either by legal process, or exterminated through war, which reaps the best and lets the weak, the diseased and the cowards go.

Those who doubted and questioned have been deprived of food and clothes, disgraced, mobbed, robbed, lashed naked at the cart's tail, burned at the stake, or separated from their families and transported beyond the sea to be devoured by wild beasts, die in jungles, or toil out their lives in slavery. The clergy, taking the cue, began to preach more love and less damnation; for the pew ever dictates to the pulpit what it shall preach.

Thus general relaxation was in order to meet the competition of rival sects and independent preachers that were springing up; for although creeds never change, yet their interpretation does, and liberal sects do their work, not by growing strong, but by making all others more liberal.

* * *

The destiny of the liberal church is not to become strong and powerful, but to make all other denominations more liberal.

The man who believes that God is the Whole, and that every man is a necessary part of the Whole, has no need to placate or please an intangible Something. All he has to do is to be true to his own nature, to live his own life, to understand himself. This takes us back to the Socratic maxim, "Know Thyself."

* * *

Our duties lie in service to ourselves, and we best serve self by serving humanity. This is the only religion that pays compound interest to both borrower and lender. Worship Humanity and you honor yourself.

* * *

WE have heard so much of "the glory that was Greece, and the grandeur that was Rome," that we are, at times, apt to think the world is making progress backward. But let us all stand erect and lift up our hearts in thankfulness that we live in the freest country the world has ever known. Wisdom is not monopolized by a few; power is not concentrated in the hands of a tyrant; knowledge need not express itself in cipher; to work is no longer a crime or a disgrace.

* * *

Orthodoxy got its hold by a promise of rest, idleness and freedom from responsibility.

* * *

The Church is made up of men, and while priests for the most part are quite content to believe what the Church teaches, yet it has ever been recognized that there was one doctrine for the Few, and another for the Many.

GREAT men, so-called, are usually specialists: clever actors, individuals with a knack, talented comedians—who preach, carve, paint, orate, fight, manipulate, manage, teach, write, perform, coerce, bribe, hypnotize, accomplish, and get results. There are great financiers, sea-captains, mathematicians, football players, engineers, bishops, wrestlers, runners, boxers, and players on zithern-strings. But these are not necessarily very great men, any more than poets, painters, and pianists, with wonderful hirsute effects and strange haberdashery are great men.

For it is intellect and emotion expanded in every direction that give the true title to greatness. Judged in this way, how rare is the educated man—five in six thousand years!

* *

Revolution never depended on any one man. A strong man is acted upon by the thought of others: he is a sensitive plate upon which impressions are made, and his vivid personality gathers up these many convictions, concentrates them into one focus, and then expresses them. The great man is the one who first expresses what the many believe. He is a voice for the voiceless, and gives in trumpet tones what others would if they could.

* *

He who influences the times in which he lives has influenced all the times that come after; he has left his impress on eternity.

Another reason why we are interested in biography is because, to a degree, it is a repetition of our own life. There are certain things that happen to every one, and others we think might have happened to us, and may yet. So as we read, we unconsciously slip into the life of the other man and confuse our identity with his. To put yourself in his place is the only way to understand and appreciate him. It is imagination that gives us this faculty of transmigration of souls; and to have imagination is to be universal; not to have imagination is to be provincial.

* *

As I read biography I always keep thinking what I would have done in certain described circumstances, and so not only am I living the other man's life, but I am comparing my nature with his. Everything is comparative; that is the only way we realize anything—by comparing it with something else. As you read of the great man he seems very near to you. You reach out across the years and touch hands with him, and with him you hope, suffer, strive and enjoy: your existence is all blurred and fused with his.

* *

Mother Nature in giving out energy gives each man about an equal portion. But that ability to throw the weight with the blow, to concentrate the soul in a sonnet, to focus force in a single effort, is the possession of God's Chosen Few.

* *

To picture great men you must be a great man.

SO my advice would be to any one about to engage in the genius business: Do not spend too much time in the selection of your parents, beyond making sure that they are not very successful. They had better be poor than very rich. They had better be ignorant than learned, especially if they realize they are learned. They had better be morally indifferent than spiritually smug. If their puritanism is carried to a point where it absolutely repels, it then has its beneficent use, teaching by antithesis. They had better be loose in their discipline than carry it so far that it makes the child exempt from coming to conclusions of its own. And as for parental love, it had better be spread out than lavished so freely that it stands between the child and the result of his own misdeeds.

* *

In selecting environment, do not pick one too propitious, otherwise you will plant your roses in muck, when what they demand for exercise is a little difficulty in way of a few rocks to afford anchor for roots. Genius grows only in an environment that does not fully satisfy, and the effort to better the environment and bring about better conditions is exactly the one thing that evolves genius.

* *

Most biographies are written with intent either to make the man a demigod or else to damn him as a rogue who has hoodwinked the world. A big man should never be cheapened by a defense. Life is its own excuse for being, and every life is its own apology. Silence is better than wordy refutation. People who want to believe the falsehoods told of this man, or any other, will continue to believe them until the crack o' doom.

* *

The men who live in history are those whose lives have been skillfully written.

In truth, I am told by a friend who has a bias for statistics, that all monuments above fifty feet high in England are to the honor of men who have defeated other men "with great slaughter."

* *

Men who do nothing and say nothing are never ridiculous. Those who hope much, believe much, and love much, make mistakes.

* *

Constant effort and frequent mistakes are the stepping-stones of genius.

* *

Men who discover continents are destined to die in chains. That is the price they pay for the privilege of sailing on, and on, and on, and on.

* *

The creative genius is the highest gift vouchsafed to man, and wherein man is likest God.

* *

Happy lives make dull biographies.

* *

Great genius and great love can never be separated—in fact I am not sure but that they are one and the same thing.

THAT men should dogmatize concerning things where the senses alone supply the evidence, is only another proof of man's limitations. We live in a peewee world which our senses create and declare that outside of what we see, smell, taste and hear there is nothing.

◆ ◆

An ability to see the ridiculous side of things marks the man of perfect balance.

The martyr type, whose blood is not only the seed of the church, but also of heresy, is touched with madness. To get the thing done, Nature sacrifices the man.

◆ ◆

The great creators were solitary, rural in their instincts, ignorant and heedless of what the world was saying and doing. They were men of deep convictions and enthusiasms, unmindful of laughter or ridicule, caring little even for approbation.

◆ ◆

The man who thus allows his life to justify itself, and lets his work speak, and who, when reviled, reviles not again, must be a very great and lofty soul.

◆ ◆

Men who have managed the finances of a nation often have not been able successfully to control their own; and more than once we have had the spectacle of one who could do the thinking for a world failing in the humdrum duties of a citizen and neighbor.

◆ ◆

It is a fine thing to be a great scientist, but it is a yet finer thing to be a great man.

The difference between a leader and a follower is this: a leader leads and a follower follows.

As a rule followers follow as far as the path is good, but at the first bog they balk. Betrayers, doubters and those who deny with an oath are always recruited from the ranks of the followers.

◆ ◆

People whose souls are made of dawnstuff and starshine may make mistakes, but God will not judge them by these alone.

◆ ◆

Let us accept the work of genius as we find it; not bemoaning because it is not better, but giving thanks because it is so good.

◆ ◆

HAPPY lives make dull biographies. Young women with ambitions should be very cautious lest mayhap they be caught in the soft, silken mesh of a happy marriage, and go down to oblivion, dead to the world.

◆ ◆

To be gentle, generous, lenient, forgiving, and yet never relinquish the vital thing—this is to be great. To know when to be generous and when firm—this is wisdom.

The first requisite in ruling others is to rule one's own spirit.

◆ ◆

Men are great only as they excel in sympathy; and the difference between sympathy and imagination has not yet been shown us.

◆ ◆

The man who can laugh at himself, and who is not anxious to have the last word, is right in the suburbs of greatness.

His Thoughts About Great Men

GOD sends great men in groups. From Seventeen Hundred Forty for the next thirty-five years the intellectual sky seemed full of shooting-stars. Watt had watched to a purpose his mother's teakettle; Boston Harbor was transformed into another kind of Hyson dish; Franklin had been busy with kite and key; Gibbon was writing his " Decline and Fall; " Fate was pitting the Pitts against Fox; Hume was challenging worshippers of a Fetish and supplying arguments still bright with use; Voltaire and Rousseau were preparing the way for Madame Guillotine; Horace Walpole was printing marvelous books at his private press at Strawberry Hill; Sheridan was writing autobiographical comedies; David Garrick was mimicking his way to immortality; Gainsborough was working the apothesis of a hat; Reynolds, Lawrence, Romney, and West, the American, were forming an English School of Art; George Washington and George the Third were linking their names preparatory to sending them down the ages; Boswell was penning undying gossip; Blackstone was writing his " Commentaries " for legal lights unborn; Thomas Paine was getting his name on the blacklist of orthodoxy; Burke, the Irishman, was polishing his brogue so that he might be known as England's greatest orator; the little Corsican was dreaming dreams of conquest; Wellesley as having presentiments of coming difficulties; Goldsmith was giving dinners with bailiffs for servants; Hastings was defending a suit where the chief participants were to die before a verdict was rendered; Captain Cook was giving to this world new lands; while William Herschel and his sister were showing the world still other worlds, till then unknown.

❧ ❧

If a man does better work than his fellows he must pay the penalty. Personality is an offense.

❧ ❧

It is doubtless true, however, that stupid men by remaining quiet may often pass for men of wisdom: this is because no man can really talk as wisely as he can look.

❧ ❧

There are various glib sayings to the effect that the work of great men is not appreciated until after they are dead. This may be so and it may not. It depends upon the man and the age.

❧ ❧

It is barely possible that Charles Lamb was right when he declared that no woman married to a genius ever believed her husband to be one. My own opinion is that a genius makes a very bad husband.

❧ ❧

Genius may starve in a garret, if alone; but the genius that would let its best friends starve, too, being too modest to press its claims, is a little lacking somewhere.

READ history and behold how commonplace men have often had greatness thrust upon them and met the issue. I have seen an absurd Class B lawyer elevated into judgeship, and rise to the level of events, keeping silence, looking wise, hugging his dignity hard, until there came a time when the dignity really was a fair fit. Trotters often need toe-weights to give them ballast and balance—so do men need responsibility.

❧ ❧

Money may use its jimmy to break into the Upper Circles; but to Beauty, Grace and Talent that does not shiver nor shrink, all doors fly open.

❧ ❧

TALENT is usually purchased at a high price, and if the gods give you a generous supply of this, they probably will be niggardly when it comes to that. But one thing the artist is usually long on, and that is whim. Let us all pray to be delivered from whim—it is the poisoner of our joys, the corrupter of our peace, and Dead-Sea fruit for all those about us.
Heaven deliver us from whim!

❧ ❧

The man of genius conceives things; the man of talent carries them forward to completion. This the critics did not know. It is too much to expect the equal balance of genius and talent in one individual.

❧ ❧

"We love him for the enemies he has made"—to have friends is a great gain, but to achieve an enemy is distinction.

ONLY a very great man can paint dwarfs, idiots, topers and kings. And so the many-sidedness of the great man continually deceives the world into thinking that he is the thing with which he associates; or, on the other hand, we say he "sinks self" for the time, whereas the truth is that in his own nature he comprehends the Whole. Shakespeare being the Universal Man, we lose him in the labyrinth of his winding and wondrous imagination. The greater comprehends the less.

❧ ❧

The pleasure that excellence gives is oft tainted by resentment; and so the woman who marries a genius is usually unhappy.

❧ ❧

Nature's best use for genius is to make other men think; to stir things up so sedimentation does not take place; to break the ankylosis of self-complacency; and start the stream of public opinion running so it will purify itself.

❧ ❧

IS not the child nearer to God than the man?
"Except ye become as little children," etc.—and yet the scoffers are often people of worth. Nothing so shows the limitation of humanity as this: genius often does not appreciate genius. The inspired, strangely enough, are like the fools, they do not recognize inspiration.

❧ ❧

Read the lives of great men and you will come to the conclusion that it is harder to find a gentleman than a genius.

His Thoughts About Great Men

ONCE in a century, possibly, a being is born who possesses a transcendent insight, and him we call a "genius." Shakespeare, for instance, to whom all knowledge lay open; Joan of Arc; the artist Turner; Swedenborg, the mystic—these are the men who know a royal road to geometry; but we may safely leave them out of account when we deal with the builders of a State, for among statesmen there are no geniuses ◆ Nobody knows just what a genius is or what he may do next; he boils at an unknown temperature, and often explodes at a touch. He is uncertain and therefore unsafe. His best results are conjured forth, but no man has yet conjured forth a Nation—it is all slow, patient, painstaking work along mathematical lines.

◆ ◆

Genius is excess: it is obstructive to little plans. It is difficult to warm yourself at a conflagration; the tempest may blow you away; the sun dazzles; lightning seldom strikes gently; the Nile overflows. Genius has its times of straying off into the infinite—and then what is the good wife to do for companionship? Does she protest, and find fault? It could not be otherwise, for genius is dictatorial without knowing it, obstructive without wishing to be, intolerant unawares, and unsocial because it can not help it.

◆ ◆

To discover a genius is next to being one yourself.

The average man believes a thing first, and then searches for proof to bolster his opinion. Every observer must have noticed the tenuous, cobweb quality of reasons that are deemed sufficient to the person who thinks he knows, or whose interests lie in a certain direction. The limitations of men seem to make it necessary that pure truth should come to us through men who are stripped for eternity.

◆ ◆

The Mutual Admiration Society forms the sunshine in which souls grow—great men come in groups.

◆ ◆

A man alone is only a part of a man.

◆ ◆

Learning and institutions of learning subdue men into conformity; only the man who belongs to nothing is free; and ignorance, as well as a certain indifference to what the world has said and done, is a necessary factor in the character of him who would do a great work. It was the combined ignorance and boldness of Columbus that made it possible for him to give the world a continent.

◆ ◆

The elements that make up this super-superior man are high intellect, which abandons itself to the purpose in hand, careless of form and precedent; indifference to obstacles and opposition; and a joyous, sympathetic, loving spirit that runs over and inundates everything it touches, all with no special thought of personal pleasure, gratification or gain.

MAIDEN ladies usually have an opinion ready on the subject of masculine methods, and conversely, much of the world's logic on the "woman question" has come from the bachelor brain.

Anyway the genius is like the profligate in this: when he marries he generally makes a woman miserable.

Genius is unique. No satisfactory analysis of it has yet been given. We know a few of its indications—that's all. First among these is ability to concentrate ❧ No seed can sow genius; no soil can grow it: its quality is inborn and defies both cultivation and extermination. To be surpassed is never pleasant; to feel your inferiority is to feel a pang. Seldom is there a person great enough to find satisfaction in the success of a friend. The pleasure that excellence gives is oft tainted by resentment; and so the woman who marries a genius is usually unhappy.

❧ ❧

The wife of a genius sometimes takes his fits of abstraction for stupidity, and having the man's interests at heart she endeavors to arouse him from his lethargy by chiding him. Occasionally he arouses enough to chide back.

❧ ❧

When we think of Whistler, if we listen closely we can hear the echo of shrill calls of recrimination, muffled reveilles of alarm—pamphlet answering unto pamphlet across seas of misunderstanding—vituperations manifold, and recurring themes of rabid ribaldry—all forming a lurid Symphony in Red.

LIVINGSTON found tribes in Africa that had never seen pictures of any kind, and he had great difficulty in making them perceive that the figure of a man, drawn on a piece of paper a foot square, really was designed for a man.

❧ ❧

"Man big—paper little—no good!" was the criticism of a chief. The chief wanted to hear the voice of the man before he would believe it was meant for a man. This savage chief was a great person, no doubt, in his own bailiwick, but he lacked imagination to bridge the gap between a real man and the repeated strokes of a pencil on a bit of paper.

❧ ❧

THESE men were strong, sane, well poised—filled with energy and life. They were receptive and quick to grasp a suggestion or hint that could be turned to their advantage—to further the immediate plans they had in hand. They had ambition and the ability to concentrate on a thing and do it. Just what they focused their attention upon was largely a matter of accident. They had in them the capacity for success—they could have succeeded at anything they undertook, and they were too sensible to undertake a thing at which they could not succeed. They always saw light through at the other end.

❧ ❧

We love men for their limitations and weaknesses, no less than for their virtues. A fault may bring a man very close to us.

His Thoughts About Love and Friendship

CALL me by my pet name,” wrote Elizabeth Barrett Browning, in one of those incomparable sonnets of which the Portugese never heard. And the task yet remains for some psychologist to tell us why, when we wish to bestow the highest honor, coupled with familiar affection, we call the individual by a given name

* * *

Young men and maidens will understand my allusion; and I hope this book will not suffer the dire fate of falling into the hands of any one who has forgotten the days of his youth.

In addressing the one we truly revere, we drop all prefix and titles. Soldiers marching under the banner of a beloved leader ever have for him a name of their own. What honor and trust were once compressed into the diminutive, “ Little Corporal,” or Kipling’s “ Bobs;” or, to come down to something even more familiar to us, say, “ Honest Abe.”

* * *

One-sided loves are classic and know neither age nor place and to a degree—let the fact be stated softly and never hereafter be so much as whispered—all good men and women have at some time loved one-sidedly, the beloved being as unaware of the love as a star is of the astronomer who discovers it.

* * *

Only the souls who have suffered are well loved.

The sky is never so blue, the birds never sing so blithely, our acquaintances are never so gracious, as when we are filled with love for some one.

* * *

The lover idealizes and clothes the beloved with virtues that exist only in his imagination. The beloved is consciously or unconsciously aware of this, and endeavors to fulfil the high ideal; and in the contemplation of the transcendent qualities that his mind has created, the lover is raised to heights otherwise unattainable.

* * *

The memory of a great love lives enshrined in undying amber. It affords a ballast ’gainst all the storms that blow, and although it lends an unutterable sadness, it imparts an unspeakable peace.

* * *

The world might do without war, but I make the hazard it could not long survive if men and women ceased to love and mate. However, I may be wrong.

* * *

Love is a pain at times. To ease the hurt the lover would hurt the beloved. He badgers her, pinches her, provokes her. One step more and he may kill her.

* * *

An avowal formulated in words is a cheap thing, and a spoken proposal goes with a cheap passion. The love that makes the silence eloquent and fills the heart with a melody too sacred to voice is the true token. O God! we thank thee for the thoughts and feelings that are beyond speech!

IN a city where society ebbs and flows, an intellectual woman married to a commerce-grubbing man is not especially to be pitied. She can find intellectual affinities that will ease the irksomeness of her situation. But to be cast on a desert isle with a being, no matter how good, who is incapable of feeling with you the eternal mystery of the encircling tides; who can only stare when you speak of the moaning lullaby of the restless sea; who knows not the glory of the sunrise, and feels no thrill when the breakers dash themselves into foam, or the moonlight dances on the phosphorescent waves—ah, that is indeed exile! Loneliness is not in being alone, for then minstering spirits come to soothe and bless—loneliness is to endure the presence of one who does not understand.

❧ ❧

FRIENDSHIP is better than love for a steady diet. Suspicion, jealousy, prejudice and strife follow in the wake of love; and disgrace, murder and suicide lurk just around the corner from where love coos. Love is a matter of propinquity; it makes demands, asks for proofs, requires a token. But friendship seeks no ownership—it only hopes to serve, and it grows by giving. Do not say, please, that this applies also to love. Love bestows only that it may receive, and a one-sided passion turns to hate in a night, and then demands vengeance as its right and portion. Friendship asks no rash promises, demands no foolish vows, is strongest in absence, and most loyal when needed. It lends ballast to life, and gives steadily to every venture. Through our friends we are made brothers to all who live.

❧ ❧

The kindergarten baby who discovers he can cut out a pretty shape from colored paper, and straightway wants to run home to show mamma his find, is not far separated from the literary worker who turns a telling phrase, and straightway looks for Her, to read it to double his joy by sharing it.

❧ ❧

WHEN Emerson borrowed from Wordsworth that fine phrase about plain living and high thinking, no one was more astonished than he that Whitman and Thoreau should take him at his word. He was decidedly curious about their experiment. But he kept a safe distance between himself and the shirt-sleeved Walt; and as for Henry Thoreau—bless me! Emerson regarded him only as a fine savage, and told him so. Of course, Emerson loved solitude, but it was the solitude of a library or an orchard, and not the solitude of plain or wilderness.

❧ ❧

The way to secure friends is to be one.

❧ ❧

The more points at which you touch humanity the more friends you have—the greater your influence.

❧ ❧

Perhaps a certain quality of man attracts a certain quality of friend—I really am not sure.

His Thoughts About Love and Friendship

IT is love that makes the world go ’round—and it is love that makes the orator and fearless thinker, no less than poet, painter and musician.

No man liveth unto himself alone: we demand the approval and approbation of another: we write and speak for some One; and our thought coming back from this One approved, gives courage and that bold determination which carries conviction home. Before the world believes in us we must believe in ourselves, and before we fully believe in ourselves this some One must believe in us.

❧ ❧

The general tendency to berate the man of superior talent would seem to indicate, as before suggested, that disparagement has some sort of compensation in it. Possibly it is the governor that keeps things from going too fast—the opposition of forces that holds the balance true. But almost everything can be overdone; and the fact remains that without encouragement and faith from without, the stoutest heart will in time grow faint and doubt itself. It hears the yelping of the pack, and there creeps in the question, “ What if they are right? ” Then comes the longing and the necessity for the word of praise, the clasp of a kindly hand, and the look that reassures ❧ ❧

Occasionally the undiscerning make remarks, slightly tinged with muriatic acid, concerning the ancient and honorable cult known as the Mutual Admiration Society. My firm belief is, that no man ever did or can do a great work alone—he must be backed up by the Mutual Admiration Society. It may be a very small Society—in truth, I have known Chapters where there were only two members, but there was such trust, such faith, such a mutual uplift, that an atmosphere was formed wherein great work was done.

In Galilee even the Son of God could do no great work, on account of the unbelief of the people ❧

“ Fellowship is heaven and lack of fellowship is hell,” said William Morris. And he had known both. Some One must believe in you. And through touching finger-tips with this some One, we may get in the circuit, and thus reach out to all. Self-Reliance is very excellent, but as for independence, there is no such thing. We are a part of the great Universal, Life; and as one must win approval from himself, so he must receive corroboration from others: having this approval from the Elect Few, the opinions of the many matter little.

How little we know of the aspirations that wither unexpressed, and of the hopes that perish for want of the right word spoken at the right time!

❧ ❧

Without love there would be no poetry and no music. All the manifest beauty of earth is only Nature’s nuptial decoration.

❧ ❧

A woman of forty-two is not old—bless my soul! I ’ll leave it to any woman of that age.

OTHERS may trace the love-tales of milkmaids and farmhands; I deal with the people who have made their mark upon the times; people who have tinted the world's thought-fabric and to whose genius we are all heirs. And the reason the story of their love is vital to us is because their love was vital to them. Thought is born of parents, and literature is the child of married minds.

◆ ◆

Writers of romances have a way of leaving their lovers at the church-door, a cautious and wise expedient, since too often love is one thing and life another.

◆ ◆

Sometimes—very often—it is love that reforms a man, sometimes sickness, sometimes sore bereavement. Doctor Talmage says that with Saint Paul it was a sunstroke, and this may be so, for surely Saul of Tarsus on his way to Damascus to persecute Christians was not in love ◆ Love forgives to seventy times seven and persecutes no one.

◆ ◆

If you have ever loved a woman and you care to go back to Maytime and try to analyze the why and the wherefore, you probably will not be able to locate the why and the wherefore, but this negative truth you will discover: you were not won by logic.

◆ ◆

The only love we keep is the love we give away.

The Italian Renaissance was the birth of Romantic Love. It was a new thing, and we have not gotten used to it yet. It is so new to men's natures that they do not always know how to manage it, and so it occasionally runs away with them and leaves them struggling in the ditch, from which they emerge sorry sights, or laughable, according to the view of the bystander and the extent of the disaster. And yet, in spite of mishaps, let the truth stand that those who travel fast and go far, go by Love's Parcel-Post, concerning which there is no limit to the size of the package.

◆ ◆

A man alone is only half a man—he pines for his mate. When he reaches a certain degree of mentality he craves partnership. He wants to tell it to Her! When she reads she wants to read to Him. And when a man and a woman reach an altitude where they spiritualize their love, they are in no danger of wearing it out.

◆ ◆

Two with God are a majority.

◆ ◆

It is only perfect love that casteth out fear.

◆ ◆

In love the illicit seems the normal.

◆ ◆

We all need friends—and to be your brother's keeper is very excellent if you do not cease being his friend.

◆ ◆

The beauty with which love adorns its object becomes at last the possession of the one who loves.

His Thoughts About Love and Friendship

ONE reason why religion remains on such a material plane for many is because they have never known a great and vitalizing love—a love where intellect, spirit and sex find their perfect mate. Love is the great enlightener. And in my own mind I am fully persuaded that comparatively few mortals ever experience this rebirth that a great love gives. We grope our way through life. Nature's first thought is for reproduction of the species; she has so overloaded physical passion that men and women marry when the blood is warm and intellect callow. Girls marry for life the first man that offers, and forever put behind them the possibilities of a love that would enable then to lift up their eyes to the hills from whence cometh their help. Very, very seldom do the years that bring a calmer pulse reveal a mating of mind and spirit.

* * *

The memory of a great love can never die from out the heart. It affords a ballast 'gainst all the storms that blow. And although it lends an unutterable sadness, it imparts an unspeakable peace.

A great love, even when fully possessed, affords no complete gratification. There is an essence in it that eludes all ownership. Its highest use seems to be a purifying impulse for nobler endeavor. It says at the last, " Arise, and get thee hence, for this is not thy rest."

Where there is this haunting memory of a great love lost there is always forgiveness, charity, and a sympathy that makes the man brother to all who endure and suffer. The individual himself is nothing; he has nothing to hope for, nothing to gain, nothing to win, nothing to lose; for the first time and the last he has a selflessness that is wide as the world, and wherein there is no room for the recollection of a wrong. In this memory of a great love, there is a nourishing source of strength by which the possessor lives and works; he is in communication with elemental conditions.

* * *

A great love is a pain, yet it is a benison and a benediction. If we carry any possession from this world to another it is the memory of a great love. For even in the last hour, when the coldness of death shall creep into the stiffening limbs, and the brain shall be stunned and the thought stifled, there shall come to the tongue a name, a name not mentioned aloud for years—there shall come a name; and as the last flickering rays of life flare up to go out on earth forever, the tongue will speak this name that was long, long ago burned into the soul by the passion of a love that fadeth not away.

* * *

It is love that vitalizes the intellect to the creative point. So it will be found that men with the creative faculty have always been lovers. To give a list of the great artists that the world has seen would be to name a list of lovers.

YOU are not happy, simply because you want to tell some one how happy you are. What is the starlight for, save to call some one's attention to, or the phosphorescent sheen except to be pointed out and enjoyed by two? Exquisite beauty, as revealed in music, painting, sculpture or beautiful scenery, affects me at times to tears; and there always comes creeping into my life a profound sadness, a dread homesickness, to think that in this wealth of peace and joy I am alone—alone ❧ ❧

Can you stand by yourself on a hillside and look across a beautiful little lake to the woods beyond; or walk through a pine-forest, where the needles sink as a carpet beneath your feet, and the air is full of the pungent odor of the pine, and the gently swaying tree-tops overhead croon you a lullaby—can you enjoy all this without an exquisite melancholy, and a joy that hurts, piercing your soul? It 's homesickness, that 's all; you want to go home and tell some one how happy you are. Give me solitude, sweet solitude, but in my solitude give me still one friend to whom I may murmur, Solitude is sweet.

* * *

That is a charming friendship that asks nothing, makes no demands, needs no assurances, never falters, and is so frank that it disarms prudery and pretense.

* * *

As to the question, " Should women propose? " the answer is, " Yes, certainly, and they do when they are twenty-nine."

FLIRTATION means to fascinate and leave the lover in doubt as to his fate—to lead him on and leave him in a maze. It does not imply that he does not have reason for hope. Flirtation is coyness refined to a system.

Coquetry is defined as an attempt to attract admiration and lead the lover up to the point of a matrimonial proposal and then reject him—a desire to gratify personal vanity. Coquettes are regarded as heartless, while flirts are often sincere creatures who adopt certain tactics for the sole purpose of bagging the game. That is, the flirt works to win, the coquette to reject. Coquetry is attention without intention. Flirtation is a race with the intention of being overtaken, and has in it the rudiments of that old idea that a woman must be captured. So we have a legend concerning those Sabine women, where one of them asks impatiently, " How soon does this attack begin? "

* * *

" When I sing well, I want you to meet me in the wings of the stage, and taking me in your arms, kiss my cheek, and whisper it was all right." When Patti wrote this to her lover she voiced the universal need of a some one who understands, to share the triumph of good work well done.

* * *

The conduct of the lovers is always absurd to the onlooker, but the onlooker has no business to look on—he is a false note in a beautiful symphony, and should be eliminated.

His Thoughts About Love and Friendship

I REMEMBER visiting the market at Parma one day and buying some cherries, and the old woman who took my money picked up a little spray of hyacinth and pinned it to my coat, quite as a matter of course. The next day I went back and bought figs, and got a big moss-rose as a premium. The peculiar brand of Italian that I spoke was unintelligible to the old woman, and I am very sure that I could not understand her, yet the white hyacinths and the moss-rose make all plain. That was five years ago, but if I should go back to Parma tomorrow, I would go straight to the Market-Place, and I know that my old friend would reach out a brown calloused hand to give me welcome, and the choicest rose in her basket would be mine—the heart understands.

* * *

All good things are done for some one else, and then after a while a standard of excellence is formed, and the artist works to please himself. But paradoxically, he still works for others—the singer sings for those who hear, the writer writes for those who understand, and the painter paints for those who would paint just such pictures as he, if they could.

* * *

I believe it was Schiller who once intimated that it took two to love anything into being.

* * *

Love is largely a matter of propinquity.

Churches have their uses as trysting-places for the unquenched spirit: vows are repeated there that have no witnesses and do not go into the register. There lovers meet in soul, and feed upon a glance, when heads are bowed in prayer. Love lends a deep religious air to the being, and when we are in love we love God. At other times we only fear Him.

* * *

Love makes us wise because it makes room inside the soul for thoughts and feelings to germinate; but passionate love as a lasting mood would be hell.

* * *

Love and War are one, say I. Love is mad, raging unrest and a vain, hot, reaching out for nobody knows what. Of course the kind which I am talking about is the Grand Passion, not the sort of sentiment that one entertains towards his grandmother.

* * *

Only love is immortal—hate is a negative condition. It is love that animates, beautifies, benefits, refines, creates.

* * *

Love in its essence is a spiritual emotion, and its office seems to be an interchange of thought and feeling; but often thwarted in its object, it becomes general, transforms itself into sympathy, and embracing a world, goes out to and blesses all mankind.

* * *

Love demands opposition and obstacle. It is the intermittent or obstructed current that gives power.

MOST generally, when I travel, I go alone—this to insure being in good company ❧ To travel with another is a terrible risk: it puts a great strain on the affections.

* * *

We want friends, so we scheme and chase 'cross lots after strong people, and lie in wait for good folks—or alleged good folks—hoping to attach ourselves to them. The only way to secure friends is to be one.

And before you are fit for friendship you must be able to do without it. That is to say, you must have sufficient self-reliance to take care of yourself, and then out of the surplus of your energy you can do for others. The man who craves friendship, and yet desires a self-centered spirit more, will never lack for friends.

If you would have friends, cultivate solitude instead of society. Drink in the ozone; bathe in the sunshine; and out in the silent night, under the stars, say to yourself again and yet again, "I am a part of all my eyes behold!" And the feeling will surely come to you that you are no mere interloper between earth and sky; but that you are a necessary particle of the Whole. No harm can come to you that does not come to all, and if you shall go down, it can only be amid a wreck of worlds.

Thus by laying hold on the forces of the Universe, you are strong with them. And when you realize this, all else is easy, for in your arteries course red corpuscles, and in your heart there is the will to do and be. Carry your chin in, and the crown of your head high. We are gods in the chrysalis.

* * *

When haughty, proud and religious ladies mix mentalities with sensitive youths of twenty-four, the danger-line is being approached. The Grand Passions that live in history, such as that of Abelard and Heloise, Petrarch and Laura, Dante and Beatrice, swing in their orbit around world-weariness. Love does not concern itself with this earth alone—it demands a universe for its free expression. And the only woman who is capable of the Grand Passion—who stakes all on one throw of the dice—is the melancholy woman, with this fine, religious reserve.

* * *

Sex holds first place in the thought of Nature; and sex in the minds of men and women holds a much larger place than most of us are willing to admit. All religious emotion and all art are born of the sex instinct.

* * *

Nature's solicitude is for the race, not the individual.

* * *

The strongest instinct in young girls is self-protection—they fight on the defensive. But at thirty, women have been known to grow a trifle anxious, just as did the Sabine women who dispatched a messenger to the Romans asking this question, "How soon does the program begin?"

A YOUNG woman never cares anything for an unlicked cub, nine years younger than herself, unless Fate has played pitch and toss with her heart's true love. And then, the tendrils of the affections being ruthlessly lacerated and uprooted, they cling to the first object that presents itself. A boy is plastic, and even a modest wallflower can woo him; but a man, for her, inspires awe—with him she takes no liberties. And the wallflower woos the youth unwittingly, thinking the while she is only using her influence the better to instruct him.

It is fortunate for a boy escaping adolescence to be educated and loved (the words are synonymous) by a good woman ❧ Indeed, the youngster who has not violently loved a woman old enough to be his mother has dropped something out of his life that he will have to go back and pick up in another incarnation.

* * *

Love is progressive—it hastens onward like the brook hurrying to the sea. They say that love is blind: love may be short-sighted, or inclined to strabismus, or may see things out of their true proportion, magnifying pleasant little ways into seraphic virtues, but love is not really blind—the bandage is never so tight but that it can peep.

* * *

Love is All! I say to you that man has not imagination enough to exaggerate the importance of love. The love of a man for a maid, or a maid for a man, can never last, unless these two mutually love a third something.

* * *

I love you because you love the things that I love. That man alone is great who utilizes the blessings that God provides; and of these blessings no gift equals the gentle, trusting companionship of a good woman.

* * *

If I had but two loaves of bread, I 'd sell one of them and buy white hyacinths to feed my soul.

* * *

Loaves alone are not quite enough—we want also the bread of life, and the bread of life is love, and did n't I say that flowers symbol love?

* * *

Then, love is illusion; perhaps life is illusion, a very beautiful rainbow, and why old folks should not be allowed to chase it, or allow sweet emotion to gurgle gleefully under their lee, a bit, as well as young folks, I do not know.

* * *

Only the love that is free and spontaneous and that holds its own by the purity, the sweetness, the tenderness and the gentleness of its life is divine.

* * *

It is quite often stoutly declared by callow folks that mother-love is the strongest and most enduring love in the world, but the wise waste no words on such an idle proposition. Mother-love retires into the shadow when the other kind appears.

CLOTHES play a most important part in Cupid’s pranks. Though the little god himself goes naked, he never allows his votaries to follow suit. That story of Venus unadorned appearing from the sea is only a fairy-tale—such a sight would have made a lovelorn swain take to the woods, and would have been interesting only to the anatomist or a member of the life class. The wicket, the lattice, the lace curtain, the veil and mantilla, are all secondary sexual manifestations. In rural districts where honesty still prevails, the girls crochet a creation which they call a “ fascinator,” and I can summon witnesses to prove it is one.

❧ ❧

To talk well is a talent, but to listen is a fine art. If I really wished to win the love of a man I ’d practise the art of listening. Even dull people often talk well when there is some one near who cultivates the receptive mood; and to please a man you must give him an opportunity to be both wise and witty. Men are pleased with their friends when they are pleased with themselves, and no man is ever so pleased with himself as when he has expressed himself well.

The sympathetic listener at a lecture or sermon is the only one who gets his money’s worth. If you would get good, lend your sympathy to a speaker, and if, accidentally, you imbibe heresy, you can easily throw it overboard when you get home.

The desert and mountain are very necessary to the individual who gives himself to the public. That any man should so bestride the narrow world like a colossus that the multitude must stop to gaze, and thousands feed upon his words, is an abnormal condition. The only thing that can hold the balance true is solitude.

❧ ❧

Activity and rest—both are needed. The idea of the “ retreat ” in the Catholic Church is founded on stern, hygienic science.

❧ ❧

Transplantation often turns a weed into a flower. It seems a hard saying and a grievous one, but the salvation of many a soul turns on getting away from one’s own family.

❧ ❧

Some have counted sex a mistake on the part of God; but the safer view is for us to conclude that whatever is, is good; some things are better than others, but all are good.

❧ ❧

The silly woman is one who has always had her own way, and is intent on conquest as Chronos appropriates her charms and gives bulk for beauty.

❧ ❧

They looked at each other and talked. And then they sat silent and looked at each other, realizing that people who do not understand each other without talk, never can with.

❧ ❧

We make friends, not by explaining things to other folks, but by allowing others to explain to us.

His Thoughts About Love and Friendship

PARENTS often try to live their children's lives for them, and to hold the balance true, children occasionally attempt to dictate to parents in affairs of the heart. A young man by the name of Hamlet will be recalled who, having no special business of his own, became much distressed and had theories concerning the conduct of his mother. As a general proposition the person who looks after the territory directly under his own hat will find his time fairly well employed.

* * *

I am told that when a boy of eighteen or nineteen mingles his voice several evenings a week with that of a married lady, aged, say, thirty-five, and they also play " four hands " an hour or so a day, that the boy is apt to surprise the married lady by falling very much in love with her. Boys are quite given to this thing, anyway, of falling in love with women old enough to be their mothers—I don't know why it is.

* * *

Love is very patient, very kind. Love knows no jealousy; love makes no parade, gives itself no airs, is never rude, never selfish, never irritated, never resentful; love is never glad when others go wrong; love is gladdened by goodness, always slow to expose, always eager to believe the best, always hopeful, always patient. Love never disappears.

* * *

Forty houses in a row, all alike, are not homes at all.

* * *

The soul in which the feminine does not mingle is ripe for wrong, strife and unreason.

* * *

Mortals do not merely like each other because they like each other; such a bond is tenuous as a spider's thread. I love you because you love the things that I love.

* * *

Where religion begins and sex ends no man can say—the books are silent and revelation is dumb. Indeed, there be those who are so bold as to say that art, love and religion are one.

* * *

The only thing that finally banished fear and stopped the rage for vengeance, revenge and loot was Love. Not the love for God. No! Just the love of man and woman.

* * *

Poetry and love-making should be carried on with caution: they form a terrific tax on life's forces. Most poets die young, not because the gods especially love them, but because life is a bank-account, and to wipe out your balance is to have your checks protested. The excesses of youth are drafts payable at maturity.

ARISTOTLE might have assumed important affairs of State, but practical politics were not to his liking ❧ "What Aristotle is in the world of thought I will be in the world of action," said Alexander.

On all of his journeys Alexander found time to keep in touch with his old teacher at home; and we find the ruler of Asia voicing that old request, "Send me something to read," and again, "I live alone with my thoughts, amidst a throng of men, but without companions."

Plutarch gives a copy of a letter sent by Alexander wherein Aristotle is chided for publishing his lecture on oratory. "Now all the world will know what formerly belonged to you and me alone," plaintively cries the young man who sighed for more worlds to conquer, and therein shows he was the victim of a fallacy that will never die—the idea that truth can be embodied in a book. When will we ever learn that inspired books demand inspired readers!

There are no secrets. A book may stimulate thought, but it can never impart it.

Aristotle wrote out the Laws of Oratory ❧ "Alas!" groans Alexander, "everybody will turn orator now." But he was wrong, because Oratory and the Laws of Oratory are totally different things. ¶ A Boston man of excellent parts has just recently given out the Sixteen Perfective Laws of Oratory, and the Nineteen Steps in Evolution.

The real truth is, there are Fifty-seven Varieties of Artistic Vagaries, and all are valuable to the man who evolves them—they serve him as a scaffolding whereby he builds thought. But woe betide Alexander and all rare-ripe Bostonians who mistake the scaffolding for the edifice.

There are no Laws of Art. A man evolves first, and builds his laws afterward. The style is the man, and a great man, full of spirit, will express himself in his own way. Bach ignored all the Laws of Harmony made before his day and set down new ones—and these marked his limitations—that was all. Beethoven upset all these, and Wagner succeeded by breaking most of Beethoven's rules. And now comes Grieg, and writes harmonious discords that Wagner said were impossible, and still it is music, for by it we are transported on the wings of song and uplifted to the stars.

The individual soul striving for expression ignores all man-made laws. Truth is that which serves us best in expressing our lives. A rotting log is truth to a bed of violets, while sand is truth to a cactus. But when the violet writes a book on "Expression as I Have Found It," making laws for the evolution of beautiful blossoms, it leaves the Century Plant out of its equation, or else swears, i' faith, that a cactus is not a flower, and that a Night-Blooming Cereus is a disordered thought from a madman's brain. And when the proud and lofty cactus writes a book it never mentions violets, because it has never stooped to seek them. Art is the blossoming of the Soul. We can not make the plant blossom—all we can do is to comply with the conditions of growth. We can supply the sunshine, moisture and aliment, and God does the rest. In teaching, he only is successful who supplies the conditions of growth—that is all there is of the Science of Pedagogics, which is not a science, and if it ever becomes one, it will be the Science of Letting Alone, and not a scheme of interference ❧ Just so long as some of the greatest men are those who have broken through pedagogic fancy and escaped, succeeding by breaking every rule of pedagogy, as Wagner discarded every Law of Harmony, there will be no such thing as a Science of Education ❧ ❧

"All truth is relative, and none can be final to a man six feet high, who stands on the ground, who can walk but forty miles at a stretch, who needs four meals a day and one-third of his time for sleep. A loss of sleep, or loss of a meal, or a meal too much, will disarrange his point of view, and change his opinions." And thus do we see that a belief in "eternal punishment" is a mere matter of indigestion.

❧ ❧

It is a great thing to paint a beautiful picture, but ’t is a more difficult feat to hypnotize the public into accepting the fact.

❧ ❧

Now, people do not have portraits painted simply because they want portraits painted: they want these portraits shown and admired.

I HAVE a dear friend who is an amateur photographic artist, which be it known is quite a different thing from a kodak fiend. The latter is continually snapping a machine at incongruous things; he delights in catching people in absurd postures; he pictures the foolish, the irrelevant, the transient and the needless. But what does my friend picture? I ’ll tell you. He catches pictures only of beautiful objects: swaying stalks of goldenrod, flights of thistle-down, lichens on old stone walls, barks of trees, oak-leaves, bunches of acorns, single sprays of apple-blossoms. Last Spring he found two robins building a nest in a cherry-tree: he placed his camera near them, and attaching a fine wire to spring the shutter, took a picture of Mr. and Mrs. Robin Redbreast laying down the first coarse straws for their nest. Then he took a picture every day for thirty days of that nest—from the time four blue eggs are shown until four, wide-open mouths are held hungrily for dainty grubs. This series of photographs forms an Epic of Creation. So, if you ask me to solve the question of whether photography is art, I ’ll answer: it all depends upon what you picture, and how you present it.

❧ ❧

Our first and last demand of Art is that it shall give us the artist’s best. Art is the mintage of the soul. All the whim, foible, and rank personality are blown away on the winds of time—the good remains.

THE artist does business on a very small margin of inspiration. Do you understand me? The man of genius is not a genius all the time. Usually he is only a very ordinary individual. There may be days or weeks that are fallow, and sometimes even years that are years of famine. He can not conquer the mood of depression that is holding him to earth. But some day the clouds suddenly clear away, the sun bursts out, and the soul of the man is alive with divine fervor. Sublime thoughts crowd upon him, great waves of emotion sweep over his soul, and as Webster said of his Hayne speech, " The air was full of reasons, and all I had to do was to reach up and seize them."

All great music and all deathless poems are written in a fever of ecstacy; all paintings that move men to tears are painted in tears.

❧ ❧

The disarming of the populace—confiscating canes, umbrellas and parasols—before allowing people to enter an art-gallery is necessary; although it is a peculiar comment on humanity to think people have a tendency to smite, punch, prod and poke beautiful things. The same propensity manifests itself in wishing to fumble a genius.

❧ ❧

In the heart of the artist-poet there is an Inmost Self that sits over against the acting, breathing man and passes judgment on his every deed. To satisfy the world is little; to please the populace is naught; fame is vapor; gold is dross; and every love that has not the sanction of that Inmost Self is a viper's sting. To satisfy the demands of the God within is the poet's prayer.

❧ ❧

ART is not a thing separate and apart—art is only the beautiful way of doing things. And is it not most absurd to think, because a man has the faculty of doing a thing well, that on this account he should assume airs and declare himself exempt along the line of morals and manners? The expression " artistic temperament " is often an apologetic term, like "literary sensitiveness," which means that the man has stuck to one task so long that he is unable to meet his brother men on a respectful equality.

❧ ❧

All music is a hymn of praise, a song of thanksgiving, a chant of faith.

❧ ❧

Music is the only one of the arts that can not be prostituted to a base use.

❧ ❧

An artist's work is his life.

❧ ❧

And the grim fact still remains that world-poets have never been " respectable," and that the saviors of the world are usually crucified between thieves.

❧ ❧

Music is a secondary sexual manifestation, just as are the songs of birds, their gay and gaudy plumage, the color and perfume of flowers that so delight us, and the luscious fruits that nourish us—all is sex.

His Thoughts About Art and Artists

ALL art consists in this: to show the harmony of a part. And having seen the harmony of a part we pass on to a point where we can guess the harmony of the whole. Whether you be painter, sculptor, musician or writer, all your endeavors are toward lifting from the mass of things a scene, a form, a harmony, a truth, and, relieving it from all that distracts, catch it in immortal amber.

The writer merely unearths truth: truth has always existed: he lifts it out of the mass, and holding it up where others can see it, the discerning cry, " Yes, yes—we recognize it! " The musician takes the sound he needs from the winds blowing through the forest branches, constructs a harp strung with Apollo's golden hair, and behold, we have a symphony! The wrongs of a race in bondage never touched the hearts of men until a woman lifted out a single, solitary black man and showed us the stripes upon the quivering back of Uncle Tom. One human being nailed to a cross reveals the concentrated woes of earth; and as we gaze upon the picture into our hard hearts there comes creeping a desire to lessen the sorrows of the world by an increased love; and a gentleness and sympathy are ours such as we have never before known.

❧ ❧

Most young artists begin by working for microscopic effects, trying to portray every detail, to see every leaf, stem and branch and reveal them in the picture.

The ability to draw carefully and finish painstakingly is very necessary but the great artist must forget how to draw before he paints a great picture; just as every strong writer must put the grammar upon the shelf before he writes well.

❧ ❧

Music is supposed to be a compound of the stuff that dreams are made of—hazy, misty, dim, intangible feelings set to sounds—we close our eyes and they take us captive and carry us away on the wings of melody. And so it may be true that music is born of moonshine, and fragrant memories, and hopes too great for earth, and loves unrealized; yet its expression is the most exacting of sciences.

❧ ❧

A Great Musician has not only to be a poet and a dreamer, but he must also be a mathematician, cold as chilled steel, and a philosopher who can follow a reason to its lair and grapple it to the death.

❧ ❧

Portrait-painting is the first form of art that appeals to a rude and uncultivated people. To reproduce the image of a living man in stone, or to show a likeness of his face in paint, is calculated to give a thrill even to a savage. There is something mysterious in the art, and the desire to catch the shadow ere the substance fades is strong in the human heart.

SOME years ago in a lecture John La Farge said that the world had produced only seven painters that deserved to rank in the first class, and one of these is Correggio. The speaker did not name the other six; and although requested to do so, smilingly declined, saying that he preferred to allow each auditor to complete the list for himself.

One person present made out this list of seven Immortals, and passed the list to Edmund Russell, seated near, for comments. This is the list: Michelangelo, Leonardo, Titian, Rembrandt, Correggio, Velasquez, Corot.

Mr. Russell approved the selection, but added a note claiming the privilege to change and substitute names from time to time as his mood might prompt. This seems to me like a very sensible verdict. “ Who is your favorite author? ” is a question that is often asked. Just as if any one author ever got first place in the mind of a strong man and stuck there! Authors jostle each other for first place in our hearts. We may have Emerson periods and Browning periods, when they alone minister to us; and so also pictures, like music, make their appeals to mood.

* * *

Don’t you know how Rembrandt painted the “ Christ at Emmaus?” I do. I am that man.

* * *

Most of the truly great artists have been men of this Stone Age—quality men who dared.

Boheme is not down on the map, because it is not a money-order post-office. It is only a Queen Mab fairy fabric of a warm, transient desire; its walls being constructed of the stuff that dreams are made of, and its little life is rounded with a pipe and tabor, two empties and a brass tray. Yet the semblance of the thing is there and this often deceives the very elect. Around every art studio are found the young men in velveteen who smoke infinite cigarettes, and throw off opinions about this great man and that, and prate prosaically in blase monotone of the Beautiful. Sometimes these young persons give lectures on “ Art as I Have Found It;” but do not be deceived by this—the art that lives is probably being produced by small, shy, red-headed men who work on a top floor, and whom you can only find with the help of a search-warrant. One sort talks of art, the other kind produces it. One tells of truth, the other is living it.

* * *

Every great work of art is an evolution—the man sees it first as a mere germ—it grows, enlarges, evolves.

* * *

The artist is the voluptuary of labor, and his fantastic tricks often seem to be only Nature’s way of equalizing matters, and showing the world that he is very common clay, after all. To be modest and gentle and kind, as we all can be, is just as much to God as to be learned and talented, and yet be a cad ❧ ❧

His Thoughts About Art and Artists

GOD'S masterpiece is the human face. A woman's smile may have in it more sublimity than a sunset; more pathos than a battle-scarred landscape; more warmth than the sun's bright ray; more love than words can say. The eyes reveal the soul, the mouth the flesh, the chin stands for purpose, the nose means will. But over and behind all is that fleeting Something we call "expression." This Something is not set or fixed, it is fluid as the ether, changeful as the clouds that move in mysterious majesty across a summer sky, subtle as the sob of rustling leaves—too faint at times for human ears—elusive as the ripples that play hide-and-seek over the bosom of a placid lake. Life writes its history upon the face, so that all those who have had a like experience read and understand.

❧ ❧

Some otherwise sensible people hold that musicians are shallow and impractical; and I know one man who declares that truth and honesty and uprightness never dwelt in a professional musician's heart; and further, that the tribe is totally incapable of comprehending the difference between "meum" and "tuum." But then this same man claims that actors are rascals who have lost their own characters in the business of playing they are somebody else.

❧ ❧

Still, I suppose every artist has to go through this period—the period when he thinks he is called upon to portray the feminine form divine —it is like the mumps and the measles.

❧ ❧

The Puritans believed that the arts of sculpture and painting were both idolatrous. Some believed also that instrumental music was the work of the devil. While a few believed that wind-instruments, like the organ, were proper and right, yet stringed instruments were harmful and tended to lascivious pleasings. Now there are churches that use the pipe-organ, but allow the use of a piano only in the lecture-room, or guildhouse. The United Presbyterians disunited from the main body by abjurting all music but that of the human voice, and then they split as to the propriety of using a tuning-fork.

❧ ❧

No one can study the lives of eminent artists without being impressed with the fact that the artist is essentially the child of his mother. The sympathy demanded to hold a clear, mental conception—the imagination that see the whole, even when the first straight line is made—is the gift of mother to son. She gives him of her spirit, and he is heir to her love of color, her desire for harmony and her hunger for sympathy. These, plus his masculine strength, may allow him to accomplish that which was to her only a dream.

AS intellect develops and goes more in partnership with hand, imagination soars, and things are outlined that no man can see except he be able to perceive the invisible. To appreciate a work of art you must feel as the artist felt.

Now, it is very plain that the vast majority of people are not capable of this high sense of sublimity which the creative artist feels; and therefore they do not understand and not understanding, they wax merry, or cynical, or sarcastic, or wrathful, or envious; or they pass by unmoved. And I maintain that those who pass by unmoved are more righteous than they who scoff.

❧ ❧

Some one has said that no man can appreciate the beautiful who has not a keen sense of humor. For the beautiful is the harmonious, and the laughable is the absence of fit adjustment.

❧ ❧

Great talent is often bought at a price—how well we know this, especially with musicians.

❧ ❧

Strong men infuse into their work a deal of their own spirit, and their words are charged with a suggestion and meaning beyond the mere sound. There is a reverberation that thrills one. All art that lives is thus vitalized with a spiritual essence: an essence that ever escapes the analyst, but which is felt and known by all who have hearts that throb and souls that feel.

A Great Musician is a paradox, a miracle, a multiple-sided man—stern, firm, selfish, proud and unyielding; yet sensuous as the ether, tender as a woman, innocent as a child, and as plastic as potter's clay. And with most of them, let us frankly admit it, the hand of the Potter shook. When people write about musicians, they seldom write moderately. The man is either a selfish rogue or an angel of light—it all depends upon your point of view. And the curious part is, both sides are right.

❧ ❧

To love the plain, homely, common, simple things of earth, of these to sing; to make the familiar beautiful and the commonplace enchanting; to cause each bush to burn with the actual presence of the living God! this is the poet's office.

❧ ❧

The Artist is one who is educated in the three H's—head, heart and hand. He is God's child—no less are we—and he has done for us the things we would have liked to do ourselves.

❧ ❧

There are two kinds of people to be found in all studios: those who talk about art, and the fellows who paint the pictures.

❧ ❧

All art must suggest something. Mere verbal description is not literature: it is only words, words, words; a picture must be charged with soul, otherwise a photograph would outrank "The Angelus." Music must be more than jingling tunes and mincing sounds.

His Thoughts About Thinkers

A THINKING man is one of the most recent productions evolved from Nature's laboratory. The first man of brains to express himself about the world in an honest, simple and natural way, just as if nothing had been said about it before, was Socrates.

Twenty-four centuries have passed since Socrates was put to death on the charge of speaking disrespectfully of the gods and polluting the minds of the youths of Athens. During ten of these centuries that have passed since then, the race lost the capacity to think, through the successful combination of the priest and the soldier. These men blocked human evolution. The penalty for making slaves is that you become one.

To suppress humanity is to suppress yourself.

The race is one. So the priests and the soldiers who in the Third Century had a modicum of worth themselves, sank and were submerged in the general slough of superstition and ignorance. It was a panic that continued for a thousand years, all through the endeavor of faulty men to make people good by force. At all times, up to within our own decade, frank expression on religious, economic and social topics has been fraught with great peril. Even yet any man who hopes for popularity as a writer, orator, merchant or politician, would do well to conceal studiously his inmost beliefs. On such simple themes as the taxation of real estate, regardless of the business of the owner, and a payment of a like wage for a like service without consideration of sex, the statesman who has the temerity to speak out will be quickly relegated to private life. Successful merchants depending on a local constituency find it expedient to cater to popular superstitions by heading subscription-lists for the support of things in which they do not believe. No avowed independent thinker would be tolerated as chief ruler of any of the so-called civilized countries.

The fact, however, that the penalty for frank expression is limited now to social and commercial ostracism is very hopeful—a few years ago it meant the scaffold.

We have been heirs to a leaden legacy of fear that has well-nigh banished joy and made of life a long nightmare.

In very truth, the race has been insane.

Hallucinations, fallacies, fears, have gnawed at our hearts, and men have fought men with deadly frenzy. The people who interfered, trying to save us, we have killed. Truly did we say, " There is no health in us," which repetition did not tend to mend the malady. We are now getting convalescent. We are hobbling out into the sunshine on crutches. We have discharged most of our old advisers, heaved the dulling and deadly bottles out of the windows, and are intent on studying and understanding our own case. Our motto is twenty-four centuries old—it is simply this: KNOW THYSELF.

THE race has gained ground, made head upon the whole; and thanks to the thinkers gone, there are thinkers now in every community who weigh, sift, try and decide. No statement made by an interested party can go unchallenged. " How do you know?" and " Why?" we ask.

That is good which serves—man is the important item, this earth is the place, and the time is now. So all good men and women and all churches are endeavoring to make earth heaven; and all agree that to live, now and here, the best you can, is the fittest preparation for a life to come.

We no longer accept the doctrine that our natures are rooted in infamy, and that the desires of the flesh are cunning traps set by Satan, with God's permission, to undo us. We believe that no one can harm us but ourselves, that sin is misdirected energy, that there is no devil but fear, and that the universe is planned for good. On every side we find beauty and excellence held in the balance of things. We know that work is needful, that winter is as necessary as summer, that night is as useful as day, that death is a manifestation of life, and just as good. We believe in the Now and Here. We believe in a power that is in ourselves that makes for righteousness ❧ ❧

These things have not been taught us by a superior class who have governed us for a consideration, and to whom we have paid taxes and tithes—we have simply thought things out for ourselves, and in spite of them.

❧ ❧

History and literature are very closely related. If one sets down the chief events in political history, and over against these writes the names of the radical authors and orators of the time, he can not but be convinced that literature leads, and soldiers and politicians are puppets tossed on the tide of time. A thought, well expressed, is a bomb that explodes indefinitely.

❧ ❧

Literature and oratory are arsenals that supply the people their armament of reasons. And through the use and exercise of these borrowed reasons, we learn to create new ones for ourselves. Thinkers prepare the way for thinkers, and every John the Baptist uttering his cry in the wilderness is heard. And the fate of John the Baptist, and the fate of the Man whom he preceded, are typical of the fate of all who are bold enough to carry the standard of revolt into the camp of the entrenched enemy. The Cross is a mighty privilege; and only the sublimely great are able to pay the price at which hemlock is held.

And there is only one thing worth fighting for, talking for, or writing for; and all literature and all oratory have this for their central theme—Freedom.

❧ ❧

Travel often excites the spirit to the point of expression. Good travelers carry pads and pencils.

His Thoughts About Thinkers

THE best way to learn to write, is to write. Herbert Spencer never studied grammar until he had learned to write. He took his grammar at sixty, which is a good age to begin this interesting study, as by that time you have largely lost your capacity to sin. Men who swim exceedingly well are not those who have taken courses in the theory of swimming at natatoriums from professors of the amphibian art—they were boys who just jumped in. Correspondence-schools for the taming of broncos are as naught; and treatises on the gentle art of wooing are of no avail—follow Nature's lead. Grammar is the appendenda vermiformis of pedagogics! It is as useless as the letter q in the alphabet, or as the proverbial two tails to a cat, which no cat ever had, and the finest cat in the world, the Manx cat, has no tail at all.

"The literary style of most university men is commonplace, when not positively bad," wrote Herbert Spencer in his old age. " Educated Englishmen all write alike," said Taine. That is to say, they have no literary style, for style is character, individuality—the style is the man. And grammar tends to obliterate all individuality ❧ No study is so irksome to everybody, except to the sciolists who teach it, as grammar. It remains forever a bad taste in the mouth of the man of ideas, and has weaned bright minds innumerable from all desire to express themselves through the written word. Grammar is the etiquette of words, and the man who does not know how to properly salute his grandmother on the street until he has consulted a book, is always so troubled about his tenses that his fancies break through language and escape.

Orators who keep their thoughts upon the proper way to gesticulate in curves impress nobody. If poor grammar were a sin against decency, or an attempt to poison the minds of the people, it might be wise enough to hire men to protect the well of English from defilement. But a stationary language is a dead one—moving water only is pure—and the well that is not fed by springs is a breeding-place for disease. Let men express themselves in their own way, and if they express themselves poorly, look you, their punishment shall be that no one will read them. Oblivion, with her smother-blanket, waits for the writer who has nothing to say and says it faultlessly. In the making of hare-soup, I am told the first requisite is to catch your hare. The literary scullion who has anything to offer a hungry world will doubtless find a way to fricassee it.

* * *

Bible legend and allusion color the English language, and any man who does not know his Bible well, can never hope to speak or write English with grace and fluency.

* * *

Because a thing helps you in a certain period of your education is no reason why you should feed upon it forevermore.

This way lies arrested development.

THE man who has dared to think for himself and voiced his thought—the emancipated man—has been as one in a million. What usually passes for thought is only the repetition of things we have heard or been told. We memorize, repeat by rote and call it thought.

With the Church and State in control of food and clothes, and with spears, clubs, knives and guns ready to suppress whatsoever seemed dangerous to their stability, it is a miracle that men have ever improved on anything—for progress has been for centuries a perilous performance. To question a priest was blasphemy. To reason with a judge was heinous. To think and decide for yourself was to invite torture and death.

❧ ❧

ART is more a matter of heart than of head.

Literary men do not quarrel more than other men—it only seems as if they did. This is because your writer uses his kazoo in getting even with his supposed enemy—he flings the rhetorical stinkpot with precision, and his grievances come into prominence all out of keeping with their importance.

❧ ❧

After a person has greatly praised another, and wishes to say something particularly unkind about him, one horn of the dilemma must be taken. If you admit you were wrong in the first conclusion, you lay yourself open to the suspicion that you are also wrong in the second—that you are one who makes snap judgments. The safer way then is to cling close to the presumption of your own infallibility, without, of course, actually stating it, and claim that your idol has changed, backslidden—fallen. This then lends an aura of virtue to your action, as it shows a wholesome desire on your part not to associate with the base person, and also an altruistic wish to warn the world so it shall not be undone by him.

❧ ❧

TAKE it home to yourself—haven't the best things and the worst that have ever been said about you, been expressed by the same person?

The opinion of any one person concerning any man of genius, or any product of art, is absolutely valueless. Whim, prejudice, personal bias, and physical condition color our view and tint our opinions, and when we cease to love a man personally, to condemn his art is an easy and natural step. What was before pleasing is now preposterous.

❧ ❧

There is no tragedy for those who do not accept tragedy; and the treatment we receive from others is only our own reflected thought.

❧ ❧

Where thinkers are, there is thought. Thinkers think anywhere, in country, village, town—in prison.

❧ ❧

In a country town the person who thinks, instinctively hunts out the other man who thinks—granting the somewhat daring hypothesis that there are two of them.

IN reference to writing books it may not be amiss to explain that no one ever said, "Now then, I'll write a story!" and sitting down at table took up pen and dipping it in ink, wrote. Stories don't come that way. Stories take possession of one—incident after incident—and you write in order to get rid of 'em—with a few other reasons mixed in, for motives, like silver, are always found mixed. Children play at keeping house: and men and women who have loved think of the things that have happened, then imagine all the things that might have happened, and from thinking it all over to writing it out is but a step. You begin one chapter and write it this forenoon; and do all you may to banish the plot, the next chapter is all in your head before sundown. Next morning you write chapter number two, to unload it, and so the story spins itself out into a book. All this if you live in the country and have time to think and are not broken in upon by too much work and worry—save the worry of the ever-restless mind. Whether the story is good or not depends upon what you leave out. The sculptor produces the beautiful statue by chipping away such parts of the marble block as are not needed.

Really happy people do not write stories—they accumulate adipose tissue and die at the top through fatty degeneration of the cerebrum. A certain disappointment in life, a dissatisfaction with environment, is necessary to stir the imagination to a creative point. If things are all to your taste you sit back and enjoy them. You forget the flight of time, the march of the seasons, your future life, family, country—all, just as Antony did in Egypt. A deadly, languorous satisfaction comes over you. Pain, disappointment, unrest or a joy that hurts, are the things that prick the mind into activity.

* *

Have not some of the great books of the world been written in prison? Things work by antithesis; and if your discipline is too severe, you get no discipline at all. Puritanical pretense, hypocrisy and a life of repression, with "thou shalt not" set on a hair-trigger, have made more than one man bold, genuine and honest. Draw the bow far enough this way, and your arrow will go a long way that. Forbid a man to think for himself, or to act for himself, and you may add the joy of piracy and the zest of smuggling to his life.

* *

To weave your spell out of commonplace events and brew a love-potion from every-day materials is high art. When Kipling takes three average soldiers of the line, ignorant, lying, swearing, smoking, dog-fighting soldiers, who can even run on occasion, and by telling of them holds a world in thrall—that's art! In these soldiers three we recognize something very much akin to ourselves, for the thing that holds no relationship to us does not interest us—we can not omit the personal equation.

I WISH here to remark in parentheses that the author who has not made warm friends and then lost them in an hour by writing things that did not agree with the preconceived idea of these friends, has either not written well or not been read. Every preacher who preaches ably has two doors to his church—one where the people come in and another through which he preaches them out. And I do not see how any man, even though he be divine, could expect or hope to have as many as twelve disciples and hold them for three years without being doubted, denied and betrayed. If you have thoughts, and honestly speak your mind, Golgotha for you is not far away.

◆ ◆

The way to learn to write is to write. But young men will not write of their own free will; the literary first-mate in way of a Managing Editor with a loaded club of expletives is necessary. Or, stay! there is another way to stimulate the ganglionic cells and become dexterous in the cosmic potentiality—the Daily Theme sent to a woman who thinks and feels. That is the way that Goethe acquired his style. There were love-letters that crossed each other daily, and after years of this practise—the sparks a-flying—Goethe found himself the greatest stylist of his day. Love taught him.

◆ ◆

All literature and all art are secondary sex manifestations, just as surely as the song of birds or the color and perfume of flowers are sex qualities.

LITERARY creation makes a terrific tax on vitality. Ideas do not flow until the pulse goes above eighty, and this means the rapid breaking down of tissue. The man who writes two hours daily, and writes well, can not do much else. He is like the racehorse—do not expect the record-breaker to pull a plow all day, and go fast heats in the evening.

◆ ◆

All books that live are autobiographies, for the reason that no writer is interesting save as he writes about himself. All literature is a confession; there is only one kind of ink, and it is red.

◆ ◆

Everybody is entertaining when he writes about himself, because he is discussing a subject in which he is vitally interested—whether he understands the theme is another thing.

◆ ◆

That the Divine Energy should incarnate itself and find expresseion in the form of a man, and that this man should inspire others to think and write, to do and dare, is a subject the contemplation of which should make us stand uncovered.

◆ ◆

There is an ancient myth about writers being harassed by autograph-fiends and all that; but the simple fact is, nothing so warms the cockles of an author's heart as to be asked for his autograph.

◆ ◆

And ahoy there, all you folks who have books! Do you not know what books are to a child hungry for truth, that has no books?

To write nothing better than grammatical English, to punctuate properly, and repeat thoughts in the same sequence that have been repeated a thousand times, is to do something icily regular, splendidly null.

To down the demons of syntax and epithet is not enough.

To compose blameless sonatas and produce symphonies in the accepted style, is not adding an iota to the world's worth.

The individual who tries to compose either ideas or harmonious sounds, and hopes for success, must compose because he can not help it. He must place the thing in a way it has never before been placed; on the subject he must throw a new light; he must carry the standard forward, and plant it one degree nearer the uncaptured citadel of the Ideal. And he must remember this: the very prominence of his position will cause him to be the target of contumely, abuse and much stupid misunderstanding. If he complains of these things (as he probably will), he reveals a rift in the lute and proves that he is only a half-god, after all.

Men of the highest type of culture—those of masterly talent—are not gregarious in their nature. The " jiner " instinct goes with a man who is a little doubtful, and so he attaches himself to this society, club or church.

❧ ❧

" A literary reputation once attained can never be lost," says Balzac. This for the reason that we find it much easier to admit a man's greatness than to refute it. The safest and most solid reputations are those of writers nobody reads. As long as a man is read he is being weighed, and the verdict is uncertain, which remark, of course, does not apply to the books we read with our eyes shut. Shakespeare's proud position today is possible only through the fact that he is not read.

We get our Shakespeare from " Bartlett's Quotations: " and the statement made by the good old lady that Shakespeare used more quotations than any other man who ever lived is true, although she should have added that he used blessed few quotation-marks.

In all my life I never knew anybody, save one woman and a little girl, who read Shakespeare in the original. I know a deal of Shakespeare, although I never read one of his plays, and never could witness a Shakespearean performance without having the fidgets. All the Shakespeare I have, I caught from being exposed to people who have the microbe.

❧ ❧

Men meet on a horse basis, a book basis, a religious basis, or some other mutual leaning; sometimes we find them uniting on a mutual dislike for something.

❧ ❧

Art, literature, philosophy, science, even religion, have their periods of infancy, youth, manhood and decay.

WITH the savage type there is no progression: the noble red man is content to be a noble red man all his days, and the result is that in standing still he is retreating off the face of the earth. Not so your "eternal fighting-man"—he is scourged by a restlessness that allows him no rest nor respite save in his work.

Beware when a thinker and worker is let loose on the planet!

❧ ❧

A razor with which you can not shave may have better metal in it than one with a perfect edge. One has been sharpened and the other not. And I am very sure that the men who write best do not necessarily know the most; Fate has put an edge on them—that 's all. A good kick may start a stone rolling, when otherwise it rests on the mountain-side for a generation.

❧ ❧

The belief now is that Rousseau's " Confessions " is largely constructive truth, as differentiated from fact, and constructive truth is the thing which might have happened, but did not.

❧ ❧

All literature is confession—vicarious confession. The gentle reader has the joy of doing the thing, and escaping the penalty.

❧ ❧

TRUTH is in the air; it belongs to all who can appreciate it;and the difference between the man who gives a truth expression and the listener who at once comprehends and repeats it, is very slight. If you understand what I say, it is because you have thought the same thoughts yourself—I merely express for you that which you already know. And so you approve and applaud, not stopping to think that you are applauding your own thought; and your heart beats fast and you say, " Yes, yes, why did n't I say that myself!"

❧ ❧

All conversation is a sort of communion—an echoing back and forth of thoughts, feelings and emotions. We clarify our thoughts by expressing them—no idea is quite your own until you tell it to another.

❧ ❧

All these things seem to show that a man can be a great author and yet have a small soul. Have n't we over-rated this precious gift of authorship just a trifle?

❧ ❧

WE write for those who understand, and the person to whom a letter is written gives the key that calls forth its quality. Great love-letters are written only to great women.

❧ ❧

That the lives of most authors is a series of misunderstandings, blunders, heart-burnings, tragedies, is a fact. The author is a man who diverts and amuses us by doing the things we would do if we had time; and if we like him it is only because he expresses the things we already know. His is a hard task, requiring intense concentration—a concentration that can only be continued for a short time without the absolute burning out of existence.

His Thoughts About Government

THAT government is best which governs least. The liberty of each, limited only by the liberty of all, is the rule to which society must conform in order to attain the highest development. Governments have no business to scrutinize the life and belief of the individual. Interference should only come where one man interferes with the liberties of another.

Liberty of action is the first requisite to progress, and the prime essential in human happiness. It is better that men have wrong opinions than no opinions—through our blunders we reach the light. Government is for man, and not man for government. Men wish to do what is best for themselves, and eventually they will, if let alone, but they can only grow through constant practise and frequent mistakes. Plato's plan for an ideal republic provided rules and laws for the guidance of the individual. In the Mosaic Laws it is the same! Every circumstance and complication of life is thought out, and the law tells the individual what he shall do, and what he shall not do. That is to say, a few men were to do the thinking for the many. And the argument that plain people should not be allowed to think for themselves, since the wise know better what is for their good, is exactly the argument used by slaveholders: that they can take better care of the man than the man can. There is a certain plausibility and truth in this proposition. It is all a point of view.

But to Herbert Spencer there was little difference between enslavement of the mind and enslavement of the body. Both were essentially wrong in this—they interfered with Nature's law of evolution, and anything contrary to Nature must pay the penalty of pain and death. All forms of enslavement react upon the slaveholder, and a society founded on force can not evolve—and not evolve is to die ❧ The wellsprings of Nature must not be dammed—and in fact cannot be dammed but for a day. Overflow, revolution and violence are sure to follow. This is the general law; and so give the man liberty. One man's rights end only where another man's begin.

* * *

The customs of society continue, and are always regarded by the many as perfect—in fact, divine. This continues until some one called a demogogue and a fanatic suggests a change.

* * *

THEY did not realize that slavery is a condition of mind, and that as a class slaves are quite happy in their serfdom, being as unaware of their true condition as are those caught in the coils of superstition. No one sees the coils but the free man on the outside. The beauty of freedom's fight is that it frees the fighter.

* * *

There is no freedom on earth or in any star for those who deny freedom to others.

* * *

Men fight for a thing and lose, and the men they fought fight for the same thing under another name, and win!

PEOPLE living on the pavement or in sky-scrapers soon degenerate. Man can not thrive apart from land. Abject poverty is found only in great cities, where population is huddled like worms in a knot ❧ ❧

The highest average of intelligence, happiness and prosperity is found in villages, where each family owns its home, and the renter is the rare exception. Man can no more live apart from land than can the grass. The ownership of a very small plot of ground steadies life, lends ballast to existence, and is a bond given to society for good behavior. " I am no longer an anarchist—I have bought a lot and am building a house," a Russian refugee advised his restless colleagues at home, when they wrote, asking him for quotations on dynamite.

It is obvious and easy to say that the people who make city slums possible do not want to own houses and would not live upon land and improve it, if they could.

The worst about this statement is that it is true. They are so sunken in fear, superstition and indifference that they lack the squirrel's thrift in providing a home and laying in a stock of provisions; they are even without the ground-hog's ambition to burrow. They are too sodden to know what they are missing, and are lacking in the imagination which pictures a better condition.

They are like those pigmy bondsmen who work in the cotton-mills of the South—yellow, gaunt, too dead to weep, too hopeless to laugh, too pained to feel.

The reason the people have not had possession of the land is because they did not want it. The ownership of the land you need to use comes in answer to prayer—and prayer is the soul's desire, uttered or unexpressed.

❧ ❧

If fraud and rascality exist in high places, it is because we elect rascals to office.

❧ ❧

The single tax would give the land back to the people, or at least make it possible for people who want it to get what they could use. Those who have the desire to improve land, and improve themselves by improving it, would no longer be blocked ❧ ❧

The fresh blood of the country which makes the enterprise of cities possible comes from the boys and girls who warmed their feet on October mornings where the cows lay down; who have been brought up to work on land, to plant and hoe and harvest and look after livestock. This is all education, and very necessary education.

❧ ❧

There is no government so near perfect as that of an absolute monarchy—where the monarch is wise and just.

❧ ❧

England is the freest country on earth. It is her rule to let her orators unmuzzle their ignorance and find relief in venting grievances upon the empty air.

His Thoughts About Government

A SERVILE people are slaves by habit, and habit is the only fetter. Freedom, like happiness, is a condition of mind ❧ A whining, complaining, pinching, pilfering class that listens for the whistle, watches the clock, that works only when under the menacing eye of the boss, and stands in eternal fear of the blue envelope here, and perdition hereafter, can never be made free by legislative enactment. Freedom can not be granted, any more than education can be imparted: both must be achieved, or we yammer forever without the pale. A simple, strong and honest people is free. People enslaved by superstition and ruled by the dead have work at filing fetters ahead of them, which only they themselves can do.

❧ ❧

The moral weakness of man is the one thing that makes tyranny possible ❧ ❧

Tyranny is the condition in the hearts of serfs. Tyrants tyrannize only over people of a certain cast of mind. Tyrants are men who have stolen power—convicts who have wrested guns from their guards. Watch them, and in a little while they will again shift places.

❧ ❧

Tyranny is self-limiting. If laws are too severe, there will surely come a time when they will not be observed, and history shows that the men who have introduced the guillotine ended their careers in its embrace ❧ ❧

Governments grant men immunity from danger on payment of a tax. Thus men cease protecting themselves, and so in the course of time lose the ability to protect themselves, because the faculty of courage has atrophied through disuse. Brooding apprehension and crouching fear are the properties of civilized men—men who are protected by the State. The joy of reveling in life is not possible in cities. Bolts and bars, locks and keys, soldiers and police, and a hundred other symbols of distrust, suspicion and hate, are on every hand, reminding us that man is the enemy of man, and must be protected from his brothers. Protection and slavery are near of kin.

❧ ❧

That is the only way to keep money—fasten your eye right on it. If you leave it in the hands of others, and go away to delve in books, the probabilities are that, when you get back, certain obese attorneys have divided your substance among them.

❧ ❧

However, there is good in every exigency of life, and to know that your fortune is gone is a great relief. When the trial is ended and the prisoner has received his sentence, he feels a great relief, for it is only the unknown that fills our souls with apprehension.

❧ ❧

There are yet many public offices where small men rattle about because men who can fill the place can not afford it.

❧ ❧

Growth is often a painful process.

IT is not so very long ago that all the beautiful things of earth were supposed to belong to the Superior Class. That is to say, all the toilers, all the workers in metals, all the bookmakers, authors, poets, painters, sculptors and musicians, did their work to please this noble or that. All bands of singers were singers to His Lordship, and if a man wrote a book he dedicated it to His Royal Highness. At first these thinkers and doers were veritable slaves, and no court was complete that did not have its wise man who wore the cap and bells, and made puns, epigrams and quoted wise saws and modern instances for his board and keep. This man usually served as a clerk or overseer, during his odd hours, and only appeared to give a taste of his quality when he was sent for.

It was the same with the musicians and singers—they were cooks, waiters and valets, and when there were guests these performers were notified to be in readiness to " do something " if called upon. It was the same with painters—every court had its own.

❧ ❧

To a great degree, so-called society is made up of parasites who fasten and feed upon the industrious and methodical.

If you have read history you know that the men who go quietly about their business have been cajoled, threatened and driven, and often, when they have been guilty of doing a little independent thinking on their own account, banished. And further than this, when you read the story of nations dead and gone you will see that their decline began when the parasites got too numerous and flauntingly asserted their supposed power. That contempt for the farmer, and indifference to the rights of the man with tin pails and overalls, which one often sees in America, are portents that mark disintegrating social bacilli. If the Republic of the United States ever becomes but a memory, like Carthage, Athens and Rome, drifting off into senile decay like Italy and Spain or France, where a man may yet be tried and sentenced without the right of counsel or defense, it will be because we forgot—we forgot!

❧ ❧

Governments are honeycombed with vulnerable spots; and to secure the ready writer on your side is the part of wisdom.

❧ ❧

Every Government, at the last, is of the people, by the people, but whether for the people depends on whether the people are awake.

❧ ❧

When people say a man is dangerous, they simply mean that his ideas are new to them.

❧ ❧

" Where liberty is, there is my home," said Franklin. And Paine answered, " Where liberty is not, there is my home."

❧ ❧

Debase your currency, and soon it will cease to pass current. No law can long uphold a fictitious value ❧ ❧

His Thoughts About Government

TO be a Philadelphia lawyer is a proud and vaulting ambition. Philadelphia lawyers are exceedingly astute, and are able to confuse the simplest propositions, thus hopelessly befogging judge and jury. On the banks of the Schuylkill all jurors are provided with dice so as to decide the cases with perfect justice—small dice for little cases and large dice for big ones. Philadelphia lawyers carry green bags full of briefs, remarkable for everything but brevity; also statutes, recognizance, tenures, double-vouchers, fines, recoveries, indentures, not to mention quiddities, quillets, quirks and quips. Philadelphia lawyers have high foreheads and many clients.

* * *

If it is the divine right of a child to dig in the dirt, why isn't it the divine right of the grown-up? It is, and would be so recognized were it not for the fact that we have been obsessed by a fallacy called "the divine right of property." This idea has come down to us from the Reign of the Barons, when a dozen men owned all of England, and plain and unlettered people could not legally own a foot of land. All paid tribute to the Barons, who were actually and literally robbers.

* * *

The only people who oppose the single tax are the holders of land who are hanging on to it expecting to grow rich through inertia. The problem of civilization is to eliminate the parasite ❧ The idle person is no better than a dead one and takes up more room. The man who lives on the labor of others is a menace to himself and to society.

* * *

Tax the land, and the man who owns it will have to make it productive by labor, or else get out and allow some one else to have a chance.

* * *

Freedom without responsibility leads to license, and license unrestrained means slavery, and religion not safeguarded by freedom is superstition; and what is superstition but slavery?

* * *

Clients are sure to come to the man who is not too anxious about them.

* * *

Law is supposed to protect free speech, even to voicing wrong ideas! Surely a man has a legal right to a wrong opinion!

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Men who fatten on difficulties are hard to subdue.

* * *

Big business and big fees only go to big men and tried.

* * *

Like lawyers, we undertake a cause first and look for proof later.

* * *

They know that in a lawsuit both sides lose, also that a bad compromise is better than a good lawsuit.

* * *

Common people had no rights: they were really granted privileges, one of which was the privilege to live until the order went out that the man should die.

No quarter! We want all that you possess. We will be content with nothing less than all that you possess. We want in our hands the reins of power and the destiny of mankind. Here are our hands. They are strong hands. We are going to take your governments, your palaces, and all your purpled ease away from you, and in that day you shall work for your bread even as the peasant in the field or the starved and runty clerk in your metropolises. Here are our hands. They are strong hands.
—Jack London.

THE above is taken from a postal card sent out by the publishers of Jack London's books. Jack is a Marxian Socialist all day long, and he is much more frank than most of his party. All the other Socialists I ever met, alternately admit and deny that what they want is a division of property. Jack London stands by his guns and declares, " We want all you possess." And when he says " you " he means the people who own property. He is talking to the owners and managers of the " tools," by which he means the railroads, mills, shops, stores, factories, mines and steamships. That is to say, Jack is going to take things away from the present owners and give these things to " we." Jack assumes that property in the hands of the Socialist would be much better managed than it is now in the hands of those who own it ❧ ❧

This threat of Jack's would be a tragic thing if Jack and his pals were really going to do all they say they are. But they are not going to do anything but talk. That is their " hold." Folks who can, do; those who can't, chin. Jack is a writing tramp who roams the world for thrills and copy ❧ He is kindly, intelligent, amusing, indolent, and absolutely without the power to manage anything—even his own tongue. He is a good fellow; and he makes folks think. In fact, he is the sparker to this paragraph. Jack made me think, he made me mad, he made me laugh, and he made me write.

Personally I like the rogue—he is most companionable, especially if you have no work to do.

The tendency of property of every sort is towards depreciation and dissolution. Only eternal vigilance and tireless industry keep a manufacturing plant or a farm effective. Jack does not know this. Jack thinks that to own property is to be immune from work. The truth is, ownership is a responsibility and a burden. Most of the Socialists I know do not work—they only talk about work.

What they want is an orthodox heaven of ease, where the harps are always in tune and the robes are always laundered. If Jack could take away the property from those who have it and set them to work like peasants and " runty clerks," then the Socialists would live in " purpled ease," as Jack and many other childish, silly folks think that rich people do now.

There is an " idle rich " class, but it is a very small class, and it is not made up of the people who manage things. It is made up of remittance-men—and some of these are Socialists, who play at equality, badger the busy, and patronize the poor. Leave the idle rich to Nemesis. Disease and death are at their heels ❧ ❧

❧ ❧

THE men who operate our great enterprises—mills, factories, elevators, banks and department-stores—know nothing of ease. Their working-hours are not limited by the whistle. They sweat blood to meet payrolls and to keep the wheels of trade revolving. Modern business is a most exacting taskmaster. It says, " Thou shalt have no other gods before me." It demands every ounce of energy its devotee has. The thought of a " good time " is not for the businessman. He works, and works eternally. He works because he can't stop. And this is the man the Socialists are going to send to the fields! Jack London's view of railroading is only from the bumpers. His philosophy can not deceive the section-hands, nor the train-crews, nor the operators, nor the managers. They work, and they work with care, precision, energy and economy. Each one does the thing he can do best. That is what we all do. If Jack's hands were the strong hands he pretends, they would be grabbing plow-handles or a shovel, instead of reaching for a hand-me-out. If the hands of Jack and his friends were strong enough, they would own this property towards which they now look with lustful eyes ❧ ❧

❧ ❧

THE world will be redeemed; it is being redeemed. It is being redeemed not by those who shake the red flag of wordy warfare, who threaten and demand, but by its entrepreneurs—its workers, its inventors, its toilers—the men and women who do the duty that lies nearest them.

The fallacy of the Jack philosophy lies in the assumption that the industries of the world would be much better managed by Jack and his kith than by the men who are now at the helm. In other words, Jack's claim is that Socialists are a peculiar, separate and distinct class of able, unselfish, competent persons with hands especially strong, who accidentally are out of the game, but who are soon to take possession of things and run everything in such a way that Society will be blessed and benefited as never before.

The fact is, Socialists are not a separate and distinct class. We are all children of Adam and Eve, and the differences in us are more apparent than real. We all have our limitations—read Carlyle! The weaknesses of humanity are inherent in Socialists—only perhaps in greater degree. Their doctrine of reaching Utopia through firing the men who now manage things is the doctrine of despair ❧ Fabian Socialism is something else—it is opportunism. It does what it can, now. It does not wait for a revolution—rather it believes in evolution. We climb step by step. Fabian Socialism does not preach class hatred. In fact, it does not recognize that either the " class " or the " mass " exists. People who belong to one so-called class today are in another tomorrow. Most of our so-called predatory rich wiggled up out of the mass—and they may be poor again. Many of the poor will be rich. Watch the immigrants landing at Ellis Island. Can you prophesy to what " class " these boys and girls—curious, quaint, half-frightened — will belong twenty years from now? Many of them will be contractors, lawyers, bankers, scientists, doctors, teachers—it is all a matter of individual energy, intelligence and desire, modified by the antics of the gods of Chance. There is no conspiracy in America to hold people down and under. Class hatred, represented by Marxian Socialism, says there is. There is nothing so savage, cruel and blindly unjust as class hatred.

❧ ❧

I'VE been accused of class hatred because I make statements from time to time that seem to reveal a lack of appreciation for the three learned professions. Granted that I do, it is not the man I criticize—it is the office. Doctors, lawyers and preachers are men, caught in a certain environment, trying to win the world's plaudits and plunder in a certain way. I may consider the way a mistaken one, but I surely do not hate the man. And the fact that I have hundreds of close friends among the professions proves that I am not entirely misunderstood in this matter. Doctors are men. Lawyers are men. Preachers are men. So, also, are judges ❧ Marxian Socialists are men, and all these are very much like the people with whom they mix and associate. Rogue clients evolve rogue lawyers to do their work; fool patients evolve fool doctors; and superstitious, silly people in the pew secrete a pretentious, punk party in the pulpit. For the man, himself, I have only admiration, respect and love—and sometimes pity. I may despise his business and some of his acts, but how can I hate the man, when I realize that his life is a part of the Great One from which mine is derived? This man may quit his business and take up something else.

The criminal is not wholly a criminal—he is only a criminal at times. Some of his impulses are good, and most of them may be excellent; but one mistaken act will brand him forever as a criminal in the world's assize.

❧ ❧

UNDER the same conditions, if I were of the same quality and temper, I would have done the same. If I criticize lawyers, doctors and preachers, it is simply because there courses through my veins a quality and kind of corpuscle which fits me eminently for success either as a lawyer, doctor or preacher. " A hair, perhaps, divides the false and true," says old Omar ❧ ❧

Yes, and I missed becoming a practising physician by a hair. Had I gone into Medicine I would have had a team of bays, a coon driver, and a whisker that would have put all the other doctors in my town to the bad. I have the fingers of a diagnostician, a voice that soothes, a presence that heals. If you didn't have it, I could convince both myself and you that you had. Then I would have cut into your cosmos to find out who was right—and I would have charged you five hundred dollars for the operation. If I were wrong in my diagnosis, you would never have known the difference, for on occasion I can be discreet ❧ ❧

The law is a game that lures: it is n't a matter of securing justice—not that. Truth has a secondary place in the practise of law, and only very ignorant folks imagine otherwise. The law is a game, and you play to win. The whole thing is fascinating. It is a clash of wits—mind matching mind. As a lawyer, I would have quibbled you six nights and days together; and I would have been a legal lallapaloosa.

❧ ❧

BILL REEDY writes, "We are all touched with the essence of the thing against which we strive." And Bill is sometimes right. That is all we can expect, even from the wisest and best of men, and Bill is both. Yes, I would take kindly to the law, for guff, bluff and stuff come easily within my grasp. I can cross-buttock a fact; sidestep an equity; befuddle a judge—some judges; kerflumix a jury; juggle with justice; put reason astride of a barb-wire fence; and prevent a witness from keeping his oath to tell the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth. And a fat fee would always reanimate any flagging zeal I might have as to the justice of my client's cause.

As for the pulpit, I would take it now, were it not so securely fastened down—hypocrisy, gush, glibness, Chicago Tongue,—yes, let Billy Sunday look to his laurels! I, too, could tear a passion to tatters and make the judicious grieve. I could hypnotize myself into a belief that souls were "lost," like collarbuttons under a bureau, and I was the one man to rescue them. Sure! Especially am I qualified for making Pastoral Calls—or I was once. Also, I have great capacity for chicken-pie, pretense, cheap social honors, and the applause of the unthinking. As a Churchman, reversed haberdashery would have done me proud; breeks would become me, for my shanks have individuality; and a dinky hat would set off my sky-piece in a way not only to arouse curiosity but mirth. Let Dean Hart beware—his job is not so secure as he thinks!

❧ ❧

DOCTOR Samuel Johnson was for a time a member of Parliament in the capacity of cub reporter. One certain speech he reported, and when the gentleman who had made the speech read the report he did n't exactly recognize it. So he went to Johnson and said, "Look 'ere, young feller, I did n't say that." "Certainly not," said Johnson, "certainly not; but that is what you should have said!" In recounting his reportorial experiences, Johnson was once asked this question: "What kind of men are there in the House of Commons?"

And Johnson replied, "Take the first fifty men you find walking up Fleet Street." Johnson knew that all men, regardless of their condition in life, are, at heart, very much alike.

And when Fate has flung a man into a certain situation, the man will, if it is a place of some honor, give himself all the credit for having attained it. If it is a position that perhaps carries no honor, the party will always blame some one else for putting him there. We credit ourselves for our successes; we blame others for our faults. Also, we justify ourselves in everything we do. And wise men see plainly that this self-justification is a part of Nature's great law of self-preservation. The exaggerated Ego is a primal necessity. Good men all and everywhere multiply the value of their work by ten ❧ Success in life consists in convincing yourself that you are the whole cheese and then getting the world to accept your view ❧ Rostand's rooster was fully assured in his own mind that the sun would not come up if he did not crow. The hens being told this by the rooster cackled it back to him, and it became a crystallized part of the orthodox Zeitgeist. And it would have so remained for all time, but for an accident—an accident of love, when a guinea-hen became enamored of the boss of the barnyard. So Life is a paradox—and love is not only illusion, but it is also the great enlightener.

❧ ❧

It was a farmers' uprising, for freedom is ever a sort of farm-product.

SELF-PRESERVATION prompts men to move in the line of least resistance. And that any man should ever have put his safety in peril by questioning the authority of those able and ready to confiscate his property and take away his life is very strange. Such a person must belong to one of two types. He must be either a revolutionist—one who would supplant existing authority with his own, thus knowingly and willingly hazarding all—or he is an innocent, indiscreet individual, absolutely devoid of all interest in the main chance.

❧ ❧

Socialism is coming, by slow degrees, imperceptibly almost as the growing of Spring flowers that push their way from the damp, dark earth into the sunlight. And after Socialism, what? Perhaps the millennium will still be a long way off.

❧ ❧

THE old world may be wrong, but it can not be righted in a day, and so long as a man chooses to live in society he must conform, in the main, to society usages. These old ways that have done good service all the years can not be replaced by the instantaneous process. If changed at all they must change as man changes, and man must change first. It is man that must be reformed, not custom.

❧ ❧

Custom makes law, and the one who violates custom is "bad." Yet all respectable people are not good; and all good people are not respectable. If you do not know this you are ignorant of life.

His Thoughts About Socialism

NOW, I know Jack London; I know the proletariat; I know the "predatory rich." And this I know, that so far as happiness is concerned each and all of them have an equal portion. The struggle in getting out of the mass has given Jack's predatory party a certain power, but he has paid for it with his peace of mind, and has to struggle to hold it ❧ "Purpled ease" is a thing that exists only in Jack's mental vacuum. That is where the tramp has the start of the millionaire. The tramp can dream it; the other fellow has no time even to think of it.

When John Wesley saw the condemned criminal being taken to Tyburn Tree, he turned to his friend and exclaimed, "But for the grace of God, there goes John Wesley!" When Walt Whitman looked upon the wounded and dying soldier, he said, "I am that man!" Emerson wrote in his *Essay on Justice*, "I have in me the capacity for every crime."

And here is what I say to Jack London: If you and your pals were in possession of the tools of trade, you would commit all the so-called crimes of which you accuse the industrial leaders, and more. The fact that your heart is full of hate proves your unfitness to govern. These men now in power have climbed step by step to their present position, and at every step had to prove their worth, before they were allowed to go on. These tools of which you speak are sharp, and men like you, unskilled in their use, would cut others with them, and they in turn would take the tools and cut your head off. Your hands are not as strong as you imagine. The strength of the hands of men is not proven by assertion—it is proven by use. How far can you put the shot? Power unrestrained is always tragic. The world is held in place by the opposition of forces. The men in power are ballasted by responsibility, as never before in history. You have your use as an agitator; so go it, Jack, and say your say.

That fly on the wheel of the chariot of Achilles said, "Oh, just see what a dust we do kick up!"

And this remark of the fly has added to the gaiety of nations. But get enough flies on the chariot of Achilles and not a wheel revolves. The Egyptians in Moses' time battled with swarms of flies, when the flies scored home-runs and base-hits ❧ Self-interest and the tug of inertia have hypnotized you, Jack, until you, being down in the gutter—through choice—see only your side. Yet, your barbaric yawp is being heard, and I am your antipodal organ, passing it along. Meanwhile you ride on the bumpers provided by the Trusts, and these bumpers carry you forward to your destination. The pie you eat is made by the Pie Trust, yet you find it palatable and ask for more. If the Pie Trust did n't make good pies and sell them at a fair valuation, housewives would make their own pies. Or they might find pie-timber too expensive, and then you would go pieless. The great consolidated industries serve society, and their very existence turns on their ability to minister and to help. That which does not serve, dies. If the Trusts overcharge they invite competition and dissolution.

* *

SUCCESS lies in cooperation and reciprocity, and the hope of the future is in the fact that the world knows it. We can't go back to chaos, and start over. We must go on. Light lies ahead, not behind. We are not going to take off the train-crews, and put the tramps in possession. There are accidents occasionally now, but there would be more then. Safety lies in getting rid of these tramps. One wide-awake, vigilant man at the switch is worth more to society than all the tramps who ride the brakebeams. Get to work, Jack, and if you can't find the job you want, then take the one you can get! To prove yourself able to rastle a big job, get busy and take care of a little one. Power does not reveal itself in scolding. And with all your getting, get busy!

Yours for the Evolution!

* *

To wear a hat of your own selection or voice thoughts of your own thinking is to invite unseemly mirth, and finally scorn and contumely.

* *

Puritanism is a reactionary move, a swinging out of the pendulum away from idleness, gluttony, sham, pretense and hypocrisy.

TO a young man from the country, who makes his way up, no greater shock ever comes than the discovery that rich people are, for the most part, woefully ignorant. He has always imagined that material splendor and spiritual gifts go hand in hand; and now if he is wise he discovers that millionaires are too busy making money, and too anxious about what they have made, and their families are too intent on spending it, ever to acquire a calm, judicial mental attitude.

The rich are not the leisure class, and they need education no less than the poor. "Lord, enlighten thou our enemies," should be the prayer of every man who works for progress: give clearness to their mental perceptions, awaken in them the receptive spirit, soften their callous hearts, and arouse their powers of reason.

Danger lies in their folly, not in their wisdom; their weakness is to be feared, not their strength. That the wealthy and influential class should fear change, and cling stubbornly to conservatism, is certainly to be expected.

To convince this class that spiritual and temporal good can be improved upon by a more liberal policy has been a task a thousand times greater than the exciting of the poor to riot. It is easy to fire the discontented, but to arouse the rich and carry truth home to the blindly prejudiced is a different matter. Too often the reformer has been one who caused the rich to band themselves against the poor * *

His Thoughts On Bad Behavior

AUBREY BEARDSLEY'S art was the art of the ugly. His countenances are so repulsive that they attract. The psychology of the looks, and leers, and grins, and hot, hectic desires on the faces of his women is a puzzle that we can not lay aside—we want to solve the riddle of this paradox of existence—the woman whose soul is mire and whose heart is hell. Many men have tried to fathom it at close range, but we devise a safer plan and follow the trail in books, art and imagination. Art shows you the thing you might have done or been. Burke says the ugly attracts us, because we congratulate ourselves that we are not it ❧ ❧

The Madonna pictures, multiplied without end, stand for peace, faith, hope, trustfulness and love. All that is fairest, holiest, purest, noblest, best, men have tried to portray in the face of the Madonna. All the good that is in the hearts of all the good women they know, all the good that is in their own hearts, they have made to shine forth from the " Mother of God." Woman has been the symbol of righteousness and faith.

❧ ❧

I am not quite ready to accept the dictum of that old, old story that it was the woman who collaborated with the serpent and first introduced sin and sorrow into the world. Or, should I believe this, I wish to give woman due credit for giving to man the Fruit of the Tree of Knowledge—the best gift that ever came his way. But the first thought holds true in a poetic way! It has always been, is yet, and always will be true, that the very depths of degradation are sounded only by woman. As poets, painters and sculptors have ever chosen a woman to stand for what is best in humanity, so she has posed as their model when they wanted to reveal the worst.

This desire to depict villainy on a human face seems to have found its highest modern exponent in Aubrey Beardsley. With him man is an animal, and woman a beast. Aye, she is worse than a beast—she is a vampire. Kipling's summing up of woman as " a rag and a bone and a hank of hair " gives no clue to the possibilities in way of subtle, reckless reaches of deviltry compared with a single, simple, outline drawing by Beardsley. Beardsley's heroines are the kind of women who can kill a man with a million pin-pricks, so diabolically, subtly and slyly administered that no one but the victim would be aware of the martyrdom and he could not explain it.

You remember the story: John the Baptist, the strong, fine youth, came up out of the wilderness crying in the streets of Jeruaslem, " Repent ye! Repent ye! "

Salome heard the call and looked upon the semi-naked young fanatic from her window, with half-closed, cat-like eyes. She smiled, did this idle creature of luxury, as she lay there amid the cushions on her couch, and gazed through the casement upon the preacher in the street. Suddenly a thought came to her! She arose on her elbow—she called her slaves.

* * *

THEY clothed her in a gaudy gown, dressed her hair, and led her forth. Salome followed the wild, weird, religious enthusiast. She pushed through the crowd and placed herself near the man, so the smell of her body would reach his nostrils, and his eyes would range the swelling lines of her body.

Their eyes met. She half-smiled and gave him that look which had snared the soul of many another. But he only gazed at her with passionless, judging intensity, and repeated his cry, " Repent ye, Repent ye, for the day is at hand! " Her reply, uttered soft and low, was this: " I would kiss thy lips! " He turned away and she reached to seize his garment, repeating, " I would kiss thy lips—I would kiss thy lips! " He turned aside and forgot her, as he continued his warning cry, and went his way. The next day she waylaid the youth again; as he came near she suddenly and softly stepped forth and said in that same low voice, " I would kiss thy lips! "

He repulsed her with scorn. She threw her arms about him and sought to draw his head down near hers. He pushed her from him with sinewy hands, sprang as from a pestilence, and was lost in the pressing throng.

That night she danced before Herod Antipas, and when the promise was recalled that she should have anything she wished, she named the head of the only man who had ever turned away from her—" The head of John the Baptist on a charger! "

In an hour the wish is gratified. Two eunuchs stand before Salome with a silver tray bearing its fearsome burden. The woman smiles —a smile of triumph—as she steps forth with tinkling feet. A look of pride comes over the painted face. Her jewelled fingers reach into the blood-matted hair. She lifts the head aloft, and the bracelets on her brown, bare arms fall to her shoulders, making strange music. Her face presses the face of the dead. In exultation she exclaims, " I have kissed thy lips! "

* * *

I think well of great people, I think well of myself, and I think well of you. We are all God's children—all parts of the Whole—akin to Divinity.

* * *

The only safe course is the open road of truth. Lies once begun, pile up, and lies require lies to bolster them.

* * *

The worst about a double life is not its immorality—it is that the relationship makes a man a liar. The universe is not planned for duplicity—all the energy we have is needed in our business, and he who starts out on the pathway of untruth finds himself treading upon brambles and nettles which close behind him and make return impossible. The further he goes the worse the jungle of poison-oak and ivy, which at last circles him round in strangling embrace. He who escapes the clutch of a life of falsehood is as one in a million.

His Thoughts On Bad Behavior

THE Disagreeable Girl is always pretty—at least she has been told she is pretty, and she fully accepts the dictum. She has also been told she is clever, and she thinks she is. The actual fact is she is only " sassy." The fine flaring-up of youth has set sex rampant, but she is not " immoral," except in her mind. She has caution to the verge of cowardice, and so she is " sans reproche." In public she pretends to be dainty; but alone, or with those for whose good opinion she does not care, she is gross, coarse and sensual in every feature of her life. She eats too much, does not exercise enough, and considers it amusing to let others wait upon her, and do for her the things she should do for herself. Her room is a jumble of disorder, a fantasy of dirty clothes, a sequinarium of unmentionables—that is, if the care of it is left to herself. The one gleam of hope for her lies in the fact that out of shame she will allow no visitor to enter the apartment if she can help it. Concrete selfishness is her chief mark. She avoids responsibility; side-steps every duty that calls for honest effort; is secretive, untruthful, indolent, evasive and dishonest.

❧ ❧

Society, in the society sense, is built on vacuity, its favors being for those who reveal a fine capacity to waste and consume. Those who would write their names high on society's honor-roll need not be either useful or intelligent—they need only seem.

The Gibson Girl lolls, loafs, pouts, weeps, talks back, lies in wait, dreams, eats, drinks, sleeps and yawns. She rides in a coach in a red jacket, plays golf in a secondary sexual sweater, dawdles on a hotel veranda, and tum-tums on a piano, but you never hear of her doing a useful thing or saying a wise one. She reveals a beautiful capacity for avoiding all useful effort.

❧ ❧

To have a beautiful old age, you must live a beautiful youth, for we ourselves are posterity and every man is his own ancestor. I am today what I am because I was yesterday what I was.

❧ ❧

Women and men are never really far apart anyway, and women are what men have made them.

❧ ❧

There is nothing worse than self-complacency—smugosity is sin ❧

❧ ❧

To maintain a high position requires the skill of a harlequin. It is an abnormality that any man should long tower above his fellows.

❧ ❧

If pose is natural it surely is not pose.

❧ ❧

The other day I was made glad by finding that John Burroughs, Poet and Prophet, says that the male thrush sings to please himself, out of pure delight; and pleasing himself, he pleases his mate. " The female," says Burroughs, " is always pleased with a male that is pleased with himself."

CERTAIN sides of our nature are revealed only to certain persons. And I can understand, too, how there can be a Holy of Holies, closed and barred forever against all except the One. And in the absence of this One, I can also understand how the person can go through life, and father, mother, brothers, sisters, friends and companions never guess the latent excellence that lies concealed. We defend and protect this Holy of Holies from the vulgar gaze ❧ ❧

Women whose hearts are well-nigh bursting with grief will often be the gayest of the gay; men whose souls are corroding with care—weighted down with sorrow too great for speech—are often those who set the table in a roar.

The assumed manner, continued, evolves into a pose. Pose means position, and the pose is usually a position of defense. All great people are poseurs.

Yet I am quite willing to admit that a man might assume a pose and yet have nothing to protect; but I stoutly maintain that pose in such a one is transparent to every one as the poles that support a scarecrow, simply because the pose never becomes habitual.

With the great man pose becomes a habit—and then it is not a pose. When a man lies and admits he lies, he tells the truth.

❧ ❧

The punishment of every liar is that he eventually believes his lies ❧ ❧

Any man who caters to the public is to a great degree spoiled by the public. Actors act off the stage as well as on, falling victims to their trade: their lives are stained by pretense and affectation, just as the dyer's hand is subdued to the medium in which it works. The man of talent who is much before the public, poses because his audience wishes him to; one step more and the pose becomes natural—he can not divest himself of it.

❧ ❧

We all confuse our interests with the eternal verities—the thing that pays us we consider righteous, or at least justifiable. This is the most natural thing in the world. An artist who painted very bad pictures once took one of his canvases to Whistler for criticism ❧ Jimmy shrugged his shoulders and made a grimace that spoke volumes. " But a man must live some way!" pleaded the poor fellow in his extremity ❧ ❧

" I do not see the necessity," was the weary reply.

❧ ❧

When we are pleased with ourselves we are pleased with others.

❧ ❧

Those were splendid days, tinged, with no trace of blue, when I attended the district school, wearing trousers buttoned to a calico waist. I had ambitions then—I was sure that some day I could spell down the school, propound a problem in fractions that would puzzle the teacher, and play checkers in a way that would cause my name to be known throughout the entire township.

His Thoughts About Oratory

EVERY immortal speech ever given has been an appeal from the law of man to the Higher Law. Of course we say that the great speech is the one that has been given many times, but the fact is, the great speech is never given but once.

The time is ripe—the hour arrives—mighty issues tremble in the balances. The auditors are not there to be amused nor instructed—they have not stopped at the box-office and paid good money to have their senses alternately lulled and titillated. No! The question is that of liberty or bondage, life or death—passion is in the saddle—hate and prejudice are sweeping events into a maelstrom—and now is the time for oratory! Such occasions are as rare as the birth of stars. A man stands before you—it is no time for fine phrasing—no time for pose or platitude. Self-consciousness is swallowed up in purpose. He is as calm as the waters above the Rapids of Niagara, as composed as a lioness before she makes her spring. Intensity measures itself in perfect poise. And Patrick Henry arises to speak. Those who love the man pray for him in breathless silence, and the many who hate him in their hearts curse him. Pale faces grow paler, throats swallow hard, hands clutch at nothing, and open and shut in nervous spasms. It is the hour of fate.

❧ ❧

Oratory is the ability to weld a mass of people into absolutely one mood. To do this the orator must lose himself in his subject—he must cast expediency to the winds. And more than this, his theme must always be an appeal for humanity ❧ Invective, threat, challenge, all play their parts, but love is the great recurring theme that winds in and out through every great sermon or oration. Pathos is only possible where there is great love, and pathos is always present in the oration that subdues, that convinces, that wins, and sends men to their knees in abandonment of their own wills. The audience is the female element—the orator the male, and love is the theme. The orator comes in the name of God to give protection—freedom ❧ ❧

Usually the great orator is on the losing side. And this excites on the part of the audience the feminine attribute of pity, and pity fused with admiration gives us love—thus does love act and react on love ❧ ❧

Oratory supplies the most sublime gratification which the gods have to give. To subdue the audience and blend mind with mind affords an intoxication beyond the ambrosia of Elysium.

❧ ❧

Oratory is essentially a pioneer product, a rustic article. Great sermons and great speeches are given only to people who have come from afar.

❧ ❧

The orator must show no passion until he has aroused passion in the hearer—oratory is a collaboration. The orator is the active principle—the audience the passive.

THE first culture for which a people reach out is oratory. The Indian is an orator with "the natural method;" he takes the stump on small provocation, and under the spell of the faces that look up to him, is often moved to strange eloquence. I have heard negro preachers who could neither read nor write, move vast congregations to profoundest emotion by the magic of their words and presence. And further, they proved to me that the ability to read and write is a cheap accomplishment, and that a man can be a very strong character, and not know how to do either.

For the most part, people who live in cities are not moved by oratory; they are unsocial, unimaginative, unemotional ❧ They see so much and hear so much that they cease to be impressed. When they come together in assemblages they are so apathetic that they fail to generate magnetism—there is no common soul to which the speaker can address himself. They are so cold that the orator never welds them into a mass. He may amuse them, but in a single hour to change the opinions of a lifetime is no longer possible in America. There are so many people, and so much business to transact, that emotional life plays only upon the surface—in it there is no depth. To possess depth you must commune with the Silences. No more do you find men and women coming for fifty miles, in wagons, to hear speakers discuss political issues; no more do you find camp-meetings where the preacher strikes conviction home until thousands are on their knees crying to God for mercy.

Intelligence has increased; spirituality has declined, and as a people the warm emotions of our hearts are gone forever.

Oratory is a rustic product. The great orators have always been country-bred, and their appeal has been made to rural people. Those who live in a big place think they are bigger on that account. They acquire glibness of speech and polish of manner; but they purchase these things at a price. They lack the power to weigh mighty questions, the courage to formulate them, and the sturdy vitality to stand up and declare them in the face of opposition. Revolutions are fought by farmers and rail-splitters; these are the embattled men who fire the shots heard 'round the world.

* * *

Much of what passes for oratory is merely talk, lecture, harangue and argument. These things may all be very useful, and surely they have their place in the world of work and business, but oratory is another thing. Oratory is the impassioned outpouring of a heart—a heart full to bursting: it is the absolute giving of soul to soul.

* * *

In oratory it is manner that wins, not words.

* * *

An audience gets just what it deserves and no more. If you have listened to a poor speech, blame yourself ❧ ❧

His Thoughts About Oratory

I HAVE sometimes thought that comeliness of feature and fine physical proportions were a handicap to an orator. If a man is handsome, it is quite enough—let him act as chairman and limit his words to stating the pleasure he has in introducing the speaker. No man in a full-dress suit can sway a thousand people to mingled mirth and tears, play upon their emotions and make them remember the things they have forgotten, drive conviction home, and change the ideals of a lifetime in an hour. The man in spotless attire, with necktie mathematically adjusted, is an usher. If too much attention to dress is in evidence, we at once conclude that the attire is first in importance and the message secondary.

The orator is a man we hate, fear or love, and are curious to see. His raiment is incidental; the usher's clothes are vital. The attire of the usher may reveal the man—but not so the speaker. If our first impressions are disappointing, so much the better, provided the man is a man.

* * *

Orators are made to die—the cross, the torch, the noose, the guillotine, the dagger awaits them. They die through the passion that they fan to flame—the fear they generate turns upon themselves, and they are no more.

But they have their reward. Their names are not writ in water; rather are they traced in blood on history's page.

* * *

Oratory is the child of democracy—it pleads for the weak, for the many against the few—and no great speech was ever yet made save in behalf of mankind. The orator feels their joys, their sorrows, their hopes, their desires, their aspirations, their sufferings and pains. They may have wandered far, but his arms are open wide for their return. Here alone does soul respond to soul. And it is love, alone, that fuses feeling so that all are of one mind and mood. Oratory is an exercise of power.

* * *

Never judge or condemn any one; but watch also that you do not chide others for doing so. Let others do as they please: Show them an example in your own life.

The office of teacher and that of orator are not far apart—it is all a matter of expression. The first requisite in expression is animation—you must feel in order to impart feeling. No drowsy, lazy, disinterested, half-hearted, preoccupied, selfish, trifling person can teach—to teach you must have life, and life in abundance. You must have abandon—you must project yourself, and inundate the room with your presence. To infuse life, and a desire to remember, to know, to become, into a class of a dozen pupils, is to reveal the power of an orator. If you can fire the minds of a few with your own spirit, you can, probably, also fuse and weld a thousand in the same way.

ORATORS live but in memory. Their destiny is to be the sweet, elusive fragrance of oblivion—the thyme and mignonette of things that were.

The limitations in the all-around man are by-products which are used by destiny in the making of orators. The welling emotions, the vivid imagination, the forgetfulness of self, the abandon to feeling—all these things in Wall Street are spurious coin. No prudent man was ever an orator—no cautious man ever made a multitude change its mind, when it had vowed it would not.

Oratory is indiscretion set to music ❧ ❧

The great orator is great on account of his weaknesses as well as on account of his strength. So why should we expect the orator to be the impeccable man of perfect parts?

❧ ❧

Oratory is the lowest of the sublime arts. The extent of its influence will ever be a vexed question. Its result depends on the mood and temperament of the hearer. But there are men who are not ripe for treason and conspiracy, to whom even music makes small appeal. Yet music can be recorded, entrusted to an interpreter yet unborn, and lodge its appeal with posterity. Literature never dies: it dedicates itself to Time. For the printed page is reproduced ten thousand times ten thousand times, and besides, lives as did the Homeric poems, passed on from generation to generation by word of mouth. Were every book containing Shakespeare's plays burned this night, tomorrow they could be rewritten by those who know their every word.

With the passing years the painter's colors fade; time rots his canvas; the marble is dragged from its pedestal and exists in fragments from which we resurrect a nation's life; but oratory dies on the air and exists only as a memory in the minds of those who can not translate, and then as hearsay. So much for the art itself; but the influence of that art is another thing. He who influences the beliefs and opinions of men influences all other men that live after. For influence, like matter, can not be destroyed.

❧ ❧

Emerson, like all the rest of us, had certain pet theories, which he was constantly bolstering by analogy and example. He had Phillips in mind when he said that the best drill for an orator was a course of mobs.

❧ ❧

Oratory does not consist in telling it all—you select the truth you wish to drive home; in literature, in order to make your point, you must leave things out; and in painting you must omit. Selection is the vital thing.

❧ ❧

In oratory it is personality that gives ballast.

❧ ❧

Reserve is a very necessary element in effective speaking. It is soul-weight that counts, not mere words, words, words.

His Thoughts About Health

THERE are three serious objections to my health prescriptions. First, I make no charge for them. Second, they are written in plain English, without myth, miracle or mystery, and can be understood even by the mediocre mind. Third, you have to fill the prescription yourself, and this costs effort. Sickness is a selfish thing. If you are well you are expected to work, and give your time and talent to helping other people. If you are sick you are supposed to be immune from many unpleasant tasks and duties. Mark Twain said he was never really happy except on two occasions. One was when he was given that Oxford degree and wore a marvelous red cloak and a mortar-board hat; and the other was when he had the measles and expected to die. The joy of holding the center of the stage and having the whole family in tears, just on his account, was worth all the pangs. But, indeed, there were no pangs. Mark was a humorist, and a humorist is a man who has the sense of values, and to have the sense of values is wisdom. Mark was a great philosopher as well as a humorist. Not only did he testify that pangs and pains are the attributes of life, not death, and that there is no pain in death, but he also gave testimony that sickness is an acurte fom of selfishness. The sick man disarranges the entire scheme of housekeeping wherever he is, unless he be in a hospital. To have his meals served to him in bed he regards as natural and right. For once he holds the center of the stage—all dance attendance. Doctors come, nurses run for this and that, neighbors call and inquire. He is It.

The paranoiac is a person who craves attention, and rather than go unnoticed, commits crime. Just observe how most sick people obtrude their maladies upon their friends, and then tell me whether sickness is not usually a form of paranoia! Doctor Johnson said the sick man is a rascal. Not only is the remark true, but Doctor Johnson might have gone further and stated that a long period of rascality is required to produce most cases of sickness. Hate, prejudice, revenge, jealousy, wrath, are all disturbers of the circulation, and producers of toxins. These toxins poison the entire system, and continued, may also produce rheumatism, dyspepsia, Bright's disease, or various other pleasant things for which we look to the doctor for relief.

Most people go through life on a short allowance of ozone, and a surfeit of food. We eat too much and breathe too little. Life is combustion—the digestive tract is a boiler. And as oxygen is necessary to fire, so it is to life. The value of exercise in the open air lies in the fact that it is getting a goodly draft of oxygen through your system, and this forced draft is both eliminating refuse and burning up slag. These things are all so trite and true that it seems silly to write this for cultured people, and yet cultured and educated people are sick quite as much as the other kind. In fact, more so, since necessity is often removed and the person has the privilege of going to bed in the morning, getting up when he pleases, eating a multiplicity of dishes that set up an internecine war, giving the sawbuck absent treatment, and forcing or bribing other folks to wait on him. It is a curious comment on our civilization to find our great sanitariums and health-resorts full of college graduates. Harvard, Yale, Princeton, Dartmouth, Vassar and Wellesley are all represented constantly at Battle Creek, Dansville, Mount Clemens, Hot Springs, Richfield and Alma. Imagine an LL. D. being given vicarious exercise by a healthy colored man who can neither read nor write; a Ph.D. looked after by a saucy slip of a nurse, in becoming cap and apron, fresh from the farm or paper-box factory; an M. D. vigorously Muldooned by a man who knows nothing of medicine, but something of health!

❧ ❧

A GREAT surgeon tells me that he has never yet seen a case of appendicitis where the patient has not been addicted to the Beecham Habit. That is to say, this disease is the result of medicine, just as are many others.

So here is the prescription: Get the Health Habit—by throwing physic to the dogs, because it will not hurt the dogs, since they know better than to swallow it; drink plenty of pure water; eat what you like, but do not overeat; have a regular daily occupation; breathe much and deeply in the open air; have a veranda bedroom, open if possible on two sides, or at least sleep in a room with windows run up wide, even if the water-pitcher freezes; think well of everybody, especially doctors, for good doctors everywhere are practising a Science of Prevention, and will corroborate these suggestions ❧ They are doing the best they can, considering the ignorance, superstition and inertia which they have to combat—often in their own minds, and those of others.

❧ ❧

GOOD health! Whenever you go out of doors, draw the chin in, carry the crown of your head high, and fill the lungs to the utmost; drink in sunshine; greet your friends with a smile, and put soul into every hand-clasp. Do not fear being misunderstood and never waste a minute thinking about your enemies. Try to fix firmly in your mind what you would like to do, and then without violence of direction you will move straight to the goal.

❧ ❧

In surgery the world has progressed, but in medicine, doctors have progressed most, by consigning to the grave, that tells no tales, the deadly materia medica.

❧ ❧

People who strive for health are headed for the sanatorium, for vitality plus comes only to those who do not think much about it; and likewise character is evolved best by those who forget character and lose their lives in service. Dyspeptics are people who have no faith in their digestive apparatus.

His Thoughts About Health

IN days agone, if things tasted good we called them "toothsome." We did not work the subject out according to the Herbert Spencer Law of Synthesis, but we dimly felt that teeth and taste were closely akin. And therein were we quite correct. The widow who declined to marry the man, and on being discreetly pressed for a reason, abruptly declared with a Marie Corelli defiance that it was because he did not have the Dental-Floss Habit, was right in her instincts. She would rid her of the reek before she took it on as a life lease. For it is just such little things that make or mar, when we have sworn to love, honor and humor, and face the party over the coffee-urn every morning for ninety-nine years. The gentleman was not personally pleasant, and although he may have had a college degree, social position and spondulex, yet a breath that would stop a watch put him to the bad, and rightly so.

To such a one she could never murmur soft and low the word "Mizpah!" Nor could he salvo his kismet, magnum and get it back again according to the Aristotelian laws of action and reaction. For gentlemen who are not toothsome are never socially gladsome. If my years were not as those of the pterodactyl, and I wanted to win the love of a woman, I would look well to my molars.

Brain, brawn, and the graceful two-step are as naught when toothsomeness is actively absent. Shakespeare had these two things in mind when he referred to a "barber's breath," and "the breath of an unfee'd attorney," which items do not come to us as the breath of Spring. Abjure the weed and rice-paper, eliminate the elevated spheroid, and look you to your teeth, Cecil, to your teeth, I say. And the rest follows. We all have our opinions in matters of medicine, but no one knocks on the dentist. Is love then a matter of toothsomeness? I do not speak by the card, for my knowledge along this line is merely academic, yet a woman I know says, "Yes." ❧ But seemingly, decayed teeth would give Cupid a pain in his wee tummy small. Decayed politics are bad; decayed literature is worse; and to love a person with decayed molars would be like loving a mummy with tainted morals. The increase in divorce, and the much marital woe of which we hear, are doubtless due to lack of toothsomeness. The parties grin and bear it as long as they can—some declining to grin—and then strike for freedom, fresh air and the open road.

Aside from the esthetics of bad teeth, there is the esoterics, and worse than that, is the hypersthenia which leads to languages non-ethical, offensive, irrelevant and uncalled for.

A very slight irritation in the teeth throws the soul on the horn of the saddle. To be sane and serene you have to be sound and salient. We do business on a mighty small spiritual bank balance. To carry no reserve is like firing a boiler in which the guages show no water. In fact, it means a very great danger of an explosion—and the grave necessity of being sent to the hospital and having the stub-end of your self-respect removed. An aching tooth or a tooth of which you are conscious draws mightily on your mental reserve. Morphine, or a dab of cotton soaked in chloroform, will help you forget it, but these things are drafts on the bank of futurity and the loan must be met with usurious interest.

* *

I ONCE knew a playwright who started in to write a great historical drama; but he got a toothache, and decided to make it a farce-comedy; but all he produced was a fizzle. Seldom does a man with the toothache make good; and to have cavities in your teeth and not know it is worse than to have the toothache, since pain is Nature's beneficent warning. So, to have decayed teeth and never have a toothache would mean lack of sensibility, which is lack of life. Such a one has n't enough nerves to make him irritable, much less to give him artistic grouch. And grouch is unused or misused energy—and have I not said that all energy is divine? You write your poem, your essay, your play—just as you paint your picture, carve your statue, or give your oration—out of your surplus, and never out of your capital. Should you begin to draw on your capital you get nerv. pros. or fatty degeneration of the cerebrum, and are a candidate for Billy Muldoon's. Is oratory a matter of toothsomeness? Most certainly, yes ❧ The greatest orator that New York ever produced was thrown from his artistic hobbyhorse once and forever, when his store-teeth, in an impassioned moment, shot over the footlights and fell with a sickening thud into the orchestra. "Say, mister, are these your teeth?" asked a man in the front seat, as he solemnly arose and handed up the grinders. And that broke up the meeting. I once saw a man, singing the part of Tannhauser, do a similar stunt. And we all declared that he could go down to Venusburg and stay there, for all of us—he ceased to be interesting.

Get this down as an axiom: To speak well, or sing well, you must have good teeth. The teeth are organs of speech—auxiliary organs at least. When your voice whistles through your teeth, and the tones come wheezy and with a sort of sad surprise, there are soon bubbles in your think-tank, and you travel home on the rim. It is then time to sing Tosti's *Good-by,* and retire from the stage, thereafter warbling only to the gallery of your psychic self.

* *

Dentists were not required until men began to feed on mush.

* *

ALL energy is God's, but it may be misdirected. A boy not good enough for apreacher might make a good doctor—an excess of virtue is not required in the recipe for a physician.

His Thoughts About Health

A SHORT time ago I spent a week in Saint Louis. During that week there were three deaths of children from tetanus (lock-jaw), all the direct result of vaccination. The Board of Health had been very busy, and all children that could not show a scar were vaccinated, this without consent of the parents or of the child. For each vaccination the city paid the kind doctors delegated to do the work, the sum of fifty cents. That is to say, these physicians operated on healthy children, introducing a poison into their systems, thus giving them a disease, in order to prevent them from having one—all for half a dollar per child. The three children that died netted the doctors a dollar and a half.

As before stated, these children died, and scores of others were made seriously ill. How many were poisoned for life no one knows. Children know all that the parents know, and the report that vaccination had killed several struck panic to the hearts of those not yet vaccinated. Many children refused to go to school for fear of the doctors. And such was the alarm through non-attendance that the School Board called a meeting and passed a resolution asking the Board of Health to desist from these fifty-cent operations until the question of the quality of the virus used could be passed upon. ❡ Now, there is no such thing as a "pure virus." Vaccine virus is a poison in itself. And vaccination, if it "takes," always reduces the resiliency or resisting-power of the patient, laying him open to any germ that may be flying around that way.

The President of the Board of Health took refuge behind the law, which required him to vaccinate the school-children. But personally he said he thought the whole system was founded on a superstition, and on a very barren assumption. Said the physician:

"Many people who are vaccinated never have smallpox. A few who are vaccinated have smallpox. To assume that those who are vaccinated would have smallpox if they were not vaccinated is childish reasoning, fit only for those who are willing to accept a tainted plea, because they are already convinced. I must admit that the logic of vaccination is no reason at all, and could only appeal to prejudiced, ignorant and unthinking people. I wish we were rid of the whole thing, but I am not strong enough to stem the tide. Doctors get paid for vaccination, the books and colleges uphold it, and this thing will go on until the people revolt, which I hope they will do soon."

Here we get the expression of an honest man—an Allopath physician—caught in the toils of Custom. Physicians are instructed from books, in colleges, and by professors who were taught from books in colleges. This is not knowledge: it is the memorizing of things evolved many years ago by men who knew much less than we do. Very few physicians know how to live. Everywhere you find doctors who are soaked in tobacco, booze and dope, breathing foul air, thinking vile thoughts, resorting to stimulants as a pick-me-up. These are the men that uphold vaccination—these are the men who assaulted the school-children of Saint Louis, and forced a poison into their healthy bodies for fifty cents a body. Oh, the shame of it!

Immunity from disease comes from fresh air, pure water, clean surroundings, an active, useful life, and kind thoughts ❧ The fear wrought in a school by one of these bewhiskered rogues, with his outfit of scalpels, scarifiers and poison, is a cause of disease in itself. The plan of vaccinating the mind with the virus of fear is in itself a crime, and a most common cause of disease.

❧ ❧

DOCTOR J. H. Tilden says that the fear of disease spread abroad by doctors is the cause of more deaths than the White Plague. People who live rightly are well. It is right living and sanitary surroundings that have banished smallpox. Just good sanitation has banished the "plague," that mysterious disease which swept Euope again and again, and which killed one-third of the inhabitants of London in Sixteen Hundred Sixty-five. I believe with Tilden, that the so-called Science of Medicine has been a positive curse to mankind, just as Christianity has, with its bogus "Plan of Salvation."

Salvation lies in work, play, study, right living and right thinking, and not in belief in the death of a good man in Asia two thousand years ago. As a cure for our physical pains we have looked to a poison doctor, instead of studying the case ourselves and ascertaining why we suffered. We must learn to rely on ourselves, and not put either our souls or our bodies in jeopardy by turning them over to a "cure of souls" with collar buttoned behind, or to a hirsute gent who will give you a disease for fifty cents, in the interest of happiness, health and long life.

❧ ❧

HAVE you never shared the mocking shame and biting pain of a drunkard's household? Then God grant you never may. When the world withdraws its faith from a man through his own imbecility, znc dmployment is denied; when promises are unkept; when order and system are gone, and foresight fled, and loud accusation, threat and contumely vary their strident tones with maudlin protestations of affection, and vows made to be broken, easily changed to curses; when the fire dies on the hearth, and children huddle in bed in the daytime for warmth; when the scanty food that is found is eaten ravenously, and blanching fear comes when a heavy tread and fumbling at the lock are heard in the hall—these things challenge language for fit expression and cause words to falter.

❧ ❧

Our knowledge of another world comes to us through persons who can not always be safely trusted to tell the truth about this.

His Thoughts About Health

I AM told that hospitals, jails, almshouses and insane-asylums are for people who are unable to care for themselves properly. Therefore, they are sent to these places, where men and women, specially delegated, spend their lives looking after them.

So it seems that the incompetent, in addition to not adding to the wealth of the world, actually take competent people from a world of usefulness to minister to them. After a few years as a guard, the man is quite as incompetent as are the prisoners—and more so—because the prisoner works and the guard does nothing but guard.

And for the man who works there is a chance; but the man who does n't is damned, body and soul. Hospitals, prisons and poorhouses are places where people live who can 't or won 't work. These places do not cure our bodily or social ills—they are palliatives, all. They do not prevent incompetence nor stop the production of the weak and incompetent. Every year we have to pull down our hospitals and build greater. Ben Lindsey, Luther Burbank, John Davey, Horace Fletcher, all men essentially of one type, are working to shut off the regular annual crop of criminals. Preachers have preached their silly tales of where we came from and where we are going to, directing the attention of men from this world to another, and with myth, miracle, mystery—with dead languages, dead ideas and dead formulas—have scared the world stiff. We have bred from the worst in the worst possible way, under the worst conditions. We have it thundered at us from a million pulpits that the indissoluble marriage-tie was a sacred scheme, devised by God Almighty,who also provided that women shall be incarcerated in a kitchen. The result has been the doormat wife, with a liar for a husband—for men lie only to inferiors and tyrants—and a brood of legitimate candidates for hospitals, poorhouses and prisons.

Christianity was absolutely supreme for a thousand years. Did she abolish poverty, disease and crime? Not exactly—these things increased under Christian rule. And Religion is not yet willing to step aside and give Science a chance. Revivalists get a thousand children in a room and play on their nervous sensibilities in the name of the Gentle Christ, and then the doctors vaccinate them with pus from diseased animals, and we wonder why they die or go insane! The Clerics killed Ferrer because he was working to make men free.

Freedom means responsibility.

And responsibility means the making of decisions. By deciding for ourselves we grow, and this exercise of the will in deciding what is best to do and doing it is the only method of attaining growth known in Nature. But woman's decisions have been made for her by male man, and so low has she sunk that millions of women are willing that this should continue. The passion for freedom is Nature's cry for growth.

THE story was about as follows:

Once in a stagecoach there was a man who carried on his knees a box, on which slats were nailed. Now a box like that always incites curiosity. Finally a personage leaned over and said to the man of the mysterious package:

“Stranger, may I be so bold as to ask what you have in that box?”

“A mongoose,” was the polite answer.

“Oh, I see—but what is a mongoose?”

“Why, a mongoose is a little animal we use for killing snakes.”

“Of course, of course—oh, but—but where are you going to kill snakes with this mongoose?”

And the man replied, “My brother has the delirium tremens, and I have brought this mongoose so he can use it to kill the snakes.”

There was silence then for nearly a mile, when the man of the Socratic Method had an idea and burst out with, “But Lordy gracious, you do not need a mongoose to kill the snakes a fellow sees who has delirium tremens—for they are only imaginary snakes!”

“I know,” said the owner of the box, tapping his precious package gently, “I know that delirium tremens snakes are only imaginary snakes, but this is only an imaginary mongoose.”

❧ ❧

A judge of the Supreme Court of the State of New York once said to me: “Divorce should be as free as marriage, and if it were, there would be no more separations than there are now. We give men and women the right to put their heads into a noose, but decline to let them pull their heads out. Those whom God hath joined together no man can put asunder. Also, the word ‘illegitimate’ should be stricken from the judicial record, forever. An act may be illegitimate but a child, never.”

“Why don’t you talk like this in public?” I asked. And the answer was, “If I did, I ’d lose my job inside of twenty-four hours.”

“Well,” I said, “I ’ll say it for you.” “If you do and mention my name I ’ll—but, say, you will not, you must not quote me. You can agitate—I can only conform. We are ruled by the archaic. You are working to make men free, and only a free people can be a healthy, happy, virtuous, self-reliant and competent people. Keep ’er going, but on your life, don’t quote me.

❧ ❧

The great American Apostle of Negation expressed, once upon a day, a regret that he had not been consulted when the Universe was being planned, otherwise he would have arranged to make good things catching instead of bad.

❧ ❧

To write is nothing—to know what to write is much. To paint is nothing—to see and know the object you are attempting to portray is everything.

“Shall I paint the thing just as I see it?” asked the ingenue of the great artist. “Why, yes,” was the answer, “provided you do not see the thing as you paint it.”

His Thoughts About Philistia

A LONG and very carefully written letter fron an unknown gentleman who signs himself "Retired Professor" has recently reached me.

The Great Obscure favor me quite often with anonymous epistles, but life being short and the waste-basket wide, I seldom reply. Yet now an exception must be made, and I answer " Retired Professor " for the sole and simple reason that he has " retired," and in retiring has made the world his debtor. Probably no one act of this man's entire life has been so potent for good as this. He has set all Professors without humor a most precious precedent.

In gratitude, hoping that his example will bear fruit, I reply.

Did space permit I should be glad to print my correspondent's letter entire, but the gist of his scholarly argument is that the Society of the Philistines is endeavoring to make freedom universal and paganism popular. He stoutly avers that the ancient Philistines were the enemies of Jehovah, that they worshipped strange gods, and that they were the sworn foes of the Chosen People.

Now this is the sad part: he proves his case. The gentleman explains that he would not have seen *The Philistine* Magazine had not his daughter, " an unmarried lady of thirty-two," purchased several copies; but from this on, with his permission, no more numbers of this " infidelic infernal machine " shall enter his house. My heart goes out to all unmarried ladies of thirty-two. Especially so when they have fathers who are irascible; only one worse fate can befall a woman of thirty-two than to have an irascible father, and that is to have a lover who is irate. Still I doubt not that the daughter of " Retired Professor " will find a way to read *The Philistine,* for booklets laugh at locksmiths! Yet, ignorance prevails, for is not " Retired Professor " living proof? And so I will say: There lived in the Far East about three thousand years ago a tribe of people known as Philistines. It is a hotly mooted question among the theologians whether they were so called because they lived in Philistia or whether Philistia took its name on account of being peopled by Philistines, I will not take sides on this issue, but hedge closely and simply stand firm on the fact that a tribe called the Philistines existed. Near them lived the Hivites, the Moabites, the Canaanites, the Hittites, the Jebusites, the Perizzites, the Ammonites and the Gothamites. Now, among these tribes none was so strong, none so intelligent, none so handsome, none so virtuous as the Philistines. And it came to pass that the superior quality of moral fiber in the Philistines caused the entire country to be known as Philistia; it was the general name given to the whole valley of the Jordan. And the name endures even unto this day.

Palestine means the land of the Philistines. And it seems that among them there was a rude sense of right and wrong. For if a man owned a piece of ground and planted a vine on it, and then watered and tended the vine, the grapes that grew on this vine were his, and all of the people agreed to this, and the man and his neighbors knew all this without a Dispensation. These people planted vineyards, and had gardens, and fields of wheat and barley. They had barns with threshing-floors; and they had carts, plows and other implements ❧ They builded houses and owned their homes; and the men loved their wives and their children; and the women were the comrades of the men—all taking part in the sports as well as in the work, for they were a merry, happy people. Now, about thirteen centuries before the Christian Era, while they were living in peace and prosperity, there swooped down upon them a horde of escaped slaves, called Israelites. These slaves had broken away from their masters in Egypt. The country to which they traveled was only about three hundred miles from Egypt; but as their average speed was less than a mile a week, it took them forty years to make the journey.

❧ ❧

THE man who led these slaves in their flight was one Moses, who in a righteous cause, had killed a man in Egypt and fled. After many years of exile, during which time he had been in Philistia and liked it, he returned and led the exodus. When the Israelites left, they took all the gold and silver ornaments and utensils they could "borrow," and melted them up. And they were not ashamed of this act, for they have written it down in the third chapter of a book called Exodus.

The ancient Israelites never had any clear ideas as to the rights of property. When they found grapes growing on a vine, they helped themselves and swore that the fruit was theirs by Divine Right. In order to impress this ignorant, barbaric horde with the sense of authority, Moses, who was diplomatic as well as good, told the people that God directed him and that Deity told him what to do and say. Moses used to go up on a mountain, clear above the clouds, beyond where the mists hover, and when he came down the people asked him what he had been up there for, and he told them he went up there to see God.

❧ ❧

IN no other way could Moses control this restless mob except by saying, God says so and so. And the fact that their leader was on such good terms with Elohim or Yahveh inflated these people so that they always spoke of themselves as "the Chosen People of God." In fact, they took it all in and were so vain and boastful that Moses was often ashamed of them. The Jebusites, the Hittites and the Moabites never referred to the Israelites as the Chosen People of God. No one called them the Chosen People of God—only they themselves. And I wish to say right here that the individual who does a great and magnificent work is on close and friendly terms with

God. He is the Son of God, and it is necessary that he should feel this kinship in order to do his work. From Moses, the called of God, on up to Socrates, who listened to his Deamon, to George Fox, who harkened to the Voice, to the prophets of our own time, all lie low in the Lord's hand and listen closely ere they act. A man is strong only when he feels that he is backed by a Power, not his own, that makes for Righteousness. So Moses was not guilty of falsehood; but the people who took him literally put him in a wrong light. When I think of those brave souls, the Saviors of the World, who have sought to lead men out of the captivity of evil—feeling and knowing that they were the Sons of God—I stand uncovered. But a mass of people—a crowd, a mob—that claims to be a " Chosen People " is a sight to make angels weep.

⁂

YOU can not indict a class," said Macaulay; corporations have no souls, and a horde that claims to be inspired is only a howling, cowardly Thing. Great men are ever lonely and live apart, but birds of a feather flock together because they are afraid to flock alone. They want warmth and protection—they are afraid. A mob is the quintessence of cowardice—a dirty, mad, hydra-headed monster, that one good valiant Saint George can thrust to the heart. When a mob speaks I say, Vox populi, vox devil! At the time the Israelites tumbled pellmell upon the Philistines, Moses had long been dead. The mob was without a leader, and quarrel was rife amid its broken ranks. In a mad rush they stampeded the herds of the Philistines, scattered their gardens, and as excuse they shouted, We are the Chosen People of God! And one of their Poets sang a song, which runs thus: " Moab is my washpot; over Philistia will I cast my shoe." This only made the Philistines laugh, and although the Israelites outnumbered them, they went at it and scattered them. Finally, after long years of warfare, the fight was called a draw, and the Jews settled down and following the good example of the Philistines made themselves homes.

⁂

OF course, as sane men and women, we of today do not suppose that the great Universal Intelligence that holds the world in the hollow of His hand had much interest in the fight. If this intelligence were a Being, I can imagine Him looking over the battlement of Heaven and turning with a weary smile to Gabriel, saying: "Let 'em fight—what boots it! They will all be dead tomorrow, anyway."

It is a noteworthy fact that in the first chapter of the Gospel of Saint Matthew the Inspired Writer traces the genealogy of Jesus direct to the Philistines. In the sixth verse we find " David begat Solomon of her who had been the wife of Uriah." Back of this is Ruth the Moabitess, who was the grandmother of David. There is no such thing as tracing a pure Jewish lineage back to the time of Moses. The Jews went a-courting as soon as they arrived on the borders of Canaan; and the heathen quite fancied the Israelitish women from the first.

In the Book of Ruth, first chapter and fourth verse, I see, " And they took them wives out of the country of Moab." The houses of Capulet and Montague have ever intermarried—it seems a quiet way Nature has of playing a little joke. And after a painstaking study of the matter I am fully convinced that the many sterling qualities in the Jew are derived from his Philistine ancestry. No one doubts that Solomon was the wisest man that ever lived. His mother was a Philistine. Now, no man is ever greater than his mother, and it is very plain that the great wisdom of Solomon was derived from this pagan woman whose body and spirit nourished him, in whose loving arms he was cradled, and whose intellect first fired his aspiration.

◆ ◆

THIS is all made plainer yet when we remember that David had many sons by Jewish women, and that all of these sons were positively no good—and some of them very, very bad. The facts are found in the Second Book of Samuel—a book, by the way, which no respectable girl should allow her mother to read. But if any captious critic arises and denies the Law of Heredity, for argument's sake I 'll waive this matter of maternal transmission of excellence and rest my case as to Solomon's wisdom on the fact that he married over four hundred Philistine women. And, as stated by Sir Walter Besant in a recent story, " a newly married woman always tells her husband everything she knows," I feel safe in saying that Solomon's transcendent wisdom was derived from Philistinic sources.

Only one incident in the history of this people do I wish to set straight before the world at this writing—that is the story of Goliath. According to recently discovered cuneiform inscriptions, it is found that the giant lived long enough to attend the funeral of David, so it is hardly likely that David slew him ◆ That David threw pebbles at the warrior is doubtless true, but the giant of course paid no attention to the boys that followed him—going along about his business just as any other dignified giant would have done. But David went home and told that he had killed the man—and the Israelites wishing to leave a proud record wrote the tale down as history. We have reason to believe that this story was interpolated into the Bible during the first half of the Third Century. In David's case, summer and autumn quite fulfilled the promise of spring. That eleventh chapter of Second Samuel, showing how he stole Bathsheba and then killed Uriah, her husband, reveals the quality of the man. But it was left for his dying act to crown a craven career. With is last lingering breath—with the rattle of death in his throt—he gasped to his son, referring to a man who had never wronged him, " Let not his hoar head go down to Sheol in peace! " With the utterance of these frightful words his soul passed out into the Unknown. In all that David wrote, not a word can I find that hints at his belief in a future life—he simply never thought of it—and dying as a dog dies, he gnashed at Shimei, whose offense was that thirty-five years before he had told David a little wholesome truth.

* *

SHIMEI was a brave fellow and David dare not fight him, so he made a truce with him and swore an oath that he would never molest him, but dying he chargedSolomon to search him out with a sword. This is recorded by the Inspired Writer in the ninth verse of the second chapter of First Kings. With forty-one distinct crimes to David's charge, the killing of nine hundred thousand men and two hundred thousand women and children, the houghing of thousands of horses, all of which is set down in infallible Holy Writ, his record is very bluggy. In fact, his whole life's pathway is streaked with infamy. David being a literary man of acknowledged merit, I have given him more attention than I would a plain, every-day king. And I now brand him as an all-round rogue. I do this calmly, holding myself personally responsible, and fully prepared to plead justification and prove my case should the heirs or next-of-kin consider my language libelous.

And while I do not know anything about it for certain, it is my opinion that at the Last Great Day the folks who stayed around home and pruned their vines and tended their flocks and babies will fare a deal better than those other men who made war on an innocent people and tried to render them homeless. Of course, I may be wrong about this, but I can not help having an opinion ❧ Altogether, my sympathies are with the Philistines—who were so strong in personality that they gave their name to the Holy Land—Pelishton, Pelesheth, Philistia, Palestina, Palestine.

* *

LONG years ago Professor Jowett called attention to the fact that the word Philistia literally meant Land of Friendship; the term having the same root as the Greek word *Philo* —Love. Max Muller has said, "The dwellers in the Valley of the Jordan, in the fifteenth century before Christ, recognizing the idea of Oneness of Fraternity, gave a name that signified Love-Land to their country: thus embodying the modern thought of Brotherhood of Man." In view of these things it was rather a strange move—a man so scholarly as Matthew Arnold applying the word " Philistine " as a term of reproach toward those who did not think as he did! I can see, though, that he shaped his language to fit the ears of his clientele. He sought to make clever copy—and he did. The opinion being abroad that the Philistines were the enemies of Light—how very funny to throw the word like a mud ball at any and all who chanced to smile at his theories! Having small wit of their own, the scribbling rabble took it up.

On reading certain books by a Late Critic, who now wears prison garb and is doing the first honest work that ever his hands found to do, I see that he is very fond of calling people who are outside of his particular cult, " Philistines." But look you! Brave Taurus at the bull-fight is a deal more worthy of respect than the picadores who for a price harrow him without ruth to his death. And as his virtue surpasses that of any in the silken, belaced and perfumed throng, who sit safe and with lily fingers applaud, so do we accept your banderilla, recognizing from whence it comes, and wear it jauntily as a badge of honor.

❧ ❧

AS the Cross for eighteen hundred years has been a sacred emblem, and the gallows since John Brown glorious; and as the word Quaker, flung in impudent and impotent wrath, now stands for gentleness, peace and truth, so has the word Philistine become a synonym for manly independence. In Literature he is a Philistine who seeks to express his personality in his own way. A true Philistine is one who brooks no let or hindrance from the tipstaffs of letters, who are only intent on crystallizing a life and language that are as yet very imperfect. These men strive hard to reduce all life to a geometrical theorem and its manifestations to an algebraic formula. But Fate is greater than a college professor, and so far its mysteries, having given the slip to all the creeds, are still at large. My individual hazard at truth is as legitimate as yours. The self-appointed beadles of letters demand that we shall neither smile nor sleep while their Presiding Elders drone, but we plead in the World's Assize for the privilege of doing both. So in Art we ask for the widest, freest and fullest liberty for Individuality—that 's all!

❧ ❧

THOUGHTS materialize into deeds only when Some One vitalizes by approval. Every good thing is loved into life.

Great men have ever come in groups, and the Mutual Admiration Society always figures largely. To enumerate instances would be to inflict good folks with triteness and truism. I do not wish to rob my reader of his rights—think it out for yourself, beginning with Concord and Cambridge, working backward adown the centuries.

❧ ❧

Original investigations are rare—most of us write about the men who have done things, or else we tell about what they have done, and so we reach greatness by hitching our wagon to a star.

❧ ❧

To think one's best and write out ideas is an abnormal operation. The most artistic work is always done in a sort of fever or ecstacy, which in its very nature is transient. To hunt and fish and dream and to work with one's hands are all very natural; but to sit down and think and then express your thoughts by the artificial scheme of writing on paper is a dangerous operation. If carried to excess it hall be paid for by your life.

His Thoughts About The Sea

THE Sea knows all things, for at night when the winds are asleep the stars confide to him their secrets. In his breast are stored away all the elements that go to make up the round world. Beneath his depths lie buried the sunken kingdoms of fable and legend, whose monarchs have long been lost in oblivion. He appropriates and makes his own all that is—dissolving the rocks that seek to stop his passage—forming, transforming, rearranging, never ceasing, tireless. Tireless ever, for he gets his rest in motion. With acute ear he listens along every coast and lies in wait for the spirit of the offshore wind. All rivers run to meet him, carrying tidings from afar, and ever the phosphorent dust from other spheres glimmers on his surface.

It is not to be wondered that men have worshipped the ocean, for in his depths they have seen mirrored the image of Eternity—of Infinity. Here they have seen the symbol of God's great plan of oneness with His creatures, for the sea is the union of all infinite particles, and it takes the whole to make the one.

Men have fallen on their faces to worship the sea. Women have thrown him their children to appease his wrath. Savagely yet tenderly has he received the priceless treasure and hidden it away where none could recall. He has heard the dying groans of untold thousands, and drowned their cries for help with his own ceaseless roar; but still his ear has not failed to catch the whispers of confession that have come from souls about to appear before the Maker. And yet how beautiful and kind is he in his apparent relentless cruelty, for he keeps only the transient part, and gently separates the immortal and wafts the spirit back to God who gave it.

And what does the sea do with all these secrets, mysteries and treasures? Go shrive thyself, and with soul all in tune to the harmonies of the Universe listen to the waves and they shall tell thee the secrets of life!

◆ ◆

Life on shipboard is a severe test of character. The pent-up quarters bring out qualities, and often attachments are made or repulsions formed, that last a lifetime. On board a co-ed ship, people either make love or quarrel, or they may do both.

◆ ◆

I would rather be able to appreciate things I can not have than to have things I am not able to appreciate.

◆ ◆

So live every day that you can look any damn man in the face and tell him to go to Hell.

◆ ◆

Do not take life too seriously—you will never get out of it alive.

◆ ◆

To stand still is to retreat, and to retreat is death.

HE who has recognized that existence is evil, that life is vanity, and self an illusion, has obtained true knowledge, which is the reflection of reality. He is in possession of the highest wisdom, which is not merely theoretical, but also practical perfection; it is the ultimate true cognition of all things in mass and in detail, which has so penetrated man's being that it appears as the guide of all his actions. It illumines his head, warms his heart, leads his hand. We take the sting out of life by accepting it as it is. " Drink ye all of it."

Should every one deal in plain speaking on all occasions, the philosophy of Ali Baba—that this earth is hell, and we are now suffering for sins committed in a former incarnation—would be fully proved. Our friends are the pleasant hypocrites who sustain our illusions. Society is made possible only through a vast web of delicate evasions, polite subterfuges, and agreeable falsehoods. The word person comes from " persona," which means a mask. The reference is to one who plays a part—assumes a role. The naked truth is not pleasant to look upon, and that is the reason it is so seldom put upon parade.

* *

Dignity is the mask behind which we hide our ignorance; and our forced dignity is what makes the imps of comedy, who sit aloft in the sky, hold their sides in merriment when they behold us demanding obeisance because we have fallen heir to tuppence worth of talent.

IS it easy to please your Other Self? Try it for a day. Begin tomorrow morning and say: " This day I will live as becomes a man. I will be filled with good-cheer and courage. I will do what is right; I will work for the highest; I will put soul into every hand-grasp, every smile, every expression—into all my work. I will live to satisfy my Other Self."

* *

If we desire the friendship of a certain person, it is because that person has certain soul-qualities that we do not possess, and which complement our own.

* *

Patriotic sentiment is at the last self-interest; in fact, Herbert Spencer declares that there is no sane thought or rational act but has its root in egoism.

* *

THOSE who go down to the sea in ships, sing; shepherds who tend their flocks by night, sing; men in the forest or those who follow the trackless plains, sing. Congregational singing is most popular among those who live far apart—to get together and sing is a solace. Loneliness, separation and heart-hunger all drive men into song.

* *

Children do not live with their forebears for nothing—they know their parents just as well as their parents know them.

* *

To write for a daily paper is a great drill, only you must not keep at it too long or you will find yourself bound to the wheel, a part of the roaring machinery.

THE Law of Heredity has been described as that law of our nature which provides that a man shall resemble his grandmother—or not, as the case may be.

What traits are inherited and what acquired—who shall say? Married folks who resort to the happy expedient of procuring their children at orphan-asylums can testify to the many times they have been complimented on the striking resemblance of father to daughter, or son to mother.

Possibly that is all there is of it—we resemble those with whom we associate. Far be it from me to say the final word on this theme—I would not, if I could, deprive men of a problem they can never solve. When all questions are answered, it will be time to telephone the undertaker.

That men of genius do not reproduce themselves after the flesh is an axiom.

❧ ❧

Americans are somewhat given to calling our country " The Land of the Free "—as if there were no other. But the individual in England today has greater freedom of speech and action than the individual has in America. In every large city of America there is an extent of petty officialism and dictation that the English people would not for a day endure. Our policemen, following their Donnybrook proclivities, are all armed with clubs, and allowing prenatal influences to lead, they unlimber the motto, " Wherever you see a head, hit it," on slight excuse. In Central Park, New York, for instance, the citizen who " talks back " would speedily be clubbed into silence—but try that thing in Hyde Park, London, if you please, and see what would follow! But, thank heaven, we are working out our salvation all the time—things are getting better, and it is the " dissatisfied " who are making them go. Were we satisfied, there would be no progress.

❧ ❧

Our socialist comrades tell us that " emulation " is the better word, and that " competition " will have to go. The fact is that the thing itself will ever remain the same—what you call it matters little. We have, however, shifted the battle from the purely physical to the mental and psychic plane. But it is competition still, and the reason competition will remain is because it is beautiful, beneficent and right. It is the desire to excel. Lovers are always in competition with each other to see who can love most.

❧ ❧

The man of imagination is the man of sympathy, and only such are those who benefit and bless mankind and help us on our way.

❧ ❧

Men retire from active life, but seldom remain upon the shelf—either life or death takes them down.

I HAVE noticed that in households where a strap hangs behind the kitchen-door, for ready use, it is not utilized so much for pure discipline as to ease the feelings of the parent. They say that expression is a need of the human heart; and I am also convinced that in many hearts there is a very strong desire at times to " thrash " some one. Who it is makes little difference, but children being helpless and the law giving us the right, we find gratification by falling upon them with straps, birch-rods, slippers, ferules, hairbrushes or apple-tree sprouts.

No student of pedagogics now believes that the free use of the rod ever made a child " good; " but all agree that it has often served as a safety-valve for a pent-up emotion in the parent or teacher.

❧ ❧

A man who gives away his money is not necessarily more foolish than he who saves it.

❧ ❧

Early marriages are like late ones: they may be wise and they may not.

❧ ❧

By writing a man up you can not write him down; the only thing that can smother a literary aspirant is silence.

❧ ❧

Not even a strong man can cope with a small woman who weeps at the right time.

❧ ❧

Life is only a sentence of death, with an indefinite reprieve.

Of course there are imitation books, sort o' wax figures that look like books, made through habit by those that have been many years upon the turf, and who work automatically; but every real, live, throbbing, pulsing book was written by a man with a woman at his elbow, or vice versa.

❧ ❧

It is a fine thing to make yourself needed.

❧ ❧

They whom God has put asunder no man can join together.

❧ ❧

So, blessed be stupidity—and heart-hunger and haunting misery that drive one out and away.

❧ ❧

We talk to the sympathetic and receptive: to those who are masters of the fine art of listening.

❧ ❧

It is only life and love that give love and life.

❧ ❧

Sickness is a result, and so is health.

❧ ❧

The humble garb of a nun never yet changed the woman's heart that beats beneath—she is a woman still.

❧ ❧

When wit plays skittles with dulness, dulness gets revenge by taking wit at his word.

❧ ❧

Time is the great healer, and hate left alone is short-lived. and dies a natural death.

❧ ❧

With the masterly mind goes a touch of the fakir or charlatan.

HERESY and treason are invoked together; one is an offense against the Church, the other against the State. "The man is a traitor to God and a traitor to his country," that settles it—off with his head! The offenses of Socrates, Jesus, Savonarola, Huss, Wyclif, Tyndale, Luther and John Wesley were all identical. Reformers are always guilty—guilty of telling unpleasant truths.

◆ ◆

Strangers in a strange country can not argue—they can only submit.

◆ ◆

It is very curious how gentle and beautiful souls find other gentle and beautiful souls even in barrooms, and among the lowly—I really do not understand it!

◆ ◆

To try many things means Power: to finish a few is Immortality.

◆ ◆

Everybody is ridiculous and preposterous every day, only the public does not see it, and therefore the acts are not ridiculous and preposterous.

◆ ◆

The man who scorns, scoffs, gibes and jeers other men, and at the same time is willing to drop his guard and laugh at himself, is not a bad man. Very, very seldom is found a man under thirty who does not take himself and all his wit seriously.

◆ ◆

To divert, amuse and please the people is a necessity to the ruler, for power at the last is derived from the people, and no government endures that is not founded on the consent of the governed. If you would rule either a woman or a nation, you had better gain consent. To secure this consent you must say " please."

◆ ◆

To make a business of religion was to miss its essence, just as to make a business of love evolves a degenerate.

◆ ◆

THE confessional seems a crying need of every human heart—we wish to tell some one. And without this confessional, where one soul can outpour to another that fully sympathizes and understands, marriage is a hollow, whited mockery, full of dead men's bones.

◆ ◆

Cheap jokes go with cheap people.

◆ ◆

All the arts are really one, and this one art is simply Expression—the expression of Mind speaking thru its highest instrument, Man.

◆ ◆

No more foolish saying was ever launched than, " Children should be seen and not heard."

◆ ◆

The stories of returned sailors and soldiers, told to civilians, are seldom exactly authentic.

◆ ◆

Nature punishes for most sins, but sacrilege, heresy and blasphemy are not in her calendar, so man has to look after them.

◆ ◆

The Oriental custom of presenting a thing to the friend who admires it symbols a very great truth. If you love a thing well enough, you make it yours.

THE first requisite is that man should be a good animal.” I used to think that Herbert Spencer in voicing this aphorism struck twelve. But I am no longer enthusiastic about the remark. The senses of most dumb animals are far better developed than those of man. Hounds can trace footsteps over flat rocks, even though a shower has fallen in the interval; cats can see in the dark; rabbits hear sounds that men never hear; horses detect an impurity in water that a chemical analysis does not reveal, and homing pigeons would gain nothing by carrying a compass. And so I feel safe in saying that if any man were so good and perfect an animal that he had the hound’s sense of smell, the cat’s eyesight, the rabbit’s sense of hearing, the horse’s sense of taste, and the homing pigeon’s “ locality,” he would not be one whit better prepared to appreciate Kipling’s “ Dipsy Chanty,” and not a hair’s breadth nearer a point where he could write a poem equal to it.

No college professor can see so far as a Sioux Indian, neither can he hear so well as a native African. There are rays of light that no unaided human eye can trace, and there are sounds subtler than human ear can detect. These five bodily faculties that we are pleased to call the senses were developed by savage man. He holds them in common with the brute. And now that man is becoming partly civilized he is in danger of losing them. Faculties not used are taken away. Dame Nature seems to consider that anything you do not utilize is not needed; and as she is averse to carrying dead freight she drops it out.

But man can think, and the more he thinks and the further he projects his thought, the less need he has for his physical senses. Homer’s matchless vision was the rich possession of a blind man; Milton never saw Paradise until he was sightless, and Helen Keller knows a world of things that were neither told her in lectures nor read from books. The far-reaching intellect often goes with a singularly imperfect body, and these things seem to point the truth that the body is one thing and the soul another.

◆ ◆

Epitaphs are proverbially untruthful; hence arose the saying, “ He lies like an epitaph.” The woman who can not evolve a good lie in defense of the man she loves is unworthy of the name of wife.

The lie is the weapon of defense that kind Providence provides for the protection of the oppressed. “ Women are great liars,” said Mahomet; “ Allah in his wisdom made them so.”

◆ ◆

When a man has nothing to say of a man’s work, but calls attention to the errors of the author’s youth, he is running short of material.

◆ ◆

Of course we know that the fallow years are as good as the years of plenty: the silent Winter prepares the soil for Spring.

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